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COME SOT BY MY SIDE, MY SHMALL DARLING.

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Come sot by my side, my shmall darling,
Und a nice dale of loaf I shall deil,
Der shblendidest von I can dink of
Und von dot you'll like boody vail.
Come sid on dis shair righd byside me
Und liaden to vat I shall say,
For you know vell dot you are my shweedness
Und ha'e peen for many a day.

Your eyes dem's so shiney like diamonds,
Your doods dem's so viter as pearls,
Your neck vas as nice like a shwanses,
Und your hair dot's all full ub mit curls;
Your hands dem vas jused like a angel's,
Your foodses so nead und so shmall—
Noon, nighd und morning I vonder
You can efer valk on dem ad all.

Dis morning I beaked oud der vinder,
Und I heerd your shweed foise abdrong und glear
Dell Barb'ra, der maid down der kidchen,
"She had bedder valk off on her ear;"
'Dwas den dot I knowed dot I loaied you—
'Dwas den dot I find out dot bliss—
Und I made oud my mind I vood dold you,
Und now, loaf, "You know how id is"

ODFFY GOOFF.

DANGEROUS GROUND

OR, THE

THREE SISTERS OF WOOD HOUSE FARM.

CHAPTER XXI.

They found the doors securely barred,
They found the watch-dog in the yard;
There was no footprint in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass,
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

I have read, in the marvelous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan,
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.—VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

A very wild, weird and ghostly place was the old Ivy Tower in which Amanda and Mrs. Blarrid took up their abode. They engaged but few servants, for, though Amanda would have liked to make a great show in the country, she was completely held in thrall by the old woman, who, if her will was disputed for a moment, threatened to make terms with her enemies and denounce her to the Countess of Montargis. This threat was sufficient to induce Amanda to cultivate the virtue of obedience, but if ever anybody was a homicide in heart she was one. Had she not been afraid of detection, and subsequent punishment, she would have gladly rid herself of such a crushing incubus upon her.

It is said that crime always brings its reward with it in this world. It was so in her case, for she could not enjoy the money of which she had deprived the countess and her daughter. She was obliged, in obedience to the will of Blarrid, to live in the simplest way, though, if she had followed her own inclination, she would have enjoyed every luxury, and have made a brilliant dash in society with her large fortune. Her only consolation was in wandering about the winding passages, and up and down the narrow staircases with which the Tower abounded, looking down upon the moat, wondering how deep were its muddy waters, and then gazing afar off across the plain, seeing stretched before her that pleasant valley in which her childhood was passed, and following the winding river, and resting her eyes at last upon the dimly visible pile of buildings called Montargis Park, where resided the man she loved, and upon whom she depended to realize the darling wish of her heart and make her a countess.

The realization of this wish seemed farther off than ever, now that she was shut up in the odious and solitary Tower with Blarrid, who treated her as a menial, and frequently indulged her caprice by making her wait upon her. In the evening Blarrid would sit in state in a curiously carved oak chair before a fire in the long drawing room. She would sometimes make Amanda read aloud to her, and at others she would make her play and sing, to beguile her weariness and soothe her off to sleep. Not a friend in the world had Amanda. She had separated herself from her family from the first moment she had entered the family of Montargis, and though she had called at John Short's house at Nunnington, since her accession to a fortune, both he and her father had refused to see her. The fact was, reports to her prejudice were already rife in the neighborhood. It was said that she had used undue influence with the old peer to induce him to make her his heir, and some spoke openly of forgery. So her intercourse with her family was cut off and she was made to trust more than ever to her own resources. Alone and unaided she had embarked upon her perilous career—alone and unaided she must go through with it. Nor did she flinch from the task before her, so strong and adamantine were her nerves and her indomitable will.

Deeds of violence and acts of wickedness are fostered by solitary musing, and a desire to remove Blarrid from her path forever grew in Amanda's mind daily, acquiring fresh force hour by hour. Her tyrannical conduct, her insolent behavior, her want of intellectual and social culture, all combined to make Amanda hate her with a power which drove her to extreme measures. Harp continually on one string and it will break. So it was with Amanda. She was a slave to the most unamiable of task mistresses, and the servitude was so hateful and unendurable that it embittered her very soul. At last she overcame her repugnance to the crime she had brooded over and merely waited for an opportunity. She might as well be in prison as be shut up in the Tower with Blarrid. There would, in a jail, be very little difference in her position. Now she could not spend the money for which she had sinned; nor could she meet the young and handsome Earl of Montargis, whom it maddened her to fancy basking in the smiles of the lovely and accomplished offspring of a noble race, the fair and radiant Lady Constance Beverley.

The Tower had its legend; once it had been the property of the Montargis family. They had sold it a century ago and it had been occupied by various tenants, some of whom inhabited it long. There were strange tales told of subterranean passages connecting it with the ruins of an abbey some distance off. In the wild and lawless days of old a baron of Montargis had accused his lady of unfaithfulness and stabbed her to the heart. She was proved innocent, and in despair he shut himself within the walls of the Tower, in which the crime had been committed, until he was found dead by his own hand, the victim of remorse; and ever since then the spirits of the lady and her husband had walked at night and had been repeatedly visible, it was alleged, to the inhabitants of the Tower.

To the vigorous mind of Amanda this was but an old wife's story, though the precincts of the Tower were ghostly enough in all conscience, and a vivid imagination would, after a short residence there, find supernatural terrors enough to haunt him for the remainder of his existence.

One evening, a week or two after Christmas, Amanda was performing her usual drudgery and reading a book of fairy tales, which Blarrid had selected to be amused with. The wind was rough and boisterous without, and at intervals would dash against the wooden shutters, making them clash and rattle dismally. The watch dog bayed in the court yard, an old fashioned clock loudly ticked the minutes, and an oil lamp cast a flickering light into the corners of the long, narrow room.

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and the figure of a lady, wearing a long, loose white robe, fastened round the waist with a piece of cord, appeared on the threshold.

Her face was very ghastly and her features bore a remarkable resemblance to the present Countess of Montargis. At least Amanda fancied so, though her power of observation was limited, as the draught admitted by the open door extinguished the lamp, and the room was only lighted by the garish glare of the fire, which now burned brightly with a steady yellow flame and anon faintly flickered.

The strange intruder on the privacy of the inmates of the Tower advanced to the middle of the room, with one arm extended threateningly, and paused near Blarrid, assuming an attitude of denunciation, much to the consternation of the woman.

All the tales she had heard respecting the evil reputation of the Tower now rushed into her mind, covering it with superstitious terror as with a flood, and she cowered down in her chair paralyzed with fright.

Upon Amanda the effect was not so marked, though for a moment her heart stood still and she was too much terrified to be able to move.

"Confess! confess! Your time draws near!" cried the apparition, in a harsh, sepulchral voice, the tones of which Amanda thought were familiar to her.

Blarrid stretched out her hand towards Amanda and tried to speak, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. What she would have said it is not easy to conjecture, but her fright effectually impeded her power of utterance, and at last she sank upon the floor completely overcome, uttered a groan and fell into insensibility.

The spectre, if such it was, retreated slowly towards the door, after casting a warning look upon Amanda, who, just at the moment, could not recover from the astonishment with which this novel scene had overcome her, but as the white robed lady reached the extremity of the room she threw off the oppression which weighed upon her, and, with an hysterical cry, ran to the door and into the passage, where darkness reigned supreme.

Her only course was to light the lamp, which she did with some trouble, and with it in her hand she pursued the mysterious phantom without finding any trace of her. It was in vain that she questioned the servants, who stared blankly at one another and trembled at the bare supposition of an apparition, though it was, they said, only what they had expected all along. One of the housemaids gave warning on the spot, and terror reigned in the servants' hall as it did above stairs. The domestics were agreed upon one thing, and that was that nobody had entered the Tower by the ordinary way. The drawbridge was up, the watch dog in the yard and the door securely barred and fastened.

Much perplexed, Amanda returned to the drawing-room to attend to Blarrid, who was beginning to recover from her swoon. Her alarm was intense, for she felt persuaded that she had seen an actual ghost and that its words were prophetic.

"I've had such a shock as I shall never get over," said she, with a weary sigh. "It's wrong of me to help you to keep that money, and if I don't tell the countess all about it before I die what will become of me? The dead can't rest in their graves."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Amanda. "It's some trick and I believe the servants know more about it than they care to tell. Let the spirit, as you think it, come again. I'll be prepared for it next time, and if it is aught of flesh and blood it shall repent its temerity."

"There's nothing for it but to confess," replied Blarrid, who was in very low spirits and a weak state of mind. "That's what it said, 'Confess! confess!' I can hear the words ringing in my ears now. It's a warning and one I dare not disobey. To-morrow I'll go to the park and make a full confession. They will provide for me for life. I shall have nothing on my mind and you must do what you can."

Here was a new danger for Amanda and one she had not anticipated. Her efforts were fruitless to make the superstitious old woman reconsider her determination. She had come to the conclusion that the only way to secure peace on earth and happiness hereafter was to unburden her mind of that dead weight which lay upon it, do an act of justice, and dissociate herself from any further intercourse with a criminal so desperate as to make disembodied spirits war against her.

Amanda could not rest that night. If Blarrid reached the park in the mood for confession, all was lost. She must be prevented from taking the course, at all hazards. But how? that was the embarrassing question which Amanda put to herself a hundred times, as she tossed restlessly on her bed, with sleepless eyes and a beating heart.

"If she attempts to betray me, as I believe she will," said Amanda to herself, "she will find that the spirit, or whatever it was, spoke the truth; her end draws near if she leaves the Tower for Montargis Park. I will follow her, and may Heaven have mercy upon her if I do, for I can show her none!"

It was in this awful state of mind that Amanda rose the next day, hot and feverish, her brow throbbing and her eyes heavy and bloodshot, her face haggard and showing by her general appearance the disquietude of her mind. Blarrid ate no breakfast and returned short answers when spoken to. At ten o'clock she dressed herself in her best, at half past the drawbridge was lowered, and she walked across the fields in the direction of Montargis Park, which was between five and six miles distant.

Five minutes afterwards Amanda followed her, taking the same path and going at a quick pace, as if she was desirous of overtaking somebody before any great distance could be traversed.

CHAPTER XXII.

With stealthy steps and glistening eye Amanda followed the old woman who held her fate in her hand. For a long, weary period she had tyrannized over her, and she had with difficulty borne the painful restraint which had been placed upon her. It seemed now that she could endure no more. There comes a time with those who suffer when they find it utterly impossible to continue in that condition which has been so fruitful of evil to them, and, by making an effort, they change their condition, whatever the cost may be.

So it was with Amanda. She had long felt that she was threatened with madness while shut up in the dismal tower which Blarrid had selected as a dwelling-place. Often had she gazed upon her tormentor with a hatred in her eyes which was fiendish in its baleful expression. But though she had the will, and that will was supported by the strongest inclination, to be the cause of her death, she wanted an occasion which would supply her with the courage requisite for the awful deed which would deprive the old woman of life.

Blarrid's determination, however, to reveal to the Countess of Montargis what had taken place at the death-bed of the late earl was the spur which Amanda needed to cause her to attack her.

In imagination she saw herself denounced, disgraced and imprisoned; the fortune which she had acquired by her daring fraud returned to its rightful owner, and herself condemned, for the best years of her life, to herd with felons in a lonely jail, and undergo the hard labor and live upon the spare diet which falls to the lot of convicts.

Having been rash and wicked enough to commit one crime she was forced on to the commission of another, and, with trembling limbs and a brain that was on fire, she followed the weak-minded creature who had been terrified into deserting her and her interests through her supernatural terrors.

The human heart is a difficult thing to read, and a still more difficult thing to understand when it is read.

Amanda, at that dreadful time when she had the idea of homicide firmly implanted in her heart, wished that she could be at rest. She would have given worlds, if it had been in her power, to retrace the dangerous ground she had already trodden, and return to that state of innocence and security which she might have always enjoyed as an inmate of her father's house.

Even in those terrible moments her better angel spoke to her, but her baleful genius was ready with answering excuses. Her ambition propelled her onwards in her course of falsehood, pride and crime. It suggested that she would have continued a domestic drudge, and, through the misfortunes of her father, been compelled to be inferior to her sister, who had, to some extent, secured an independent position by marrying John Short.

At length, as is too often the case, the evil triumphed over the good. She came to the conclusion that she had gone too far to go back, and with compressed lips, flashing eyes and a firm tread, she went on her way, walking with increased rapidity, as during the brief struggle which had taken place in her mind she had slackened her pace, and Blarrid was so far in advance that she seemed a mere speck in the distance.

The Happy Valley, as farmer Thomas Garraway would have once called it, had he been acquainted with Rasselas, lay between the Tower and Montargis House. Amanda had reached its southern extremity, and was nearing a rude bridge which went across the River Anchor. Here her childhood had been spent, and here she had grown up to womanhood. Here her sisters and herself had, by the personal attractions they possessed and the purity of their lives—for their conduct to all with whom they came in contact had been kind, charitable and blameless—acquired for themselves the distinctive title of the Lilies of the Valley.

Again her mind revolted at attacking an old and defenceless woman, and in such a spot, but Montargis House was already perceptible through the trees, which admitted a view of the rising ground on which the patrician edifice was built, and she knew that if she hesitated much longer she would be lost.

Accelerating her pace afresh, she contrived to overtake Blarrid as she neared the bridge of which we have spoken. The old woman turned round when she heard footsteps behind her, and hesitated a moment, as if in doubt as to whether Amanda's intentions were hostile or the reverse. The expression of her countenance was not very reassuring and she hastened on, but had scarcely reached the middle of the bridge before her pursuer called to her to stop.

"What do you want?" asked Blarrid, leaning against the rickety rail which protected the side of the wooden structure. "You know where I'm going; do you intend to go with me? If so, it will save a deal of trouble."

"No, I don't think I shall go where you are going," replied Amanda, in a strange voice, which her listener thought might have a hidden meaning. "I forgot to say one or two things to you, though, and so I followed you. Stay a moment and let us talk on the bridge."

MRS. EMMA WALLER, Tragedienne.

For Biographical Sketch see Elsewhere.

The little river was here about five-and-twenty feet wide, though both above and below the bridge the width increased, the fact being that the narrowest part of the stream had been selected by the rustic engineers who built the bridge, which had been roughly made by throwing across thick boards, which rested on supports driven into the bed of the river. Recent rains had made the current swell to nearly double its usual dimensions, and it swept by with unwonted force, its dirty, discolored appearance showing how its stream had been augmented by the rainfall from the hills and high land about Nunninton. Even now the stream was not flush with the somewhat precipitous banks, and was several feet below the framework of the bridge.

When she neared the old woman Amanda cast a guilty, terrified, inquiring glance around her, and saw, to her unspeakable satisfaction, that there was no one in sight on any side.

"How strange you look!" said old Blarrid, trembling, she knew not why. "Why don't you take some money and go away where they can't find you? I don't wish you any harm, but I must make a clean breast of it or I shall die of fright, as the ghost won't let me sleep in my bed!"

With a sudden rush Amanda threw herself upon the old creature and tried to seize her by the throat, but she fell backwards. Her weight broke the wooden railing, which gave way with a dismal crash, and Blarrid fell with a shriek into the turbid water, which instantly carried her under the bridge. So sudden had been the fall that Amanda had great difficulty in preserving her balance. Seeing her victim disappear, she turned round and gazed intently on the stream below, being presently gratified by seeing Blarrid rise, and, gasping for breath, beat the water with her powerless hands, and look imploringly up to the sky, as if asking Heaven for that pity which earth denied her.

Just as the wretched creature was on the point of sinking for the second time, a sudden bend in the river brought her close to the bank, and in contact with the roots of a tree, which stood out in bold relief, as the waters of the Anchor had washed away the earth which formerly embraced and surrounded them. Clutching desperately at a bow-shaped root, which came temptingly near her hand, she stayed her progress to destruction, and, clinging with the tenacity of a drowning person to the friendly root, steadied herself in the water, which boiled and foamed around her, as if angry at losing its prey. She was now enabled to take breath and recover a sufficient portion of her lost strength to enable her to climb up the precipitous and slippery bank.

A cry of vexation and rage broke from Amanda, who was a silent spectator of this incident from the bridge.

She had hoped that her work was done, and that Blarrid would be effectually drowned in a few minutes. Inwardly resolved that she should not escape to denounce her to the Countess of Montargis, she glided along the bank until she reached the spot where Blarrid was shivering in the water.

Seeing a large, heavy stone lying at her feet, Amanda placed her hand on it, and, hidden by the sheltering trunks of trees, waited a few feet above the old woman's head, ready to strike her down if she should succeed in climbing up the bank, and thus make unexpected progress towards saving herself.

Ten long, weary minutes elapsed. They seemed an age to Amanda, who kept peering into the depths below to watch the movements of Blarrid, who at length felt herself sufficiently recovered to make an attempt to climb up the side. It was a laborious effort, and one which taxed her energies to the utmost, but she reached the level ground at the foot of the tree at last, and was about to sink exhausted, though saved, upon it, when Amanda emerged from her concealment, and with remorseless fury struck her violently on the forehead, causing the old woman to sink back stunned into the water, which closed over her head and bore her swiftly out of view.

So sudden and effectual was the attack that she had no time to cry out for help or implore for mercy.

Laughing wildly, Amanda dropped the murderous stone, and as if by a species of fascination, walked along the bank of the river, following the course of the stream, into which she peered curiously to discover any trace of Blarrid. She saw none. Then she went on, keeping her eyes lowered upon the grass she was treading on, and wandered through the fields in a purposeless manner, like one sunk in profound meditation.

After walking in this way for some time, occasionally retracing her steps, and even describing a circle, she was subjected to a rude shock as she stumbled over some masses of moss covered stone which lay in heaps around her. Looking up, as she stood still, she saw that she had come to the ruined abbey of which we have spoken. It had covered an extensive tract of ground in its days of prosperity, but for centuries its walls had been crumbling to ruin.

In several places the walls were standing, and occasionally the student of antiquity would meet with spacious chambers, in which the gipsey and the tramp had left the remains of a fire and such rude repasts as the field and the road could supply their predatory hands with. Flights of steps, half choked up with the rubbish of ages, and the rank vegetation which every spring brought forth and every summer fostered, were now and then visible, telling tales of dungeons far below, and secret passages so dear to the lovers of mediæval romance.

She rambled through the many, labyrithiine mass of ruins, thinking of the legends she had heard respecting the abbey in its palmy days, as she sat by the fireside in her father's farmhouse in the happy time when she was young and innocent, before misfortune, with bitter persistency, dogged the footsteps of her family, and ambition had hurried her into crime.

All at once her foot slipped a second time, and she fell down some steps, so covered with dried grass and parasitic moss as to be invisible to all but very quick and searching eyes. Not being much hurt, she resolved to descend these steps, which seemed to her to have been lately used, and concealed by an artful hand rather than the process of nature. Light from above was freely admitted, and, after going about a dozen steps, she found her farther progress barred by an iron door, which was scarcely closed. Pushing this open, she beheld a passage, dark and gloomy, and by careful inspection she was sure that she discovered recent footsteps.

The conviction that this passage had been trodden by human footsteps deepened into certainty when she saw before her a lantern and a box of matches; opening the former she found a candle, but half burnt, and though the matches were somewhat damp, she determined to strike a light, and after a few ineffectual attempts she succeeded in doing so.

Being of an adventurous disposition, and by no means inclined to give way to those supernatural terrors which had taken so strong a hold on, and with such a fatal effect, upon Blarrid, she boldly advanced along the passage, holding the lantern in her hand, so as to shed a feeble but sufficient light in front of her.

It seemed to her that the direction she was pursuing would take her to the Tower in time, which was little more than a mile or so distant from the abbey as the bird flies. The tunnel, for such it in reality was, had been carefully built of brick, and was in a good state of preservation, though the water dripped from the roof and ran in a slimy stream down the sides, forming puddles, into which her feet plunged with a loud splash at intervals, in spite of all her care. The ground on which she trod was uneven, but there was no block, caused by fallen masonry, to impede her progress. The height of the passage was about eight feet, and its width six, giving ample room for two persons to walk abreast.

For half an hour she persevered, and was gratified at length by reaching a flight of steps, up which she was glad to ascend, as the close, damp, mephitic air she had been forced to breathe was unpleasant to a degree, and impeded her respiration. The steps were formed of three flights, and at the top of the last was a landing, leading to a door similar to that at the other end. It was fastened by a bolt, which she withdrew. Some tapestry shielded it from observation, and she was about to push it on one side, as the door had swung back with a creaking sound, when she perceived a piece of paper lying on the ground.

Picking it up, she found it to be a letter addressed to the Countess of Montargis, and written by her son the earl. He wrote from the North, and said that he should not be away long, and spoke of the subterranean passages which he had been told existed between the old abbey and the Tower, and suggested that the countess should try the effect of supernatural appearance upon the inmates, with a view to making them confess any secret they might hold between them.

Amanda smiled, for this letter explained the scene of the previous night, the supposed ghost being nothing more than the Countess of Montargis, whose expedient for frightening either herself or Blarrid into an acknowledgement of a fraud had been so nearly successful.

When she had finished the perusal of this letter she entered the Tower, extinguishing the lantern and leaving it in the passage, shutting the door and allowing the faded and time worn tapestry to fall into its place. She was in a room in the Tower long disused on account of a story which gave it the reputation of being haunted, and which had been handed down by tradition from one generation to another.

Going to the window, she looked out.

The ruins of the abbey were visible in the distance, the river Anchor wound in and out of the fertile meadows beyond, and she shuddered as she thought of the ghastly burden she had given the placid waters to carry down to the sea.

While she was gazing intently upon the prospect before her, she saw a small crowd of people approaching the Tower. They carried something between them, and her heart sank as she concluded that it was the body of Blarrid, which had been already discovered.

Then arose the terrible question:—Had she done her work in such a manner that no blame could attach itself to her?—Had she dropped anything belonging to her which would have been inculpatory as a scrap of evidence against her? And, with all the terrors which ever haunt the guilty mind, she waited with breathless anxiety for the melancholy *cortège* to approach.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On the Scotch coast, near the little fishing village of Blenkhaven, stands a small tower built on a rock, which is, in stormy weather, exposed to all the fury of German Ocean.

When the sea rises mountains high and dashes onwards in almost resistless waves, this tower, which is used as a lighthouse, is overwhelmed with the foam arising from the angry waters, and, for a time, the rays of the keen revolving light are lost in the giddy spray.

Blenkhaven, and the land around it for miles, is the property of the Earls of Montargis, one of whom, in gratitude to Heaven for an escape from shipwreck, erected a lighthouse on some dangerous rocks eastward of the tower, which, before the building of the timely beacon, were fruitful of catastrophies, and had produced more wrecks than the merchants whose ships sailed in those seas cared to remember.

Neither time nor tide affected the stability of the Blenkhaven light; the winds might blow, and the stormy ocean do its worst, but when the rage of the elements was over, and the turgid sea resumed its wonted quiet, the tower was still standing, and its valuable light did good service as of old.

The keeper was an old Scotchman, by name M'Pherson Jarvis, who had been in the service of the late Earl of Montargis, and who, it was supposed, had been installed as keeper of the lighthouse as a reward for his services.

It was not a pleasant duty. The life was very solitary, and when the wind blew towards the shore it sometimes happened that for weeks together his communication with the land was cut off, as no boat could come near him and live in the surf which raged over the sunken rocks, from approaching which it was his constant lot to warn unwary mariners.

M'Pherson Jarvis was of a morose disposition, and those who had come in contact with him said that he was just the sort of a man to inhabit a lighthouse. He was churlish in his speech, and his manner unprepossessing to the last degree. Those who were better judges of human nature would, in time, have discovered that Jarvis was a man who had suffered, and perhaps endured his present position more as an enforced punishment than from choice, and they would have added that under the rugged exterior which repelled advances there was something of the milk of human kindness, and an amiable wish for the society of his fellowmen.

That he had accepted his position there was no doubt, and he looked upon his servitude as life-long, for no one ever heard him speak of returning to the shore. He was as much and as effectively immured in that lighthouse until death came to him, as is a sworn monk within the walls of a cloister. The monk may, in his solitary cell, sigh for those pomps and vanities he has renounced, and wish that he could recall the fatal vows which robbed him of all earth's carnal pleasures; and so it is possible that Jarvis may have murmured a wish that he could exchange the restless beating of the everlasting sea against the rock, for the charms of a home and those innocent delights which a communion with our fellow men is sure to supply. But both the monk and the man of whom we are writing knew that their regrets were as vain as their wishes, and that they were as much imprisoned as if the hand of the law held them in its iron grasp for life.

How this came to be the case with Jarvis we shall presently explain.

The destination of the Earl of Montargis and his companion was the little fishing village of Blenkhaven, of which we have just now spoken. The express train by which they had been traveling was exchanged at a well known junction for one of less speed. Maxwell had been plentifully supplied with brandy, which had kept him in a state of semi-stupefaction, so that he asked no questions as to the end of their journey, and appeared to be sublimely indifferent as to where they were going.

There was an inn at Blenkhaven called the "Golden Thistle," to which Maxwell was conducted; he threw himself on the sofa and went to sleep, breathing heavily and evincing all the symptoms which attend prolonged drunkenness.

It was about the middle of the day; the wind was blowing freshly from the west, and the air was chilly from a recent fall of rain, which made the ground wet and slippery. The earl buttoned his great coat round him and walked to the beach, having been unrecognized by any one, though the owner of so much property in the neighborhood. The fact was, he had never resided on his Scotch estate, though his father had occasionally done so. In the autumn he had occasionally run down for a few days' shooting, and then only the servants at the lodge had seen enough of him to be acquainted with his features.

Some boatmen were grouped on the beach, looking wistfully at the weather, and the earl quickly made a bargain with one of them to be taken over to the lighthouse. He stepped into the boat, the man followed him, others on the shore waded into the sea up to their knees to push her off. The sail was speedily set, and an hour after his arrival at Blenkhaven he was careering over the waves towards the sunken rocks, as those were called on which the lighthouse was built. He sat in the stern smoking a pipe, which he usually carried with him, and when spoken to by the fisherman returned monosyllabic replies, as if to intimate that he had no wish to enter into conversation.

A favorable wind enabled them to reach the lighthouse in a short time. Jarvis threw them a rope, by means of which the boat was safely moored, and by the aid of some steps cut in the solid rock the earl ascended to the door and was admitted into the lighthouse. The shape of the room on the ground floor was round. The walls were unprepared and the furniture was of a very simple description, so much so as to give the apartment a cheerless and uncomfortable aspect, which the heat and light, shed by a good fire which blazed on the hearth, did not altogether dissipate. Jarvis was a man scarcely yet fifty, though his features were spare and thin, and his scanty hair of an iron grey hue. He stared at the earl in surprise, and, closing the door to keep out the wind, which was unpleasantly boisterous, handed him a chair, with a low bow.

"Good day to you, Jarvis," said the earl. "It is nearly five years since you and I met, and you were, through my instrumentality, installed in your present position. I presume you have not forgotten the circumstances under which your transference from Nunninton hither took place."

A shade of anger came over the Scotchman's face as he replied:—

"Na, sir; I mind them weel eneuch, a'v'e often thocht of them. Indeed, as I'm setting here by the ingle, when the wind's blawin' so that it nearly puts oot the blessing of the fire, a'v'e leetle else to turn my min' to."

"Very well," continued the earl. "I do not doubt that your memory is good and serves you as it ought to, but for the sake of your satisfaction and my own I'll recapitulate what occurred five years ago. You filled the post of lodge keeper at Montargis Park and were unmarried. Your salary was adequate to your wants, gifts were frequently made you, and you were allowed to live rent free. In spite of all these advantages you devised several means of ingeniously robbing your employer. To begin with, you were a constant poacher, and the proceeds of your night's work you dispatched to London, receiving post office orders in return for the game you sold. Secondly, you broke into Montargis House and stole jewels belonging to my mother. This was done in order that you might gratify your propensity for betting on the turf, at which you always nearly lost. In conclusion, you found that my father had a valuable horse in training for a local race. You bet against this horse and you poisoned it the night before the meeting. I caught you in the act, and considered it high time to cut short your criminal career. It was in my power to have you transported. What did I do?"

"I dinna ken what you ea' it to be caged up here, my lord," exclaimed M'Pherson Jarvis, with keen irony in his voice. "I'm an auld carle now, though I was young when I came here, and I'm like to gang daft with wimplin' when my min' runs on a' the things that have been."

"You are wrong," replied the earl, for, at least, you are in this lighthouse your own master, whereas, had I consigned you to penal servitude, you would have been a slave for life. You appealed to me to spare you, but, as I told you at the time, I should not be doing my duty to society if I had not marked my sense of your conduct by a signal punishment. I did spare you. I placed you here, knowing that at any time I could drag you out of your fancied security and hand you over to the law. You have been carefully watched, and had you attempted to escape you would have been caught and brought back within four and twenty hours. But not here; oh, dear no! Instead of trimming the lamp above us, you would have had to quarry stone at Portland Island, chained by the leg to as great a criminal as yourself, perhaps. I dare say, Jarvis," the earl added in a softer tone, "you have often asked yourself, in this solitude, the cause of my good nature. I am not usually a man to give way to emotion and sentiment. Shall I tell you why I spared you? I had a motive!"

"I kenned a' the time, my laird, that it was mair frae interest than loof for me. Ye're a hard mon, and sae was your faither before ye. I'm in pressen here, and on my scul I feel the stang o' it. There's never a kimmer to chat wi' a' the lang, lanely days. You say you showed me mercy. You misca' it. I've had nae merey frae you. But de'il may care, go on. A'm here, and a maun stay, I suppose."

"That is a very proper conclusion to come to," answered the earl, with a scarcely perceptible smile. "You are here, and here you must stay. I put you here to make use of you, and the time has come. I want you to take care of a poor fellow who is half a lunatic. He has been in an asylum, but I do not wish him to return. I fancy he will meet with kinder treatment here from you. Understand that you must, on no account, allow him to quit the lighthouse. Like yourself he is to be a prisoner, and for life. I will send you a few dozen of wine and whiskey to make yourselves comfortable, and you may let him indulge as freely as you like. If he were to kill himself by drinking it would not surprise me, as his indulgence in spirituous liquors is the chief cause of the softening of the brain from which he suffers."

"When is the puir daft body to come?" asked M'Pherson Jarvis. "He may drink enough to mak' him see dooble owt of his een for what I care. Dinna fash yoursel aboot that. It will not be my fault if he wants his dizzen o' wine and eanna get it."

"I shall bring him to-morrow morning, and you will consider yourself his jailor," rejoined the earl. "He will become company for you, and your life will not be so lonely as you complain it has been."

"A've got a wee bit beastie here, a kitlin," said Jarvis, "which is a' the company a've had, except a pack of cartes, and a've set o'er them till my eyes get bleert and blin'. I hae nae gowd to play for, but sometimes I fancy a ghaist comes and sits him down to haud a hand at whist wi' me. The stakes are high. We're not restrickit to a pund or twa, for the de'il he likes to play for a man's saul, and I'd gie him mine if he'd get me oot o' this."

"I have nothing to say at present," the Earl of Montargis went on. "Maxwell, the half mad fellow of whom I spoke, shall be brought here to-morrow, and I will either send or bring with him several creature comforts which will be acceptable to both of you, such as cigars, spirits and provisions of all sorts. If you serve me well in this matter I may, perhaps, give you your liberty."

"God aboon grant it!" said Jarvis. "A've often looked at the awfu' lightning and asked it to strak me."

The earl did not feel inclined to listen any longer to his complaints, and, wishing him good day, returned to his boat and embarked. It was dark when he reached Blenkhaven, as the wind was against them, and he found Maxwell awake and making inquiries respecting him.

Soon afterwards dinner was ordered, and as the earl plied his companion with wine he soon became lethargic, resuming his place on the sofa. In fact, the unfortunate fellow had become a slave to wine, and could not resist it when tempted. It was clear to the most shallow comprehension that if he continued to indulge his passion he would not live long.

The earl calculated that in the lighthouse, shut up with no one but the keepers, he would, if able, as he intended he should be, to gratify his propensity, die slowly but surely, and that in twelve, or perhaps six months, he would have no cause to fear anything from the strange individual who was known as Maxwell. On the following day he proposed a sailing excursion, to which Maxwell cheerfully assented.

"You are a gentleman," he said, "and I must confess to a weakness for a gentleman. My parentage is obscure, that is the phrase, I believe, when a man does not know his parents—but I have an idea there is good blood in my veins, nevertheless. You have treated me in every way as I should be treated, and I thank you. I will sail with you, I will go anywhere with you, and hope to be able to return your kindness some day."

On the occasion of his second visit to the lighthouse the earl hired a boat, taking no one with him, preferring, as he said, to work the sails himself. He had previously sent a large coble with the stores that he had promised to M'Pherson Jarvis.

When the lighthouse was reached Maxwell entered willingly, remarking that he supposed he could obtain a glass of brandy from the man in charge, and that was more than he had expected.

Calling the keeper on one side, the earl indicated Maxwell by a gesture of his hand, slipped a gratuity of five guineas in his open palm, and said, in a low voice which only reached him for whom it was intended:—

"When he dies you shall begin a new life. Let me have authentic news of his death, by fair means, of course, and I will make a man of you. Money and liberty, those are the rewards which await you!"

Jarvis nodded his head, the earl slipped out of the door, unfastened the painter, set the sail, and was soon careering along the sea towards Blenkhaven, congratulating himself upon having been shrewd enough to outwit the designs of Amanda, whom he regarded as a dangerous woman and one to be especially feared.

TO BE CONTINUED.

UNDER MY WINDOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Under my window the children come
And prattle and play in the pleasant weather,
And merrily laugh, in their young heart's joy,
As they run and race and romp together.
O, the music of childish tongues is sweet—
And my mind reverts to those days departed,
Ere I knew that the world was all deceit,
Woman was false, and Man cold hearted.

So I lay down my tired pen and pause—
And again my dull old heart rejoices,
As I listen to them, in their merry glee,
And hear the sounds of their happy voices.
O, the music of childish tongues is sweet—
And I'd give a dollar just now to find a
Brickbat, or beet, or appropriate thing,
To shy at the head of that organ grinder.

J. H. B.

THE HEART OF AN ARTIST.

The celebrated singer, Henriette Sontag, began her career in Vienna. Every one who knows anything about the boards that represent the theatrical world will readily believe that the young, amiable, and highly-endowed artist had to struggle against envy; but her *début* was a splendid one in spite of the jealousy of her colleagues. However, she was kissed at as passionately by the snakes of the side scenes as she was received with applause by the lions of the *parterre*.

Miss Amelia Steininger was one of the most enraged of these—a lady whose octave was reduced long ago by the storm of passion in a few hoarse notes.

Nevertheless, Miss Amelia had her knights, who still always wore her colors and fought for her beauty, and by the aid of this knighthood she succeeded in putting the rival to flight.

Some years later Miss Sontag sang at one of the first theatres at Berlin, together with the celebrated tenor, Yager, and triumphed over Signora Catalina. The tongues of the enthusiasts and the pens of the journalists talked only about her, and there was no garden in or around Berlin that had not been plundered in order to give her flowers. Her carriage was always surrounded by people of the first families; and some nights the people took the horses off and drew the carriage themselves. That was indeed enthusiasm! So, as before said, she was the Catalina of her time, with the exception that she was young and beautiful, while the former was remarkable for her ugliness.

On a very fine morning, when Henriette Sontag was driving in one of the most fashionable streets of Berlin, surrounded by numerous riders, she heard the Viennese national song sung by a child's tender voice. The great singer made the carriage stop and called the little singer.

"What is your name, my pretty little Vienna girl?" was her question, leaning on the door of the carriage.

"Nauneri!" was the answer, given in the Austrian dialect by the little one.

"Who is the woman you lead there?" continued the Sontag.

"Oh, that's my poor blind mother, madam," replied the child.

"And the name of your poor blind mother?" she asked.

"Amelia Steininger," said the girl.

"Amelia Steininger!" repeated Henriette Sontag, with the greatest surprise.

"Yes, Amelia Steininger," said the child. "My mother was a celebrated singer before she lost her voice and her eyes, because she had cried so much. After this all our friends left us. We had to sell everything we had, and have to beg now for our daily bread."

Henriette Sontag could not speak; the tears that pearled in her large bright eyes choked her voice. The riders had also stopped and took the greatest interest in this striking scene.

"Gentlemen," said the celebrated singer, finally, "permit me to make, here in the street, a collection for a colleague who has lost her sight. Here is my purse," she continued, "and please let it not be the only one gliding into the hands of this poor child."

In a moment the little girl had her hands full of gold and silver, and thought that heaven had sent an angel to relieve her poor unfortunate mother.

"Where does your mother live, my child?" asked Henriette, enjoying the surprise of the little one.

"Behind the Kneigsmaur," replied the child—"No. 19."

"Nauneri, give your mother the love of her old colleague and friend, Henriette Sontag, and tell her to await me this afternoon," said the singer. "I will come to see you and talk with you."

"Henriette Sontag!" said the little girl, highly astonished, and ran fast to her mother to tell her who the young, beautiful lady was.

Alas! the poor child did not understand her mother's tears. Henriette Sontag kept her word. She visited Amelia, in the course of the day, in company with an old friendly gentleman, and embraced her unfortunate colleague with hearty sympathy, and was particularly careful not to talk about Vienna, so as not to remind Amelia how bad she had treated her. The friend of the singer was a renowned occulist, who examined the eyes of the blind woman, but shook his head sorrowfully, for he had no hope of curing her.

Henriette sang the popular "Iphigene" for the benefit of an oppressed artist, and we need not say that poor Amelia was this artist. Henriette Sontag took care of her to the end of her life, and gave the little girl (afterwards a celebrated actress, and remembers always with love

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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NOTICE.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

R. F. W., Olney, Ill.—"For seven years I have been teaching gymnastics at several places and colleges, and have received memorials from associations complimenting and flattering me on my ability, but now I am tired of that life and desire to give up instructing. My business is flying trapeze and horizontal bar. On the former I do all that Pisu did, except using the 'handles,' and on the latter do all the swings and somersaults, besides two that are new to me, which I will give in my questions. 1. Has the flic-flac ever been done on the horizontal bar in this manner: standing on the bar, turn backwards, come down and catch with hands, do the giant swing, and off with somersault? 2. Has this ever been done:—Sit on the bar, drop back, and keep up swinging motion by changing from leg to leg, always swinging backwards? 5. By making a specialty of flying trapeze and bar, would it be more profitable than printing, at $7 per week, and injuring my health? 4. About what salary ought I ask when starting out, my object not being to make altogether? 5. Could you give me the address of some firm in New York or Chicago who make nets for gymnasts?"——1. We have consulted some of the best gymnasts in the business, all of whom are horizontal bar performers, and they all say that the act as given in your first question has never been accomplished in public in this country, nor anywhere else to their knowledge, and they doubt if it can be done as described by you. They say that a person making a revolution from the bar and then catching by the hands with his hands would bring them with so much force to the bar that he would break his arms or rack himself to pieces. If you can do it, as you say, you could readily command an engagement and a large salary, as it is a feat that would create quite an excitement. 2. The feat, as described by you in your second query, is another good act, and many performers *swing* by holding themselves by two legs, but do not *swing* with one. Yet this question is not given plainly enough to thoroughly understand it. 3. If you get in the business you will find it more profitable than printing. 4. You could command as high as $50 on the start. 5. Any manufacturer of fish seines can make the nets.

C. B., Washington, D. C.—1. What is the meaning of *spot strokes* in billiards, for which the English champion, W. Cook, Jr., is so noted in making; and also the number of points—carom, or otherwise—size table, make, &c., the English Rules for Billiards prescribe for their match games? 2. The largest run made in a match game, under the new rules (each shot counting 3), and when and where made, and by whom? 3. The largest run made in a three-ball match game of billiards in this country?"——1. Pocketing the red ball consecutively from its spot. 2. 1,000 points, hazards and carom, on a 6 pocket table, size 6x12, inside of cushions. 3. 492 by Melvin Foster, May 10th, 1869, in the tournament in this city. 4. 41 is the largest we can call to mind, or find any record of.

C. D., Doughkeepsie, N. Y.—1. Gallaher defeated Tom Allen in February, 1868, near St. Louis, by knocking him out of time in the second round, the fight occupying three minutes. It was a regular prize ring encounter. 2. Tom Allen beat Rose, Parkinson, Noah Price and Iler; was beaten by Price and Bob Smith, and fought a draw with Goss in England. Since his arrival in this country he has fought Bill Davis, Charley Gallagher (twice), and Mike McCloole, nearly winning in all except the first with Gallagher, though he was swindled out of that with McCoole, and the second with Gallagher.

LITTLE MICK, Albany, N. Y.—1 Bill Perry, the "Tipton Slasher," beat Dempsey, Spillane, Pooner, Tass Parker, Goldsmith, Buck, Feliman, Worthington, Armstrong and Hooper. 2. Mincher is not one of our best outfielders. 3. The Maryland Club claims the "Championship of the South."

CONSTANT READER, Georgetown, D. C.—The championship flag and medals of the third class, contested for by the Schuylkill Navy, on the 12th of June last, was won by the Minnehaha, of the Malta Club. The single scull race, on the 19th of June, for a champion belt, was won by Max Schmidt.

A SUBSCRIBER, Mackinaw, Mich.—A master in the British navy follows next in rank and privilege to the third lieutenant. His business pertains more particularly to the sailing of the ship, rather than authority over the men. He messes usually with the lieutenants, purser, doctor and chaplain.

LITTLE CHICKEY, Baltimore.—1. We are not advised of the movements of the lady so far in advance. 2. Lotta will probably soon reappear in your city. 3. It was translated from the French by A. Waldauer, of St. Louis, for Maggie Mitchell. 4. The Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, seats more than the Holliday

OWEN HOUSE, Washington.—A is only entitled to $6, being the amount of the wager in the stakeholder's hands. It he wished the bet to be $5 a side he ought to have put up that amount, and has no right to expect the stakeholder to take his word for the extra $2.00 when all B's money was up.

THREE SPORTS.—C was only entitled to pay for what was played for, sirloin stakes, without any extras, and A was taking a very mean advantage in construing the term to include a general dinner. Had A lost he would, doubtless, have taken the same view of the matter as C has done, and which is the correct one.

INQUIRER, Mankota.—If a player with ball in hand does not step outside of the string, but plays on the balls inside of it, it is a fo , and his opponent may have the balls replaced or insist on his a ing a proper shot, or play at them just as they lay, whi he pleases.

AMERICUS.—1. Heenan and Morrissey fought on Oct , 1858. 2. No; Heenan threw Morrissey in the first and second r ds, and gained the first knock-down in the fight. Heenan was rown in each of the other rounds, except the last, when h was beaten down.

J. E. D., Logansport.—If you cannot induce the manager of some traveling company to engage you and to see what you can do, try and get an engagement in some regular theatre as a utility man and work your way up.

FANCHON, Baltimore.—Maggie Mitchell was born in New York in 1837, and the first time she ever appeared on the public stage was at the Old Bowery Theatre, this city, when she was but a little child, under the management of Thomas Hamblin.

HARRY LEE, Holly.—1. Ferguson and Allison are generally considered the best catchers, while Brainard and Zettlein showed the best average as pitchers. 2. Fearon is undoubtedly one of the best short stops and a hard man to beat in the position.

CHARLES, Cincinnati.—1. We have never seen Clara, but she is reported as a most clever and promising actress. She is quite young in her profession. The other lady is good. 2. Lotta is the best. 3. The Mutuals of this city.

INQUISITIVE BOY, Huntsville.—1. You can procure a Stereopticon for about $60. 2. For a lecturer, $25 to $40 weekly and his board; advance agent, $20 to $35; pianist, $30. 3. Ten dollars for each state would be the license.

G. E. D., Pawtucket.—We cannot inform you where a full blooded spaniel can be bought. We have no faith in dog dealers and cannot recommend any of them.

MARYLAND, Baltimore.—1. We do not think the troupe will appear in your city again this season. 2. As a general performer we know of no one better than Frank Kerns. 3. Probably they will visit your city. 4. Ella is considered a good performer.

MICKEY, Gambler.—1. Blanche was born in Kentucky, in 1851. 2. The Atlantics, of Brooklyn. 3. Walter Brown was born in Green Co., N. Y. 4. Eliza Weathersby was born in London, Eng., in 1848.

H. C., Coatsville, Pa.—1. The gun, in trap shooting, is required to be held down below the elbow and not brought to the hip. 2. The trapper has no right to attach anything whatever to the bird, to distract the attention of the shooter.

G. T., Trenton.—Your system of calculation of the odds is erroneous. Before correcting our statement, you ought to have known how to have done the problem right yourself. For our authority vide *The American Hoyle's* Doctrine of Chances.

OLD TOWN, Baltimore.—1. In seven-up, where two players are six each, the one who turns up Jack goes out immediately. 2. In four handed euchre, if a player who goes alone gets euchred the adversary can only score two points.

C. W. J., Baltimore, Md.—1. You win; Heenan weighed 178lbs. when he fought Sayers, and 198lbs. on the day he met Tom King. Sayers' fighting weight was 152lbs. 2. Sayers did not die from the effects of injuries sustained in that battle.

G. M., Portland, Me.—The Paris crew only rowed the Ward Brothers once; the former winning. The Ward Brothers, however, defeated a new from St. John, New Brunswick, but it was not the famous Paris crew.

Q. P. R.—The term "*proximo*," as used in connection with dates, refers to the month following the current; consequently the 20th prox. refers to the 20th of April. Instant refers to the present and *ultimo* to the past month.

BUSH & DAVE, Baltimore.—The Sixth and Eighth avenue railways have a terminus at the junction of Broadway and Canal street, and, starting from thence, the cars, of course, travel westward to Varick or Hudson street, as the case may be.

WAD, Oneida, N. Y.—When the sidewalk is wide enough both gentlemen should pass on the right; when not, then it would be more polite for either, or both, to give the ladies the "inside track."

L. F. B., Boston.—1. Harry's salary is fifty dollars a week. 2. You will have to pay postage in addition to the subscription. 3. Jenny's salary is $50 a week. 4. One of the Cinselop Sisters is married.

T. H. R.—1. Sivvie is with a minstrel troupe called La Rue's. 2. Master Barney was born in Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1859. 3. For an end man, who also does song and dance, from twenty-five to one hundred dollars a week.

FOXEY, Leesport, Pa.—1. Your subscription expires with No. 52 of the present volume. 2. Once, with Pete Dailey, ending in a draw, after fighting 39 rounds in 2 hours 11 minutes, California, March 18, 1863.

MEMPHIS.—Yankee Sullivan was found dead in his cell, San Francisco, and it was reported that he had committed suicide, but it is believed by many that he was murdered by the Vigilance Committee, by whom he was imprisoned.

MORDECAI LYONS, Syracuse, N. Y.—There are certain hours every week day when ladies are admitted alone to inspect Dr. Kahn's Museum of Anatomy, London, Eng., but no time for the admission of ladies and gents together.

ESQUIRER.—We can find no one among the different amateurs that can give us any information in relation to Meyer Levy, and presume it is an assumed name. The club he belongs to is in an incipient state, and he is not yet known as a member.

ROCKS.—The Mutual nine will very likely be composed of C. Mills, Wolters, Allison, Hatfield, Nelson, E. Mills, Flanly, Eggler and Martin.

WHAT'S HIS NAME, Philadelphia.—1. Lizzie Price was born in Philadelphia. 2. Mr. Craig is a married man and his wife is a professional.

PAIN PAINT.—With a view, probably, to the comfort of the inmates, a coat of green paint is being put on the railing around the city prison. The world moves.

PASIME, Detroit.—1. Lydia Thompson made her *debut* in this country at Wood's Museum, this city, Sept. 28th, 1868, in "Ixion." 2. See answer to another correspondent for the Chicago nine.

KOSSUTH HAWSER, Cincinnati.—This correspondent wishes to know the address of the President of the Dayton, O., Rowing Association.

F. B., Carbon, W. T.—The rule is, that when a player makes a "sunk," *i. e.*, takes all five tricks at forty-fives, he wins the game; consequently B won.

JOHN SMALL, Boston.—Bob Smith, of Liverpool, a colored man, beat Tom Allen for £5 a side, 5) rounds, 2 hours 49 minutes, near Liverpool, June 2, 1864.

GEORGE, Boston.—1. William Warren is one of the best comedians in this country. He was born in Philadelphia in 1812. 2. Stuart Robson was born in Annapolis, Md., in 1836.

E. EARLE, Chicago.—There is not the same interest felt in the matter here that there is in your city, and we have given all that we think the public care to read on the subject.

B., New Haven, Conn.—"Please state the best run ever made in a three-ball carom game of billiards."——In a match game for a money stake. 41 is the highest number we can remember.

J. S. J., Cincinnati.—The information in the edition run out, he informs us, and the delay was occasioned by the non-arrival of a fresh lot. You have probably received a copy ere this.

CONSTANT READER, Easton.—The gentleman's statement is no doubt true; snow storms were frequent in this locality at the time, and a fall of several feet in depth was no uncommon occurrence.

EUCHRE, Sandwich, Ontario.—The rule says:—"If a deal is made out of turn it is good, provided it be not discovered before the dealer has discarded and the eldest hand has led."

TOMMY DODD.—1. We cannot inform you when Maggie Mitchell will next appear in this city. 2. Effie Germon was born in Augusta, Me., June 15, 1845.

L. STANWIX, Columbus, Miss.—We have always given it as our opinion that no player can go alone excepting the one who makes, takes up, or orders up the trump.

J. H., Du Quoin, Ill.—Heenan and Mace have already appeared in Philadelphia. 2. We do not know what Allen's intentions are with reference to visiting Philadelphia.

S. P., Pittsburgh.—1. Inspector Tanner was the name of the detective who came over here to arrest Fam Muller. 2. We'll ascertain and answer your second inquiry next week.

G. A. B.—1. Backgammon is played with dice, not cards, and requires a backgammon board or table for the game. 2. It is impossible to say how many different games are played.

CLIMACTICUS.—Get Banting's pamphlet on Corpulence, procurable through any bookseller, and adopt the dietetic system which he maintains produces obesity.

A. E. W., Indianapolis.—1. It was the Pacific, steamer, belonging to the Collins' line, that was never heard of. 2. The Baltic was not lost; it was the Arctic.

T. T.—Hyer defeated Yankee Sullivan in 16 rounds, 17 minutes, 18 seconds, for $10,000, at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md., Feb. 7th, 1849. We may shortly republish the report of that event.

CONSTANT READER, Portland, Oregon.—B having sold his pitch to C for 3 points, is out, and D goes out with his low before C, who makes high, Jack and game.

W. H., Mansfield, O.—1. Among honorable men, their word is sufficient. 2. Don't know him. 3. We cannot give a correct opinion until the organizations are completed.

C. Q., Troy.—The loss of votes may possibly have originated from being too fat. Change the food, by ceasing to give hemp seed, and feed on rape and canary seed mixed.

HARVEY, Sitka, Alaska.—The two throws of 40 are entitled to the first and third prizes, throwing off for the pavilege of first choice. The thrower of 39 have no claim whatever to a prize.

ARMY.—None but members of the Grand Army can procure a list of posts, which is very voluminous. We believe the headquarters are in Fourth street, near Broadway.

G. P., Louisville, Ky.—Your letter dated Feb. 15th only arrived on the 2d inst. We have not any copies of the rules of dog fighting, nor can we inform you where they are to be procured.

QUAKER CITY.—Send on a specimen, giving the very latest news, and then we can better judge. A letter mailed on Sunday would reach us in season.

SQUATTY, Detroit, Mich.—He did not, though parties have so stated with the intention of injuring him. His conduct as a pugilist has been honorable and straightforward.

QUILLS.—Flora Temple's last appearance on any public or private course was on the occasion of Edward Grant reviewing the great trotters at the Dubois track in the fall of 1866.

E. H. F., Park Palace.—Get Doughty's Patent Interfering Hoof Cushion, price $2; sold by A. Woodham, 221 Canal street, New York.

DRAMA, Pittsburgh.—Julia Dean played her last engagement in your city in November, 1867, opening on the 11th, and closing on the 23d.

M. M., Springfield.—1. Judge Conrad was a Philadelphian. 2. Olive Logan was born in New York state in 1841.

TEN FORTY, Philadelphia, Pa.—Wormald had the best of the fight with O'Baldwin when it ended.

READER OF CLIPPER, Rochester, N. Y.—Write to Stephen Roberts, in our care, for the information you desire.

H. C. J., Wilmington, Del.—A deposit should have accompanied the challenge as an evidence of good faith.

H. F. D., Chicago.—We already have one there. We gave in our last the main points of the affair. Thanks for your offer.

L. C. E., Baltimore.—We do not know of any banjo teacher in your city.

"ROONEY'S KID," Washington, D. C.—1. We believe he still resides at 112 Haverhill street, Boston. 2. We do not think so.

P. H. D.—It was a draw, and the purse for which they fought was divided between the principals.

THOS. T., Wilmington, Del.—You win. See report of the fight in our ring department.

SHORT STOP, Kit Carson, Col.—Address Thomas Foley, 153 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

CONSTANT READER, Elmira.—1. Each is equally good in certain points. 2. Fifty cents.

D. H. B., Lock Haven.—Items of general interest are always acceptable.

J. D., Newark, N. J.—A deposit is necessary with your challenge.

M. B.—You had better call at the school and make inquiries there, as we should have to do to answer your question.

A SPECTATOR, Chicago.—The rhymes you send us were published in one of the local papers a day or so after the performance.

W. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—A deposit is necessary to insure an insertion of your challenge.

BOB, New York.—1. Allison does not belong to the Mutuals. 2. Wolters. 3. Mills.

MANY READERS, Cincinnati, O.—We will attend to your request next week.

W. S. F., Galena, Ill.—We are unable to give you the desired information.

P. G., San Francisco.—A wins, as the lady is the mother of the two referred to. Her name was Ludlam before her marriage.

BRASS BAND.—The advertisement will cost sixty cents for each insertion.

J. W. M., Memphis.—We have more on hand than we can use for some time.

JNO. SMITH, New Haven.—See doings of the men in our report of the Edwards-Colyer fight in this issue.

FRED P., Troy.—John E. McDonough was a member of the Adelphi company, in your city, under Carlitish's management.

DODGER, Boston.—Andy Leavitt, of the Howard Athenæum, can furnish you with it.

J. J., Cincinnati.—Lotta will not appear in your city again this season.

MIGHTY, Pittsburgh.—Mrs. D. P. Bowers has been recognized as a star for several seasons.

M. N. L., Baltimore.—You will find the movements of the show chronicled in our circus summary each week.

GREAT MARY.—A is entitled to $46 15 5-15; B to $33 76 12-15, and C to $23 07 9-15.

DASHER, Philad'a.—Welcome to our craft. Two, at least, of the screeds will be used. Come again when you are in the vein.

A READER.—1. You can buy it at any of the music stores. It was written by J. Tannenbaum. 2. Johnny is in New Orleans.

ROSS, Buffalo.—Jenny Lind sang in America for the first time at Castle Garden, this city, Sept. 11, 1850.

STAR, Meadville.—1. E. H. Brink is with a party in the west. 2. Lotta opens in Philadelphia on March 7, at the Arch.

W. F. HAYKNS, Macon, Geo.—Send 50 cents to this office, and the rules will be forwarded to your address.

G. T., Jersey City.—The trout fishing season commences in New York State on 1st of March.

FATTY, Baltimore, Md.—We do not know where you can procure the rules.

W. J. H.—No execution has taken place in New York since the present sheriff came into office.

JOE, Wilmington, Del.—We cannot give you his exact weight; it is considerably over 200lbs. though.

W. B., Albany.—A has no claim upon the $5, which must be returned to the party who wished to go in the match, but was too late.

NERO.—We have no acquaintance among that class of people, and are therefore unable to aid you.

DUKE.—Put yourself under the care of a regular physician, and leave the quacks and "associations" alone.

CONSTANT READER, Wilkinsburg, Pa.—We know nothing personally of either of them; consequently we cannot recommend either.

P. M., Powelton, Pa.—You cannot obtain either report except by advertising.

F. R. C., Washington.—Anna Mitchell, the mother of Maggie, died in this city June 7th, 1859.

D. W.—Abe Hicken and Fred Maguire fought five rounds.

J. F. THOMAS, Louisville, Ky.—See answer to Lazy Stuffy.

BLEW.—They do not belong to us.

D. P. H., Delhi.—The show starts from Bridgeport, Conn.

PATSY TUFF.—See answer to "C. D."

G. R. L., East Boston.—Jack deals.

BILLIARDS.—See answer to C. B.

EXCELSIOR.—Cash received.

CONSTANT READER.—From twenty to thirty dollars a week.

F. R.—There is no opening at present.

J. A. C., Oneida, N. Y.—See answer to "Jim."

Y. F. LOWELL.—There is no game out, and D goes up three points.

A. M. M., Zanesville.—Accepted.

TONY.—Will shortly appear.

M. P. D.—See answer to J. W. M.

D., ROSLYN, Mass.—We believe it is.

FORT WAYNE.—Will reply next week.

G. E. D., Charleston, Mo.—Satisfactory. Thank you.

LIZZIE LA GRANGE.—It costs $1 63.

ALF.—The advertisement costs $15 60 for 3 mos.

METALLIC.—When President Grant was in command of the army he was always styled a "man of iron." Now, if we may believe all we read in the papers, at the sight of *gold* he is easily *led*. Perhaps such tales are the slanders of those who long for the spoils of office, but can't *get tin*. If the President were to fasten his *fire on* some of his critics they might discover his metal, whatever it be. But he seems to stand no chance even of "paddling his own canoe"—there are too many ready to stick in their *ores*. If the *deuce* should be played, who would *copper* it?

IN THE COURSE of a debate on the whiskey question in the Massachusetts Legislature a few days ago, an opponent of prohibition said:—"I would that all men were temperate and pure, but if I could make them so by compulsion of statute I don't know that I would do it. The Divine plan leaves us free to choose good or evil, and I question if we are much wiser than Providence." If public men generally would act upon convictions as sensible and just as those which seem to have actuated this gentleman, what a different state of affairs would be presented.

SCENE IN A DAILY NEWSPAPER OFFICE.—*Night Editor.*—"Jinks, have you made a full report of the prize fight?"

Jinks.—"Yes, sir; every round in full."

Editor.—"Well, now write an editorial condemning the brutal sport. Make it strong, so as to tickle our pious readers."

Jinks.—"Why, Bildad wrote that a week ago."

Editor.—"All right—we must suit *all* tastes in a respectable daily."

CIRCUS PEOPLE are active just now in preparing for the coming season. One or two *concerns*, we hear, will go by water, but that is no *concern* of ours, although we hope they may manage so as to keep their circuses afloat as well as themselves; there is no more danger of a man sinking money in a circus on the water than on land, a veteran assures us; providing the *ship* doesn't sink first, he might have added.

STATE RIGHTS.—Should U. S. Senator Wilson succeed in his efforts to put a stop to prize fighting in the states, may not the precedent induce other United States Senators to seek to interfere with the sale of peanuts, because *they* may not like them? Where is this small potato business to end?

THE SCOTIA LODGE, No. 634, F. and A. M., intend enjoying their first annual ball at the Apollo Rooms on the 9th inst. Our thanks are hereby remitted for an invitation to be present.

SPECIE PAYMENTS.—We know a liberal and whole souled store-keeper who now gives specie in change to all who purchase goods at his store and pay for the same in gold. Virtue is its own reward.

QUESTION.—Would it be out of order to call the crowd who returned to this city after witnessing the recent fight between Edwards and Collyer the "Mystic Crew of Comera."

ANOTHER CHAMPION.—Professor Blot must look to his laurels, now that the defeat of Roberts, in England, has developed another champion "Cook."

PAIN PAINT.—With a view, probably, to the comfort of the inmates, a coat of green paint is being put on the railing around the city prison. The world moves.

PUBLIC CALAMITY.—The want of money to carry on operations at our new post office has caused a "stoppage of the males."

THE "TWELVE" TEMPTATIONS—The last drinks at midnight.

"OUR JIM" says that the fifteenth amendment is a mend meant to open a good many new rents in our constitution.

TRANSFORMATION SCENE—The removal of the Prize Ring from old London to New London.

Squibs and Things.

An old lady at Sandy Hill, N. Y., aged seventy years, exhibits a piece of needlework wrought by herself, which contains 1,840,800 stitches. Guess the old lady has a good thing of it, as it's much easier to believe the stitches are thar than to attempt to count 'em.

—An advertisement in a morning paper says:—"A young lady in reduced circumstances would like to get acquainted with a gentleman who would take a mortgage on the same or advance her money on her furniture."

—A few days ago three "fashionably dressed ladies" created a sensation on a Brooklyn ferry boat by seating themselves on the chain and puffing away at their choice Havanas—as they sailed, as they sailed.

—A gentleman of Bedford, Ill., recently lost his right eye, the result of lifting two heavy sticks of timber, half an hour after doing his best sightless, through so foolishly overtaxing his strength.

—A Chicago lawyer advertises:—"Divorces legally obtained without appearance in court or publication in the papers. A *common article*, $5." That's an uncommonly cheap "common article."

—Gambling utensils, consisting of card table, ivory chips, cards, &c., valued at $200, the property of a Dr. Langley, were seized by the Boston police on March 2d, and the shop suddenly closed.

—A bill repealing the usury law has passed the Maine legislature. It is now legal in that state to "thire money" as cheap as you can or to pay as much as necessity may compel for the use of it.

—Several Chicago merchants have engaged handsome young ladies to collect their outstanding accounts. The plan is said to work well, only the bachelors rather like that kind of dunning.

—An old chap in Nashville, Tenn., has left to six widows $5,000 each, on the condition that they remain single. Guess they'll be likely to lose the legacy if "opportunity offers."

—Men have been hired to watch the Babylon trout ponds in consequence of the depredations of thieving anglers. If not careful the angle-rs will get into an unpleasant corner.

—An M. D., of four score years, John Stevens, of Castine, Me., recently went seven miles in an open boat in the night to visit a patient. How many such M. D's have we among us?

—An Iowa minister, who had formerly been a disciple of Thespis, lately astonished his congregation by the announcement that his text might be found in Proverbs, act iv, scene 5.

—A petrified sea-serpent has been found in Indiana 180 feet beneath the surface. We are petrified with astonishment. It is supposed to be next of kin to the Cardiff giant.

—A couple of Florida deacons lately rode fifteen miles at night and stole the library belonging to a sister church. "His ways are ways of pleasantness and all his paths are peace."

—$1,000 worth of faro tools, etc., were seized at Newburyport, Mass., on the 27th ult., and the gamins heavily fined. The victims think the penalty any thing but fair, oh!

—At a late ball in Siberia a lady, the wife of a Siberian merchant, wore diamonds valued at $100,000. A dress worn on the same occasion is said to have cost $20,000.

—A young man in Exeter, England, is now serving out a three months' term of imprisonment, imposed for shooting a pheasant on his father's farm three years ago.

—New York has ten thousand and seventy-one houses provided with fire escapes, of which four thousand three hundred and forty-three were erected last year.

—The first coin made at the mint in Philadelphia was a copper cent in 1790. The first silver dollar was made in 1794, and the first gold eagle in 1795.

—A "brother" writes to one of the Providence churches to "cut him off as a barren branch," as he has ceased to consider himself a worthy member.

—The new postal treaty between Belgium and the United States, reducing the rates one-half, has been ratified by the former government.

—A New York paper asks:—"Why may not politics be an *elevating pursuit and a school of virtue*?" And echo answers "why?"

—Worn out greenbacks are now manufactured into paper, of which envelopes are made for use in the government offices.

—An Indiana barber was lately condemned to pay $75 for cutting one of his customer's hair too short. Isn't that "too thin?"

—It is estimated that of the 4,000,000 persons of African descent in the United States 600,000 are professors of religion.

—Jessie Fremont weighs sixty pounds more than the Col., her husband. She ought to be able to "give him Jessie."

—The "Hub" claims superiority over the Empire City because many oyster openers use Boston oyster knives.

—An Ohio senator lately undertook to castigate a Cincinnati newspaper correspondent and came out second best.

—Of 666,786 houses in Scotland, only 246,201 have two rooms, 226,271 but one room, and 7,964 have no windows.

—Traces of the missing Spanish crown jewels have been found in a Mexican pawn shop. So "they" say.

—Ex-Police Commissioner Acton has been appointed Superintendent of the U. S. assay office in this city.

—The people of Ireland, it is said, still indulge in the "recreation" known as "tumbling over landlords."

—Judge Gerard says:—"The press has always been the friend of the bar." What "bar" does he mean?

—An exchange says:—"Spanish bulls are enraged by a red cloak—Spanish bullies by a blue cravat."

—The Broadway Pneumatic Tunnel has been visited during the past week by about 2,000 people.

—The Wilmington, N. C., Board of Aldermen is composed of three white men and five negroes.

—The Rothschilds, it is said, furnish their employees—numbering five hundred—with revolvers.

—Rochefort, though he is a "Red," practices, it is said, on the "green" baize covered table.

—Seats in the "Gold Room," which a year ago brought $3,000, are now considered dear at $750.

—A Lee, Mass., ice house has ice in it which was packed seventeen years ago. So "they say."

—During the month of February there were ninety-two fires in this city—loss, $547,745.

—There were fifty-four murders committed in the United States during January last.

—Nine-tenths of all the inventions patented in this country turn out "good for nix."

—A traveling agent in Vermont says he spends most of his time in waiting for the cars.

—$6,000,000 was the amount paid on account of Uncle Sam's indebtedness last month.

—A love letter written by George Washington is advertised for sale in Boston.

—The "boys" of Bridgeport, Conn., are about giving a "Red Headed Men's Ball."

—A Mr. Charles Eagan has bequeathed over $1,000,000 to the charities of Dublin.

—$2,411.02 were expended for the support of the poor of Suffolk Co., last year.

—A young lady of Norwalk, Conn., lately skated ten miles without stopping.

—There are thirty female murderers confined in the Michigan penitentiary.

—There were 101,571 German emigrants landed in the United States in 1869.

—Peas and cauliflowers are in the market in Chicago from California.

—The *city* of Lockport proposes to *increase* its police force to *fifteen*.

—Queen Victoria is reported to have laid by $10,000,000 for a rainy day.

—One thousand California horses were recently sold at $8 a head.

—Over one thousand divorces were granted in Ohio last year.

—Venison is selling for four cents a pound in Missouri.

—A man in Maine lately died from bursting his heart.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME OFF.

APRIL 12.—Ed. Touhey and Jim Kerrigan, 125 lbs., $500 a side.
MAY 16.—Jem Mace and Tom Allen, $2,500 a side, and the championship of America.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

WHAT THE PRINCIPALS ARE DOING.

The sensation created by the making of the match between those famous gladiators from Britain, Jem Mace and Tom Allen, our present champion, has quieted down with the lapse of time and will not be revived until the announcement goes forth that the second deposit (one thousand dollars from each, which falls due on Tuesday, March 22d, at this office), has been posted, when a deeper interest will be manifested in the affair.

Allen was in Cincinnati last week, attending to some business, but was to leave for the Mound City on the night of the 4th inst. He informs us that he had ordered his colors, and promises to send one to us as soon as they are delivered to him. He says that he never felt better in his life than at the present time and is heavier than at any time before. He intends entering upon a course of strict training as soon as the next deposit is up, and there is no question, barring accidents, of his being in splendid fix on the day, which is the 10th of May. Mace and Heenan are at present on a sparring tour, and have been doing very well since they started out under the management of James M. Nixon. On Wednesday evening, 2d inst., they appeared at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, to a crowded house—$1,500 being, we learn, taken at the door—and the following evening they appeared in Baltimore to another full house, many being turned away from the door, and the show realized about $1,250; on the 4th inst. they sparred at Wilmington, Del., and "scooped in" some $500, the hall being small but jammed, and on the night of the 5th they "performed" at Trenton, N. J., to between $500 and $600, the house being packed in every part. This is a very fair week's work, but it might have been increased had they given two nights each in Philadelphia and Baltimore, as the passages at arms appear to have afforded the utmost satisfaction everywhere. They were to show at Wieting Hall, Syracuse, on the 7th, and their "route ahead" is as follows:—Auburn, 8th, Casey Opera House; Rochester, 9th, Corinthian Hall; Hamilton, Ont., 10th, Mechanics' Hall; Buffalo, 11th, St. James Hall; Cleveland, 12th, Brainard's Hall; Toledo, 14th, White's Hall; Detroit, 15th, Opera House. Mace, though on a tour, is not neglecting himself, but takes light exercise daily, and has reduced himself eight pounds since the 27th ult., so that those who fancy him, if in good condition, need entertain no fear of his not taking such care of himself as is requisite to secure the same. He thoroughly understands what he has to do, and does not underrate Allen's capabilities, and consequently will not be caught napping. He avoids stimulating beverages of every kind, feels "top-top," and we hear that he will not undertake the performance of his Grecian Statues because of the time they occupy in close dressing rooms and on the stage. He will commence earnest work about six weeks before the day of battle, under the watchful eye of that experienced trainer, Jim Cusick (who is now with him) and his cousin Pooley. If possible he will weigh the first night or two days of this time at Mark Maguire's, on the Bloomingdale road, and from thence will proceed to New Orleans to finish training.

KERRIGAN AND TOUHEY.

The articles call for the settlement of the little difference of opinion between these men just one month from the date of our present issue, and, as behooves them, each is about to settle down to earnest, serious work, so essential to ensure that state of *physique* required to endure the ordeal of a fistic engagement. The match is regarded with a great deal of interest in this vicinity, where both men reside and where each can rally around his standard and muster an equal number of partisans. The next instalment, $100 a side, is due at Phil Clare's, 401 Columbia street, Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, 10th inst., and the fifth and last, of a similar amount, at Tommy Churchill's, corner of Oliver and Water streets, this city, on the 24th inst., making up the total of $1,000, which will no doubt be the full amount fought for, though the match is left open for double that sum. We have not heard whether the final stakeholder has been chosen yet or not, but if he has not we would again impress upon the principals and their backers the necessity of selecting some one to officiate in such capacity without further delay. The men are confined to 132 lbs. weight, and are to go to scale on the morning of the day appointed for the fight.

COMMUNICATION FROM SAM COLLYER.

On the evening following the battle on Mystic Island the light-weight champion—Sam Collyer—vanquished and sadly depressed in spirits, returned to the house of his relatives in Williamsburgh, L. I., where he has remained up to the present time. He naturally feels deeply chagrined at the, to him at least, utterly unlooked for termination of the encounter, and his statement of the injury he sustained in the third round (which appears in the card below), may account in some measure, at all events, for the bewilderment characterizing his appearance, the wildness of his delivery thereafter, and his general faulty style of fighting. It will be observed that he was perfectly satisfied with the arrangements at the ring side, though the supporters of his opponent preponderated, but naturally is aggrieved at the attempts made by some parties to damage him unjustly. Read his card:—

WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I., March 7th, 1870.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—I wish you would thank Messrs. Barney Aaron, Owen Geoghegan and Billy Donnelly, through your columns, for me; also the referee. My seconds did all that men could do for me, and the coolness of Geoghegan in the ring agreeably surprised me, while I know that Aaron has, by taking such a bold stand

BILLIARDS.

THE U. S. BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.

DEERY DEFEATED.

RUDOLPHE APPROPRIATES THE DIAMOND CUE.

The billiard match at San Francisco, Cal., for the United States Billiard Championship and its emblem—the diamond cue—presented by Messrs. Phelan & Collender, that took place at the Pavilion on the night of the 5th inst., drew together a large number of spectators, including quite a number of the feminine gender. The terms were 1,500 points up, push and crotch shots barred. In banking for lead Deery won, and played for safety, but Rudolphe succeeded in counting, and made a run of six. Of further particulars we have but a brief statement, which we give as received by or through the electric wires. At 10.30 P. M., Deery had made 670 points and Rudolpe 445. There was much excitement, and Deery was the favorite by great odds. At midnight Rudolphe made a run of 279, which was received with wild applause. This made him nearly even with Deery, the score standing 1,044 to 1,031. At this point the number of spectators had increased to 4,000, and, though great excitement was manifested, excellent order and good feeling prevailed. The match was finished at 1 A. M., Rudolphe making a run of 42, and scoring 1,501 points. At one time Deery claimed a foul. Great excitement and confusion followed, which calmed down as soon as the referee decided the question in his favor. At the conclusion of the game there was some confusion, but no violence was committed. The crowd finally seized Rudolphe and carried him from the building in triumph. Rudolphe was considerably annoyed throughout the game by some of Deery's backers, but had the sympathy of the greater portion of the audience, and played magnificently. The score:—

DEERY.—0, 3, 6, 0, 20, 7, 23, 7, 9, 12, 0, 0, 0, 0, 3, 21, 8, 9, 5, 55-11, 225, 22, 2, 0, 52, 5, 0, 0, 56, 38, 5, 2, 42, 12, 39, 6, 33, 3, 7, 0, 15, 9, 13, 15, 15, 5, 15, 4, 67, 5, 10, 3, 0, 0, 0, 0, 9, 0, 15, 0, 6, 24, 3, 5-7, 15, 0, 3, 26, 3, 0, 0, 3, 34, 3, 3, 0, 0—1,377.

RUDOLPHE.—6, 9, 114, 0, 3, 9, 21, 3, 18, 3, 0, 0, 57, 6, 46, 60, 5, 0, 21, 6, 62, 0, 0, 16, 81, 59, 18, 3, 1, 3, 0, 0, 16, 0, 27, 27, 3, 13, 4, 5, 3, 0, 21, 0, 5, 13, 0, 4, 15, 5, 0, 5, 279, 0, 3, 0, 12, 0, 3, 0, 6, 68, 84, 27, 126, 0, 0, 15, 9, 8, 3, 12, 0, 3, 0, 0, 0, 9, 9, 0, 42—1,501.

Deery's average, 1670-100; Rudolphe's average, 19. Deery was given 48 points for pockets and misses, and Rudolphe 57.

JOHN ROBERTS, SEN., vs. J. BENNETT.

On the 17th ult. a large assemblage mustered at the Prince of Wales Club, Blackfriars, London, Eng., to witness the return match of 1,000 points up, spot hazard barred, between the ex-champion and Joseph Bennett, for £200. When the men played their previous match on Jan. 20 Roberts was successful by 115 points, but on the present occasion Bennett won a well-contested game by 74 points. Betting fluctuated considerably during the play, 5 to 1 being at different times betted upon either, but Roberts generally had the call. The score at the finish stood:—Bennett, 1,000, against Roberts, 926. The best break was 87, by Roberts.

BIG BILLIARDS IN BRITAIN.—To the telegraph (submarine) we are again indebted for an important item of billiard news, in reference to a cue-rious set-to on the evening of the 4th inst., at Toine, in Devonshire, England, between William Cook, Jr., the present champion of Queen Victoria's dominion, and R. D. Stanley, an expert local player, in which Cook gave his opponent 250 points in 1,000 and then won easily. His victory was largely due to his run of 512, of which 501 were made in succession by the "spot stroke," which is the main test of expertness in British billiards, and the above figures are set down as the highest run at the English game on record, 417 having been previously credited therewith. With such figures before him, and scored too at his own particular *forte*, we should think that the veteran Roberts would withdraw his "challenge to the world."

TOURNAMENT IN THE KEYSTONE STATE.—The gathering of billiard experts of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia for five days, to decide who is entitled to the State Championship, is to take place in April next, the 25th being set down as the first day. The Assembly Buildings have been secured therefor and the pasteboards to secure the "open sesame" have been distributed for sale in exchange for the equiv. The contestants, as far as known, are to be Messrs. E. H. Nolms, E. J. Nolms Palmer, W. L. Rockhill, Robert Hunter, J. C. Venal, and J. McAller, and Mr. Abbey, of Titusville, is also fully expected to take a hand in. With such a congress of billiard experts, the cue-rious sight see-ers ought to be sufficient to attract large gatherings of Quaker citizens who admire the skilful rolling of the spheres. So mote it be.

RUDOLPHE VS. AN AMATEUR.—There was a large gathering at the rooms of Deery and Little, San Francisco, Cal., on the night of the 24th ult., to witness games played by A. P. Rudolphe and an amateur. They played three games, grand discount, French caroms, thirty points, which were all won by Rudolphe, whose average in the games was:—1st, 7 5-9; 2d, 6 1-5; 3d, 5 1-9. The amateur's average was:—1st, 1 2-9; 2d, 1 6-15; 3d, 1 7-8. They then played a game of 250 points up. Rudolphe was to count nothing unless he made the whole 250 points at one run. The amateur won this game, his average being 10 10-24. His highest runs were 43, 48, 24. Rudolphe's average in this game was 29 9-24, and his greatest runs, 69, 168, 87, 102. Deery was also playing a practice game, having for his competitor Wallace Wright. They played a game of 1,500 points, and the champion won. Deery's average was 30 31-49, while his largest runs were 75, 201, 93, 102, 189, 342, 69. Wright's average was 13 45-48, and his best runs, 36, 72, 54, 45, 42, 39.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—J. Roberts, Sr., the father of British billiards, has not got his back up because of his recent defeat by Cannon Cook, who thereby relieved him of the title of England's Champion. In proof of this the old gentleman has issued a challenge to the world for a match, to occur *within two months*, for from £200 to £500 a side. By these terms it is evident that he does not consider Uncle Sam's domain a part of his world, otherwise he would have given longer time, proposed a larger amount and offered part expenses at least to any one who would beard the lion in his own den, for it can hardly be expected that one of our experts would go there under such arrangements. It is evident, too, that his challenge can refer only to the English game, for at any other we have cueists who could easily discount him, and even at the English game he would have to keep his cue tip in thorough order.

THE CUE IN SMOKETOWN.—A game was played at Bennett's Rooms, Pittsburgh, on Feb. 23d, between Wm. Dodds and Richard Stafford, two noted local artists who have frequently met before. The game was one of 500 points up, on a carom table, for $50 a side, the former discounting his opponent. Stafford did not play with his usual skill, while Dodds more than excelled himself, making one run of 287, and running the game out with one of 178. His average was over 28; Stafford's best effort was 78.

BILLIARDS IN THE BAY STATE.—A match of 1,000 points up, push barred, was played at Salem, Mass., on the 4th inst., between James Murphy and John Flack, which the former won by 371 points, averaging 38. His highest runs were 183, 138, 123, 90 and 84. Flack's average was 34, and highest runs 222, 105 and 63.

VICTOR ESTEPHE'S BILLIARD ROOM in Philadelphia, at No. 927 Sansom street, was formally opened on the 1st inst., by the playing of several games by prominent cueists, including Messrs. Estephe, Nelms, Rockhill, Hunter and Palmer. The room is stated to be "a real *bijou* of a saloon."

GAME IN TOLEDO.—A match game of billiards between Messrs. Carter and Edwards, for $5 a side, 300 points, caroms, took place at George Fisher's Billiard Hall, Toledo, Ohio, on Feb. 26th, which was won by Mr. Carter by 47 points. They are both amateurs.

BITTEN.—John W. Coon, the billiardist, was lately severely bitten in the arm by a dog which he was teasing. It is not thought that it will prevent him from playing his match with Rudolphe on the latter's return from California.

A BILLIARD EXHIBITION is to take place on the 8th inst. at the National Hotel Billiard Saloon, No. 3 Cortlandt street, N. Y., in which Messrs. Kavanagh, Daly and others are to take part.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SNOW-SHOE RACES.

THE TECUMSEH CUP MEETING IN MONTREAL.

The Alexandra Snow-Shoe Club held a meeting on the Montreal Lacrosse Club ground on Saturday, Feb. 26th, when the "Tecumseh" cup and the "Stroud" cup were run for by some of the leading snow-shoers of Canada. The weather was fine and the ground was well filled with visitors. The track, upon being measured by the City Surveyor, was found to be ten yards short, and, consequently, the times scored at 'Grand Trunk" and "Montreal" races are incorrect. The judges were R. H. Stephens, W. L. Maltby and R. Beaudeld. W. D. Rogers, President of the club, acted as starter. The first race, which was for

THE STROUD CUP,

a two mile club race, for a handsome cup, with the stipulation that the winner must run for it again at the Club Races, brought out Harry Jones, J. Gilroy, D. G. Macdonell, Edw. Cunningham, W. K. Roy and G. Boyle. The start was by word of mouth, and soon showed Boyle, who had outside place, in front. Roy close behind, Cunningham third, Gilroy fourth, Jones and Macdonell bringing up the rear. Boyle kept up a smart pace all the time and soon left the crowd. Macdonell and Jones cut down their opponents one after the other, and took second and third places respectively. The first four laps were done in 7:04, and Gilroy, Cunningham and Roy gave up. Boyle kept increasing his lead and came in winner in 13:58, Macdonell a poor second in 14:20.

THE GREEN HALF MILE

brought out fifteen sturdy competitors to contest for a medal presented by W. Grant, and they afforded the spectators much amusement by their numerous mishaps, and in a measure succeeded in spoiling the course for the great race of the day. E. M. Mudge, Montreal Club, came in the winner in 3 minutes 8 seconds.

THE 150 YARDS DASH.

Out of eleven entries only three showed up—Rose, Wood and Shae. The first heat was taken by Rose, who came in touching; time, 15½. The second heat was taken by Wood, he beating Rose by a neck; time, 15½. Rose, seemingly, cannot stand defeat—he withdrew, and Wood cantered in winner of third heat and race in 16 seconds. The prize was a very pretty medal.

In the winter of 1867–8 a gentleman, whose *incognito* has been so well kept that his identity is still little more than matter of conjecture, presented a handsome piece of plate, worth $100, which the Alexandra Club secured the privilege of offering under their patronage, subject to the conditions of making absolute ownership depend on two consecutive victories, and of barring members of the Montreal Club from competition. This was named

THE TECUMSEH CUP,

And the first contest for it took place in March, 1868, when George Massey, of the Toronto Club, came in first. Last year Harper took the cup, beating G. Massey, Toronto Club; M. Kavanagh, Ottawa Club; J. H. Brindley, J. A. Stevenson and Jas. Robinson, of the Dominion; time, 14:30. This year the entries were fewer, being J. W. Minchin, George Massey and a new man from Sagenaay Bay, named J. H. Sheidon. This latter personage did not show, and the race was won easily by Harper, who covered the two miles in 13:15. Massey, who ran very awkwardly, gave up on the third lap, just as Minchin was passing him. Minchin ran a good race in 13:34. The result was greeted with cheers. Harper having won the cup twice, it now becomes his property, in accordance with the rules of the race.

HALF MILE OPEN,

for a medal, was left entirely at the mercy of Skelton, who ran away from Lifleton and won in 2:56.

This concluded the list, and the president announced that the prizes would be distributed at an early date.

HARRIS DEFEATS WHARTON.—The 150 yards foot race for $500 between Wharton, the Hebron Boy, and Harris, of Hamilton, Ont., known as the Cleveland Boy, came off at Columbus, O., on the 1st inst., and was won by the latter, the time given by those appointed to keep it being 19 seconds, though our informant, J. Walker, says they are in error, and that the actual time was about 16 seconds. Wharton is 27 years old, weighs 147lbs., and has been before the public for years, running against some of the best men in the country. He was attended by his Uncle Abe and Bill Kendrick. Harris is a young 'un, just 19 years old, and this was his first race of any consequence. He had the services of White, Bill Young and Walker. The latter informs us that if Wharton thinks he can get it in four weeks Harris can be backed for $1,000 to run the same race, flying start, meet half way or allow $100 for expenses and run in Cleveland. He also says that there are men who will put up on Harris to run any one of his age in the country one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards, for same amount, or he will take thirty feet start in one hundred and fifty yards from either Forbes, Adsetts, Kendricks, Davis, Perry, Young, Fisher, Johnson or Richardson, to meet half way and run for $1,000 a side.

JAMES MILES, the pedestrian, is, we are sorry to learn, no better—in fact, we hear from Jack Goulding that he is confined to his bed in the Sisters of Mercy Hospital, St. Louis, and it is very doubtful if he will ever recover. His complaint is disease of the lungs, which he contracted, it is thought, during his walk at Newark, N. J., some months since. Goulding is stopping at Allen's saloon, 417 Washington avenue, St. Louis, and any of Miles' friends can communicate with him by addressing a letter in Jack's care.

GOOD FOR THE "OLD MAN."—James Roe, who is set down as an "old man," is credited with having walked from Port Huron to Lansing, N. Y., on the 21st ult., to pay $5.25 to the State Treasurer, as interest on swamp land. His currency consisted chiefly of pennies and five and ten cent pieces.

A HUNDRED MILE WALK.—Frank Seaback, of Princeton, Me., is reported to have walked one hundred miles four and a half rods, recently, in 22 hours 51 minutes, for a purse of $150. Providing the time for rest is included in the above, the performance is good.

A 120 YARDS FOOT RACE was on the docket to take place at Paterson, N. J., on the 7th inst., for $40 and ten suppers, between two bonifaces. We presume that the snow prevented fast time.

PRINCE ARTHUR is to present a piece of plate to be run for by the snow-shoers of Montreal, and old runners are preparing for the contest.

CRICKET.

CRICKET ON ICE.

THE ELEVEN VS. THE SIXTEEN.

While the lovers of the skatorial art are lamenting the decade of their winter sport, our English cousins on the other side of the big pond are enjoying themselves at their favorite amusement. On Feb. 14th sides were chosen from an eleven of the University and All England players and sixteen of the Neighborhood of Swavesey, with several members of the University. The Mere Len near Cambridge presented a lively appearance; thousands of persons journeyed by special and ordinary trains on purpose to witness the match. The ice on which the match took place covered an area of about forty acres. The Eleven won the toss and sent in their opponents, Nightingale and Barker going to the wickets to the bowling of Carpenter and Pryor. Baker made an excellent stand, running up a score of 77, marked by a 12, an 11, a 7, a 6 and half a dozen 4's. The innings of the sixteen lasted about an hour and a half. On the part of the Eleven, Pryor made 37, including one 7 and three 4's; Smith retired with 51 to his account, comprising an 8, 6 and five 4's, while T. Hayward carried out his bat with 52 chalked down. The stumps were eventually drawn soon after three o'clock, when eight of the Eleven wickets had fallen for 230. The following is the score:—

THE ELEVEN.

W. Newman (Cambridge) st Graham b J. Masterson	0
J. Newman (Cambridge) b Masterson	0
Pryor (Cambridgeshire) b Masterson	37
Fordham (Cambridgeshire) b Masterson	11
Carpenter (Cambridgeshire) b w b Masterson	1
Saunders (Histon) c Masterson b Graham	11
Hayward (Cambridgeshire) run out	10
Masterson (Cambridge) l b w, b Graham	4
Smith (Cambridgeshire) retired	51
West (Magdalen College) run out	27
Hayward (Cambridgeshire) run out	52
Extras	18
Total	230

THE SIXTEEN.

Nightingale (Cambridge) run out	1
Barker (Over) b Pryor	5
Baker (Stapleford) c Saunders b Masterson	77
Coleman (Barrington) b Carpenter	0
Long (Swavesey) l b w b Carpenter	0
Prime (Barrington) b Masterson	8
Tomkins (Cambridge) run out	1
Fisher (Sidney College) b Carpenter	3
Jones (Sidney College) at Carpenter b Masterson	1
Graham (Trinity Hall) not out	24
Williams (Jesus College) run out	0
Cox (Cambridge) st Carpenter b Masterson	3
Tompson (Cambridge) b Masterson	0
Masters (Cambridge) run out	0
Brown (Cambridge) b Carpenter	0
Masterson (Cambridge) run out	1
Extras	1
Total	125

THE PROFESSIONAL CRICKETERS.—The professional English wielders of the willow who for several years have made their homes on this side of the blue Atlantic, are under engagement for the present season as below mentioned:—Fred. Norley, St. George, of New York; McIntyre, Germantown, of Philadelphia; Pearson, Philadelphia club; Eastwood, Boston club; Hammond, Nonantum, of North Village, Mass. James Norley, a younger brother of Fred., and said to be a skilful player, is expected to arrive here shortly, and will probably enter into an engagement with one or other of our leading clubs.

THE PATTERSON, N. J. CRICKET CLUB is having its campaign mapped out for 1870, and a lively time is anticipated. Their officers for the curren' year are S. Patterson, President; J. Benton, Vice President; and R. C. Podmore, Secretary.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

The Mobile Spring Meeting.

HORSES IN TRAINING THERE.

The Magnolia Jockey Club of Mobile, Ala., have issued their programme for their four days' Spring Meeting this month. There are a great number of stables of thoroughbreds in training at the Magnolia Course at the present time. The Mobile *Register* gives the following list:—Richards and Kilgour have Carry Atherton, Kitty Free, Mary Edith, Consolation, Sister of Charity, War Path, Bodine, Lida Gresham, b g 3 years, by Young Melbourne, and ch f 2 years, by War Dance, out of Betty Ward's dam. War Dance is the only surviving son of Lecompte, out of the famous mare Reel. Altogether Richards and Kilgour's stable numbers ten promising racers. Captain T. G. Moore's formidable string of ten comprises the veteran gray Stonewall Jackson, Privateer, Bayonet (who is perfectly sound again and likely to play a prominent part in cup-races this season), Maggie B. B., Foster, McCloskey and four yearlings by Asteroid and others. McCloskey (who is own brother to Harry of the West and Fanny Cheatham) and Foster (own brother to Vauxhall), are both heavily engaged in all the principal three-year old stakes at Jerome Park, Saratoga and Baltimore. Neither of them ran last season as two year olds, and their experienced trainer entertains a high opinion of the merits of both. McCormick and Page have Coquette, Lady Petrie, Tom Merritt, and the flying Hamburg, who made the best mile time for a two year old on record; Tim Robbins, the "King of the Blondes," has charge of this lot. Capt. W. Cottrill's lot comprises Cricket, Cottrill, Fireball, Jack Hackett, Frank Rose and a 2 yr old by Daniel Boone; all in charge of the apostle of temperance, Tom Patterson. James Conlisk's string consists of Little Mac, Larkin, Victory and Donovan. James Thompson has Lobella the hurdle racer, and Billy Moran Mitchell, the steeple chaser. Captain W. H. Williamson has Sarah MacDonald, Fancy, ch. c. 2 yrs. by Brown Dick, and b. c. 2 yrs. by Dick Cheatham. James Lope's lot comprises Woolford, Planter, and three two year old colts by Lega Tendon, Vouchee, and Glendower respectively. There is every prospect of a successful spring meeting at Mobile, which will commence the racing season for 1870.

Trotting Challenge to Four Year Olds.

The Extessive Kentucky breeder of trotting stock, Mr. L. L. Dorsey, undismayed by the fame of the two first four year old colts, Blackwood and Aberdeen, announces his readiness to make a match with either of them on such fair and straightforward terms that we have no doubt that one or both of his challenges will be accepted. Against Blackwood, who trotted a mile on the Lexington Course, Ky., last October, when a three year old, in the unprecedented time of 2:31, the fastest on record for a colt of that age, he offers to match a four year old, the get of his stallion Golddust, in a race of mile heats, in harness for any sum from $100 to $1,000 a side, half forfeit. He also offers to match a four year old, also the get of his stallion Golddust, against Captain Rynders' promising son of Hambletonian and Widow Machree, Aberdeen, a race of mile heats, in harness, for from $100 to $1,000 a side, half forfeit. Mr. Dorsey proposes that both races if the challenges are accepted, be trotted at Prospect Park Course, Brooklyn, one week from the closing of the regular fall meeting on that track; a good day and good track being stipulated for. Mr. Dorsey will name his horses in ten days after the notification of the acceptance of the challenges and deposit a forfeit in the hands of the Secretary of the Prospect Park Course. The above challenges will remain open until April 1st next.

Mr. Dorsey calls the attention of turfmen and breeders of trotting stock to the advisability of opening a series of National Stakes for colts and fillies from two to six years old, to be trotted during the coming autumn. He suggests that the entrance should be $100 and $100 additional to start, and the races to be trotted on the track, between Louisville and New York, giving the most money.

Capt. Rynders' Response to Mr. Dorsey's Trotting Challenge.

In our last week's issue of the CLIPPER we published the challenge of Mr. L. L. Dorsey, of Kentucky, offering to match a four year old, the get of his well known trotting stallion Golddust, against Capt. Rynders' four year old colt Aberdeen, the winner of the great three year old stake at Prospect Park, Course last fall in a race of mile heats in harness for $1,000 a side, to be trotted this coming fall. Capt. Rynders had made arrangements for Aberdeen (whose pedigree, being by Hambletonian out of the famed Widow Machree, has caused his services to be sought after by all breeders) to stand for mares this season, and numerous gentlemen had notified the Captain of their intention to send their stud mares to him. Still Captain Rynders will accommodate Mr. Dorsey with a match if the latter will make it for sufficient money to justify the former in abandoning the idea of standing his colt for the breeding season. If, therefore, the Kentucky horseman will make the stake $5,000 a side, half forfeit, and the race mile heats, best three in five, the Captain is willing, and Mr. Dorsey can have it either in harness or wagon, at the time and place he mentioned in his challenge. As the season is about commencing the Captain gives Mr. Dorsey ten days to decide on the acceptance or rejection of this proposition. If declined, Aberdeen will not trot this year.

FIXTURES OF TROTTING AND RACING MEETINGS.—The Trotting Associations throughout the country are busily engaged in fixing the dates of their various meetings, so as to avoid clashing with each other as far as possible. The old established Union Course, L.I., under the managing proprietorship of Mr. W. Shaw, sets the ball of trotting sport in motion, with a four days' trotting meeting on the 24th, 25th, 26th and 27th days of May. The Reading Driving Park Association holds a three days' meeting on the 26th and two ensuing days of the same month. The Prospect Park Fair Grounds Association holds its meeting in the first week of June, but the precise days are not named. The Lancaster, Pa., Park Association, hold a two days' meeting on the 1st and 2d of June, and the Jerdie Park Association, Williamsport, Pa., one of four days on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th of June. Scranton, Pa., and Mystic Park, Boston, clash with each other, both being held on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th of June; the former having three days meeting and the latter four. Narragansett Park, R. I. and Easton, Pa., also come together, although the latter has four days meeting; the days are June 21st, 22d, 23d and 24th. The new track in Westchester County, Fleetwood Park, holds its inaugural meeting on July 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, and Buffalo its annual gathering of trotting men and horses on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th of August.

BOVINE HEAVY WEIGHTS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The Quaker City sustained its reputation as the city *par excellence* for beef of the heaviest weight and finest quality, by the show which was given on Feb. 24th in the Fifth Street Market, by Messrs. Borsef. The lot consists of six animals, four of which were raised and fattened by Benjamin Hoopes, a veteran farmer, of East Goshen, Chester county, Pa., over whose head 84 summers have rolled. The combined weight of the four was 12,080 pounds, the heaviest pair weighing nearly 6,000 pounds. They were three-quarter Short Horn, and in every respect superb specimens of show beef. During the past year one pair increased 600 pounds in weight; the other pair showed no increase. The heaviest animal in the lot was a three-quarter Short Horn, fed by Henry Miller, of Leacock township, of Lancaster county, whose weight was 3,465 pounds. The smallest, but at the same time one of the finest of the six was a heifer of three years old, weighing 1,400 pounds; she was raised in Philadelphia by Mr. Hunter, of the Twenty-fourth ward. Notwithstanding the immense size of these beeves, they were not, as the celebrated Argrault cattle, overburdened with fat, but in just such condition as *connoisseurs* in the beef line pronounce A No. 1.

THE DAM OF JOE ELLIOTT.—The dam of Mr. Bonnes' promising young trotter, Joe Elliott, dropped a colt foal on the 27th ult. at Audubon Park. Being by Major Winfield, (or, as he is now named, Edward Everett) this colt is full brother to Joe Elliott. The mare belongs to Mr. Charles Kerner, the proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel, in this city, a warm patron of the trotting turf. The colt is a strong, healthy looking youngster, and its future career will be watched with interest by turfmen.

CHALLENGE.—Mr. W. Campbell, of Philadelphia, writes us that a gentleman of that city (Henry E. Kenlaub) owns a chestnut horse named Twilight that has never trotted in public, but he is prepared to match him against all horses that have never beaten 2:25 in public, for any amount that may be agreed upon; the race to come off at the spring meeting of the Suffolk Park Association. Here is a chance for the owners of some of our fast horses to win or lose a good stake.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., is to be abandoned for turf purposes, we learn; the buildings are to be razed and the site sold by the owners in building lots.

COCKING.

ARISTOCRATIC MAIN IN NEW YORK.

BANKERS VS. BROKERS.

THE BANKERS TRIUMPHANT.

On Friday evening, 4th inst., a private main between two aristocratic fanciers came off in the vicinity of Fifth avenue, in this city. Both the principals are Wall street financiers, one being a leading banker, and the other a prominent stock broker and speculator. The affair was kept unusually quiet and select, admission being by invitation only, and the assemblage present comprising the leading dignitaries of the city, and gentlemen of acknowledged high social standing. An elegant supper was provided for the company, after partaking of which an adjournment to the spacious apartment in which the cock pit had been fitted up, took place. The main consisted of seven cocks on each side, at weights ranging from 5lbs. 2oz. to 4lbs., and of this number, five fell in on each side. Each fight was for $200, with $2,000 dependent on the odd fight. Andy Emerson and Ned Mackey handled the fowls, which were of selected stock on each side. The betting, at first even, became heavy at $100 to $90 on the broker:—

FIRST FIGHT.—Both sides produced a black red, each 4 pounders the Broker's bird being New York bred and the Banker's a New Jerseyman. The betting was brisk at $20 to $16 on the Broker, and he commenced so well that the odds rose to $33 to $30 on him. An accidental slip, however, caused him the loss of a wing, and the betting market veered round to $100 to $7 on the Banker, and eventually to $30 to $10; the latter's representative landing these odds in 9 minutes, when his opponent was counted out.

SECOND FIGHT.—The betting on the main now became even and a good deal of money was laid out. The Banker showed a pyle and the Broker a brass back, each 4lb 3oz. At first it was even money, but soon became $20 to $16 on the pyle. The brass back, however, was a rasping good fighter, cutting the pyle bravely and finally laying him out in 4 minutes. *First fight for the Broker.*

THIRD FIGHT.—Betting on the main $100 to $90 on the Broker; taken freely. The latter produced a black red and the Banker another pyle, each 4lbs. 6oz. The odds were $23 to $15 on the Broker for the fight, at the start, quickly changed to even, and then the Broker's bird sent his spur through the brain of his rival and won the fight in 2 minutes. Two fights for the Broker against one for the Banker.

FOURTH FIGHT.—A spanzie was shown on the Banker's side and another black red for the Broker, with the odds of $10 to $7 on him. It was a capital fight, but eventually the black red succumbed and the Banker's bird declared the winner. Time, 16 minutes.

FIFTH FIGHT.—The Broker's fighting cockle, for each had now scored two fights. The Banker's handler showed a pyle and the Broker's a brassback, each weighing 5lbs. 2oz. The brassback was a brother to the winner of the second fight and his party gave $20 to $16 that he won. But the lavers of odds were floored, for the pyle got in a brain blow, which killed the favorite in 2 minutes and won the fight, main and money.

SHAKE-BAG FIGHT IN WILLIAMSBURGH.—A shake-bag fight came off on the 28th ult. in Williamsburgh, between James McGovern's black red cock, weighing 5lbs. 6oz. and Sam Madison's pyle, same weight, for $200. The pyle had a decided call in the betting, $20 to $10 being currently laid. It proved a stubbornly contested fight, lasting 28 minutes, the favorite winning by laying out the black red dead by a brain blow. The winner is of the Derby strain and the black red one of the Putnam breed.

TROY VS. ROTTERDAM.—A main was arranged on the 4th inst. between Messrs. Culien, of West Troy, and Campbell, of Rotterdam, N. Y., each side to show fifteen cocks, and fight all that fall in weight for $50 a battle and $500 the odd. The contest is to take place at Schenectady on the 29th of the present month.

A MAIN of six battles between courageous chanticleers of Washington Marketers and Bergenites, was fought at Pamrapo, N. J., on the 5th inst., for a half century a side per battle, of which the Bergenites appropriated the most, by winning four out of the six fights, and, of course, had something to crow over.

A CHANTICLEER SKIRMISH took place in Westchester county on the 5th inst., between game cocks of this and that county, nine sets to, for $20 each fight and $200 the main, which the New Yorkers lost, as they only won twice.

A CHICKEN DISPUTE, shake-bag, came off at Detroit on the 25th and 26th ult., between a couple of well known fanciers. They kept up the sport from 2 o'clock P. M. until 7 A. M.

BASE BALL.

CINCINNATI ITEMS.—The Cincinnati Base Ball Club held its annual meeting for the election of officers on Tuesday evening, March 1st. Messrs. A. B. Champion, the President, and John P. Joyce, the Secretary, were unanimously re-elected. Both gentlemen had signified their desire to retire, but the pressure will probably induce both to accept. Thomas G. Smith, the late Vice President, having signified his inability to serve another term, A. P. C. Bonte, a member of the city council, was elected instead. The selection is good, Mr. Bonte being a citizen of influence, a man of energy, and one who takes a deep interest in athletic sports. Mr. Harry Wright was appointed captain of the nine. A number of rumors have been circulated in the papers lately, about the substitutes selected for the nine—Hall, of the Stars, and a member of the Actives having been mentioned. Mr. Hall was approached, but no engagement has been made with him. The substitute engaged has been Mr. Atwater, the well-known swift pitcher of the Niagaras, of Buffalo. Whether another man will be added has not yet been definitely determined.....The Great Western Club, which was very popular two years ago, but which was completely dormant last season, expect to come out strong this season, as the second club in the city. There is plenty of good amateur talent about, if it could but be concentrated into one club.....The Buckeye Ball grounds have been leased by N. Ohmer, the museum proprietor, who meditates turning them into a summer garden. The Bucks have as yet made no move towards organizing.

AMUSEMENTS.

C. HARRY FRANCK.
The young American Tragedian and Comedian, acknowledged by the press to be second to no star in the profession, having purchased an entirely new wardrobe, is now prepared to accept engagements from managers of first class theatres. Having no agent, CHARLES T. PARSLOE, office 586 Broadway, N. Y. Private address, 1 126 North Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa. N. B. Managers desirous of producing the thrilling new play, entitled "The Charlatan," by J. W. Watson, Esq., performed with immense success at the Winter Garden Theatre, September, 1866, can negotiate as directed above. 49-1t

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PARTNER WANTED.
A YOUNG MAN, with $200 capital, to travel with a stereopticon exhibition now ready to start. Have already been on the road.
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TWO LADIES
desire an engagement One as First Old Woman and the other as first and second Chambermaid.
Address A. G., care of Mr. Banty, 266 West Eleventh street, New York. 49-1t*

THE GREAT JIG DANCING
contest, between JERRY McMILLAN AND JOHN JOYCE, for $500 and the championship of America, will take place at Library Hall, Newark, N. J., on Monday evening, March 14th. Time, carriage and execution to decide the contest. To be decided by three judges and a referee. This will prove one of the most exciting matches that has ever taken place in this country.
ADMISSION, 50 CENTS. 49-1t*

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IS OPEN TO ENGAGE WITH RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS as either Advance Agent, Business Manager, Treasurer, Comedian, Vocalist, Bell Player, or in any capacity where a steady, sober working man is needed at a moderate salary. Address him
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THE GREAT BEN ABDALLAH TROUPE OF REAL BEDOUIN ARABS. The original and Wonderful Endowed Acrobats and GENUINE CHILDREN OF THE DESERT, now performing at L. B. Lent's Great New York Circus, can be engaged on liberal terms for the coming testimonial season. Address BEN ABDALLAH,
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FOURTH WEEK IN BALTIMORE.
ADELPHI THEATRE, BOSTON, MARCH 14th. 49-1t*

SPECIAL NOTICE.
A TRAVELING "IMPOSTOR"
IMPOSTORS AND IMPOSITION SHOULD
BE DISCOURAGED.
IT IS NECESSARY THAT THE
PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW THAT
THEY ARE COMING.
TO MR. H. P. LEE,
MANAGER AND GREAT TRANSLATOR
OF
CHANG, THE CHINESE GIANT.
SIR.—If you WILL JUMP THE ROUTE, as you personally told me you would, I will get a five sheet woodcut made of the great transistor.
WITH HIS HAIR PARTED IN THE MIDDLE,
and do the character exact, as to burlesque it, would be impossible. I am still billing Chang the Giant, and the
GREAT ARLINGTON MINSTRELS
perform the burlesque. Yours for the success of which I refer you to the following from the Buffalo Courier, Feb. 19th, 1870:—
THE ARLINGTONS AT ST JAMES HALL.—The audience was at their command from the time their respective mouths first opened, and roars of laughter answered Dolly Arlington's quiet comical gesture or expression. The first part closed with a grand national finale,

THE PUGNACIOUS PURP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY SIM PELTON.

A man he owned a terrier dorg—
A bob-tailed, onery cuss—
And that there purp got that there man
In many a ugly muss;
For the man he was on his mussel,
And the dorg was on his bite,
So to kick that dog-gonzed as imile
Was sure to raise a fight.

A woman she owned a Thomas cat
That dog'd chase round,
And other cats got up and slid
When that there cat was 'round.
The man and his dog came along one day
Where the woman she did dwell,
And the purp he growled ferociously,
Then went for the cat like hell!

He tried for to chaw the neck of the cat,
But the cat he wouldn't be chawed,
So he lit on the back of that there dorg
And bit! and clawed! and clawed!
Oh! the hair it flew! and the purp he yowled!
As the claws went into his hide,
And chunks of flesh were peeled from his back,
Then he flummixed, and kicked, and died.

The man he ripped, and cussed, and swore—
As he gathered a big brick-bat—
That he would be durned essentially,
If he didn't kill that cat!
But the woman allowed she'd be blest if he did!
And snatched up an old shot gun,
Which she fired, and peppered his diaphram
With bird shot number one.

They toted him home on a window blind
And the doctors cured he up,
But he never was known to fight again,
Or to own another purp.
Folks may turn up their snoots at this rhyme,
I don't care a cuss for that!
All I wanted to show is that fighting dorgs
May tackle the wrong Tom cat.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A TRAVELING SHOWMAN.

From London to Paris.—No. 18.

CROSSING THE CHANNEL—DIEPPE—ROUEN—PARIS—A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL—ITS PLACES OF ATTRACTION, AMUSEMENT, ETC.—THE CENTENNIARY NAPOLEON FETE—HOW IT WAS CELEBRATED—SHOWS, BALL ROOMS, GYMNASTICS, PANTOMIME, CIRCUS, FIREWORKS, ILLUMINATION, ETC.

We left London on August 13th for Paris by way of New Haven and Dieppe. On arriving at New Haven we learned that the steamer, on account of the tide, would not start until midnight, something we did not bargain for. The steamer was literally packed with human beings bound for Paris to witness the great Napoleon *fete*. Being somewhat fatigued, we sought the cabin for sleep, but found the people stowed in like sardines in a box and the atmosphere positively stifling. We were glad, therefore, to retreat to the deck, where, to make our situation more miserable, a heavy shower of rain came on, making everything wet and uncomfortable. After a tedious delay and many attempts, we at last got started, and the steamer began to plough her way across the English Channel. Now came the most disagreeable part of the voyage. Those people who at sea are constitutionally afflicted with that terrible unpleasantness called sea sickness, began to let us hear from them, and in tones neither musical nor agreeable, and I began to think I was paying pretty dear for my enjoyment. The distance from New Haven to Dieppe across the English Channel is 78 miles, which it takes about eight hours to accomplish. With no chance for sleep, the time dragged along heavily, but the longest night must have an end, and daybreak found us off the coast of France, just entering the harbor of Dieppe. We soon landed, and, having passed the customs officials, who, seeing I had but a small valise, did not trouble me to open it, we proceeded to the Hotel de L'Europe, where a comfortable breakfast was waiting for us, having dispatched which and having a couple of hours to wait for the train, we started out to see the town.

Dieppe is one of the watering places of France and is easy of access from Paris or London. There are two old cathedrals in the town that date from the thirteenth century; the interior chapels are fitted up with great magnificence. The principal trade carried on is oyster fishing, as it supplies Paris alone with about 100,000,000 bivalves a year. Ivory articles are made in great perfection. Dieppe has a theatre, a school of navigation, an aqueduct excavated in the solid rock for a distance of three miles, to carry water to the town. Extensive herring and mackerel fisheries are carried on off the coast. The costumes of the old women here are very comic, such as you see in the engravings of the old cities of France. There are extensive walks along the cliffs and jetties, and facing the harbor is a strong fortification mounted with heavy guns. The visitors here were in bathing during morning, dashing into the sea. The men and women go into the water almost naked, in their bathing dresses of bright colors, which remind you strongly of a scene in the "Black Crook," and is the nearest sea bathing to Paris. Time being up, we started for the *depot* and were soon on our way to Rouen, a distance of thirty-eight miles; here we were obliged to lay over for three hours, which we improved by taking a stroll around town.

Rouen is a fine old Gothic town, situated on the river Seine. It was the ancient capital of Normandy, and is replete with picturesque attractions to the stranger. Some relic of antiquity here meets you at every turn, either in the form of a broken arch, the mutilated statue of some saint or a Gothic fountain. The wood work of almost every building is chequered, intersected and ornamented with rich carving, grotesque heads, flowers and other fanciful devices, while the mouldering magnificence of the cathedral, churches, palace of justice and other public edifices, carries the spectator in imagination half a dozen centuries backward. The Cathedral of Rouen stands pre-eminent, and is said to have been founded as early as A. D. 380. Some splendid monuments are found within its walls, and its churches are equally rich in this respect. The church of St. Macion is famous for its magnificent front, the carved stone of which resembles lace. The cathedral-like church of St. Vincent should also be seen. Joan of Arc's statue ornaments the market place, which is situated in the Place de la Purille. The Jardin des Isiantes, Rue d'Elbeuf and Pauboury St. Lever are also well worth seeing, and the museums of antiquities should not be omitted, as the house in which it is deserves study. The Tour de l'Horloge and the Suspension Bridge are a thing of note. Mount St. Catherine commands a beautiful view of the city and river. It is surmounted by the beautiful modern Gothic church of Notre Dame du Bon Secours, the interior of which is a blaze of gold and bright colors. The industry of the inhabitants consists of cotton spinning, broad silks, hardware, good earthenware, velvets, etc. The river admits vessels of 200 tons to the quays, and there is a considerable trade carried on through Havre. It being now nearly time to resume our journey we returned to the station and were soon on the road to Paris, a distance of 87 miles through a beautiful thickly settled country along the banks of the Seine. Every three or four miles we passed through a town or village. Just as the sun was setting the shrill scream of the locomotive announced our arrival in Paris. Procuring a carriage, we drove to several hotels, but they were all crowded to overflowing. Fortunately, however, we became acquainted with an English gentleman on the passage, who had two sons in business in Paris, to whose store we proceeded and informed them of our troubles, when all of them went with us and fortunately secured us a suit of furnished rooms on the Rue d'Grenelle, which we immediately engaged for a week and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Here let me state that one or the other of these young men was our constant companion during our stay in Paris, where they had been in business over five years and spoke the language like a native and knew all the places of amusement and recreation. In short, they were well posted, and in our wanderings they saved us many a dollar, as the shopkeepers of Paris swindle and rob a stranger with a coolness and impudence that is quite refreshing on a warm day. It being now quite dark, we sallied out to take a look at Paris by gaslight. Proceeding up the Rue de Rivoli, pausing once in a while to examine the contents of the brilliantly lighted windows, with their tempting array of golden ornaments, and jewelry, and fancy articles of all kinds, we pass the Louvre, the Palace and gardens of the Tuileries and enter the Place de la Concorde. In the centre of this square stands the Obelisk of Luxor, a tall, square, granite column, ornamented with Egyptian hieroglyphics. This column formerly stood in front of the Temple of Luxor, in Egypt, and was brought to France by Napoleon I, during his campaign in that country. It is supposed to stand on the identical spot where the guillotine stood during the reign of terror, and where several thousand lives were sacrificed. Two beautiful fountains are situated on each side of the obelisk, whose sparkling waters look as if they are intended to wash away the blood that was shed on this spot. From this we entered the Champs Elysees, a broad and beautiful avenue, lined with trees on each side, and splendid public gardens opening on to it, the whole brilliantly illuminated with immeasurable gaslights. Splendid equipages were passing and repassing continually, and the promenaders were crowded with people; strangers from all parts of Europe drawn hither to witness the pageant to take place on the morrow. Retracing our steps, we passed through the Rue Royale on the Boulevard des Capucines, passing the Grand Hotel on to the Boulevard des Italiens, where a scene of splendor bursts upon the sight; long rows of brilliantly lighted cafes adorn each side of the street, and in front of them are placed tables and chairs, where thousands of people were sitting drinking wine, smoking and chatting in the open air. The sidewalks are about fifty feet wide and ornamented with large trees. A countless throng of promenaders are passing and repassing, among whom are beautiful and richly dressed ladies of the *demimonde*, ever ready to partake of a glass of wine with you on the slightest invitation. There you can have a good view of French life and hear the language spoken to perfection. Such a ceaseless jabber! Thousands of voices speaking all at once in a language you don't understand is very interesting. Through the crowd you would see the tall form of a sergeant de ville or a gendarme, walking along as unconcerned as if there were nothing in the world for him to do but enjoy himself. Leaving the Boulevard des Italiens we passed into the Rue de la Bourse, passing the great building with its three rows of gaslights, from which the street takes its name. Then we enter the Rue Montmartre, turn from thence into Rue de Grenelle or Jean Jacques Rousseau, near the post office, where our domicile was situated, and where we were glad to recuperate for the following day.

On the morning of Monday, the 15th day of August, 1869, being the anniversary of the one hundredth birthday of Napoleon the First, it being arranged to celebrate it with more than ordinary splendor, at six o'clock in the morning a salvo of fifty guns from the Esplanade of the Invalides announced that the festivities of the day had commenced, and soon all Paris was in motion, every house, store, public building and monument being profusely decorated with the tri-colored flag, while the populace, rigged out in their holiday attire, were wending their way to the Champs de Mars, where the *fete* was to be held. This is an immense square, a mile and a half long and a mile wide. Extending from the river Seine to the military school on either side of it are two fine avenues, lined with a double row of trees. This is the spot where the great exhibition building of 1867 stood, but now had been all cleared away, the ground leveled and put in order for the present display. Around the edge of the square were booths for the sale of refreshments, such as cakes, wine, fruit, pies, ices, &c. At regular distances across the square were erected large theatres, which consisted of the stage merely, there being only one set of scenery and no curtain. The front being open to the crowd, you could see what was going on from any part of the field. The plays consisted of a pantomime supposed to represent some of the battles of the old Napoleon. A clown, a vivandiere and an old man were the heroes of the piece, while there were lots of musketery firing and military changes and *tableaux* by companies of the regular troops, who were used as supernumeraries. As soon as the piece finished at one of the theatres it commenced at another, and so on through the day. Then there were several grand poles, on the top of which were watches, silver cups, etc. This afforded great amusement to the crowd, as a fellow would get about half way up and then come down exhausted. Sometimes a hardy chap would reach the top and take a watch or cup, they being only allowed to take one article. There were, also, large platforms where tight rope dancers, acrobats, jugglers, etc., were exhibiting, and large ball-rooms, enclosed within a canvas tent, where you could see the can-can, revolving swings, flying horses, wax exhibitions and side shows of every description. We entered a theatre where they said they played the Battle of Solferino, and payed our twenty-five centimes (about five cents our money) and were ushered into a portable theatre, made of canvas and very dark and close. They played the whole drama in three acts in less than ten minutes. That company must have done a good business that day. The door keepers, ticket takers, ushers, etc., are women, they having control of all the financial affairs. Whether the men are not to be trusted I cannot say, but all the cash is handled by women, and you have no idea how careful they are to give you short change, while they smile in your face with an assurance that is truly exhilarating. About ten o'clock in the morning a splendid military pageant passed by the square, consisting of cavalry and infantry; in fact, every species of amusement that the imagination could invent was brought into requisition to amuse the crowd. At one o'clock P. M. it was computed there was at least three million people on the ground, and throughout this vast throng I did not see one drunk or disorderly person. The festivities were kept up until dark, when the fireworks commenced. These were arranged on a piece of rising ground called the Trocadero, and is separated from the Champs de Mars by the river Seine. For one hour the air was filled with the most beautiful colored fires, while twelve mortars were continually throwing huge bombs into the air, which, bursting, displayed the colors of France—red, white and blue—together with all the colors of the rainbow. Presently came a deafening report like the discharge of a hundred pieces of ordnance at once, and the air was filled for a great distance with the grandest and most beautiful display of fireworks I ever saw. Soon, however, it all settled down in darkness and the *fete* was over.

Then came the illumination. The Champs Elysees, from the Tuileries to the Arc d'Tromp, was one continuous blaze of gas lights, the arch itself being outlined with triple rows of gas burners, while the top was surmounted with an imitation of an imperial banner in gas, with the letter N in the centre, and surmounted with the imperial crown, while on each side imitation flambeaux were blazing high in the air. The trees in the Champ Elysees were filled with variegated lamps, which had a very pleasing effect, and the Place Concorde was surrounded with a continuous row of gaslights and the fountains were brilliantly illuminated. The whole outline of the Palace of the Tuileries and the other public buildings, from the ground to the roof, were marked out with a continuous row of gas jets, and on the front of the buildings were beautiful designs in gas work. In crossing the bridges soldiers were stationed in dense masses to keep the crowd from getting too thick, and they would only allow them to pass one way. All horses and vehicles had been forbidden to appear in the streets after sun down, so the people had the streets all to themselves. All the principal streets were brilliantly illuminated, while at regular intervals was the design with the letter N surmounted with the crown. Long lines of cavalry and infantry were stationed in the bye streets ready to act on the first emergency, but luckily their services were not called for. We were passing down the Rue St. Honore on our way home, tired and worn out with the fatigues of the day, when our attention was attracted to a neighboring *cafe* by a well known voice hailing us in English. This was a fellow passenger, who crossed the ocean in the same steamer with us, and had been in Paris three or four weeks, wandering around alone, not knowing a soul, and when he found us he was perfectly beside himself with joy. We, of course, had to drink a couple of bottles of wine with him and then agree to let him join our party the following day, before we could get away from him. We then proceeded to our lodging, completely "played out," thinking over the scenes I had witnessed and those that were in store for me, and thus passed my first day in Paris.

MONS. LA THORNE.

TALKING UB BROADWAY.—No. 25.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

No von to loaf, none to garess,
Roaming alone in dis vide vilderness—
Sat is my heart——

Vat am I singing? I vas dryin to sing dat bewdifti ding, "No von to loaf." Sharley, id must be awful for a man to be dot vay, mit no von to loaf him, no von to care for him, no von to efen find fauld mit him—no farder, no mudder, sister, vife, shweetness, or anypody—id must be awful. I vooddn't vont to leef dot vay and I don't think I cood leef dot vay eider, no madder how hard I might dry. I vood hafe to hafe someding to loaf of id vasn't someding else bud a bull terrier bup mit his ears und dail shewed off. I like der song dough, und I like any von dot can sing id. Dafe Wambold, for instance. "No von to loaf"—I dell you, a man has god to be poody vell gone ven he can'd gid any von to loaf him—he's god avay down den, ain'd he? "No von to loaf"—chust dink of id—how vood you like to be fixed dot vay, Sharley? You vooddn'd care, hey; vell, I don'd dink you vood—dot's chust like you. You can'd oxbect anyding from a sow bud a grund.

Dis gendleman, shdanding dere in fronf of Tiffany's, is Misder Hooley, from Brooklyn, der brobrieder of Hooley's Obera House. Dick Hooley has peen in der pisness a long, long vile, and has made a parrel of money. He is a goot hearded, chenerous feller, und his hand is all der dime in his bocked ven any von needs his help. His name is a household vord in der Cidy of Shurches, and any von ofer dere dot don'd know him has shucked avay fife gwarders of his life. Any von vood gold by looking at him dot he was a goot feller, und he is all der time busy like a hunny bee. He is so much of a imdidvashion in Brooklyn as dot Cidy Hall ofer dere, und of he vas to leaf it, dot vood be like dopking avay der ferry. He has peen buying a fine farm, und id cosd him a hole ted of shdamps. Der oney harm dot I vish him is dot he mighd leaf so long dill efery hair on his head was big round like a vadermillion. I shose he is looking in dere to saw of he can find anyding nice to gafe avay to der audiences.

Here comes von of der sharbeed, shmardest, shrewdest fellers dere is in der country. His, Sharley, is Edward Jones, Esq., der man dot carries der Dwell Vard in his bocked. und of he didn'd vas a bolidician den dere ain'd any. Vat he don'd know ain'd vord anyding, und I don'd know any von dot can lay ofer him ven dot comes down to fine vork. He has peen a leader in Tammany Hall for a long dime, und, aldough a goot many has dried boody hard to lay him oud cold dey didn'd done it yed, und dey nefer vill cider, so long as he vands to keeb der reins in his own hands. Ven he is radisfied to quid den dey can chump in und run der masheen, but not before. Misder Jones is vell liked mit dis vorld's goots und dings easy. For der head some dime he has peen an infalid, but I am glad dot he is oud vonce more, und I hobe dot he may gid back his post healdi. He vas in der shdashionary pisness in John shdreed, but he has peen oud of id for a long dime back. He does noding now bud dake his comford, und der vorld mofes along easy mit him.

Eddy Kenny—Sharley, here comes a nice feller, und I vish dere vas a goot many more like him. Eddy is boody vell known on Broadvay, und efferypody dot knows him, ger him, oney shdeaks of him in der highest terms of respeed. In der vourdeend Vard he is eckshdreamly bobular, und efery man, vomen und shild shbeaks of Eddy Kenny der same like dey voed of deir crandfarder. Aldough he is considerably mixed up in der bolidics of dot lowcality, he has nefer peen a candydade for any of der honors; bud, Sharley, of he efer does come up you can bed dem buddon boods of yours dot der man dot runs against him vill be so far behind dot he von'd know himself some more. He vas ladely abbointed a clerk of von of der markets, und I vas a vell glad ven I heerd of id, because I vish a heab of Eddy, und I vand beeples to know id. I almosd forgod to told you dot he is a ball dosser, doo. Yes, sir, he is a ball dosser, und a red und varm von. He is a memper of der Blue Shdockings, und of he don'd make a home run efery dime, he is villing do, und I know id.

Dis gendleman is Billy Cox, Esq., der foreman of Von Druck, of Jersey Cidy, und id's useless for me to say any ding in fafor of him, cause efferypody knows him, und no von knows him bud dey say dings dot's good about him. Billy is mit der New York Life Insurance Company of dis cidy, und I don'd beleef dey hafe god any von in deir embloy dot dey like any bedder, or pud so much confidence in like dey do him. He has peen der foreman of Von Druck for der basd four or fife years und dere ain'd any von in der combany but dat dinks der vorld und all of him. He is vordy of id, doo, cause he is a good officer, undershdoods his pisness, voodn'd send a man any place dot he voodn'd be villing to vent himself, und knows how to deal mit men. Billy is head von in dot hook und ladders combany, und he may be broud of id, for a finer bardy of gendlemen or a bedder lod of firemens nefer pulled on a robe, as deir is in dot orgasisashion. Der beoples of Jersey Cidy hafe god a meddle in dem, und ven der shbeak of Von Druck und deir foreman dey dough always dake off deir hats.

Colonel W. R. W. Chambers, from der Sheriff's office. Sharley, here comes von of my oit friends—dis is Billy Chambers, from der Sheriff's office, und he is so fine a leedle man as leefs. Billy, aldough he is a young man, has peen a oit rounder, und he has see chusd boud so much of der vorld, in dis bard of id, as any of der sdudends. He vas for a long dime in der Cidy Insbecdor's office, urd vile dere made many a man dot forged him ven der office vas apoilshed, und Billy vas shnoked oud in der cold. He vas der foreman of 21 hose raggon in der oil Fire Debardmend, und ven der var breaked out vent off in Ehlverd's Fire Zoozavvens as a Leidenand of Company "E." Afderwards he vas a Colonel of von of der regimends, und serfed like a man. He is a goot hearded feller, und I dink a good deal of him. Vonce on a vile him und me ve gid togedder und ve dalk ofer ole dimes, und gid to be leedle roosders again, und forged dot ve are oit hams for der dime bein. Bud dere is no use dalking, Sharley, all der shin moosic in der vorld voon'd dake der gray hairs oud—vill id?

Und now ve are doase. Ve hafe dook our last valk. Ve hafe peen down Broadvay und ub Broadvay. Ve hafe peen down der road und ub der road. Ve hafe peen down amongad der bulls und bears, und ub among der gold fellers, und efery blace ve hafe peen ve've peen used nicely. Oud on exgursbions, to balls, showders, efery blace ve hafe had bully goot dimes, und nopody found fauld mit us, or dold us dot ve vasn'd welcome, und dey didn'd vant us to come again. Ven ve vas drough "valking down Broadvay," ve redurned our danks to der readers of der CLIPPER for deir congradulashons, und now ve do der same ding ofer again. Ve are done now, dough, und ve vill dake a shmall rest for a vile, und gife somepody else a shance. Danking der readers of der CLIPPER again und again for der many leedle courdesies dey hafe oxdended to us vile ve vas oud on our drafels, insuring dem dot ve vill nefer forgod id of ve leaf dill ve vas gray like muskey rads, ve vill now say goot bye.

OOFTY GOOFT,
His
SHAR × LEY.
Mark.

NEVER DO BEEN CONDINUED AGIN.

A SPLENDID SHOT.—A certain lieutenant, rather given to stretching the truth, had a remarkable facility for boasting of his own accomplishments. Upon a fine horse, he indulged daily in a ride amongst the woods and bushes, about a mile from camp. Returning one day he presented to the envious gaze of his brother officers a rabbit that had been shot through the head. "Look at that," said he. "Shot him right through the head, my horse going at full speed; can do it nine times out of ten." Thus boasting, he turned it over to the cook for a stew, and took frequent occasions to allude to the fine shot. Next day, whilst all were enjoying a good dinner, a modest rap was heard at the door of the mess-room: the door was opened and a nigger presented himself with:—"Please, gemmen, and de gemman here dat bought de rabbit yesterday?" and then, casting sight of our now confused lieutenant, he exclaimed, "Here he am; here's anoder at de same price." The roar of laughter that followed may be imagined.

A LADY in Illinois wishing to go to a fancy dress ball as Mary Queen of Scots, borrowed a Bible in order that she might find out how the Queen was dressed.

ONLY LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Only a little maid,
Cheeks of crimson glow;
Only dark fringed eyelids,
Drooping shy and low;
Only a little hand,
Gently pressing mine;
Only an acquaintance
With this one divine.

Only happy meetings,
Ever after this;
Only days of pleasure
Filled with sweetest bliss;
Only a little walk
'Neath the summer stars;
Only lovers parting
Down beside the bars.

Only a little church
Covered in with vines;
Only the wedding bells
Ringing in their chimes;
Only a little cot,
Never mind you where;
Only a little wife
Waits my coming there.

HARLEM SOME TIME AGO.

On the Road.—No. 4.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BRADSHAW'S.

About one mile north of the Red House, on a line road over the Harlem Commons, was situated Bradshaw's Hotel. The curious in such matters can find all that remains of this once extensive wooden structure still standing at the corner of Third avenue and 127th street, where, as if in mockery of the joviality of the good old times, doubtful liquor is still dispensed from behind a dingy screen, on the front of which are temptingly displayed *Tom and Jerry* and *milk punch*, to allure some stray pedestrian. "*What a change is here, my countrymen!*" On the Third avenue front there is still left a portion of the double piazza, which, in former days, girded three of its sides and afforded ample breathing space for the guests who assembled on each fine afternoon. That these were numerous we need merely mention; that extensive sheds on the north and west of the house were insufficient to accommodate the quadrupeds, and that the additional ones erected on the east side of the avenue were often sorely pressed for "tying ropes."

Bradshaw's, being but a few hundred yards distant from Harlem Bridge, was virtually the turning point of the drive, and, consequently, a long rest was taken there by many who made it their only stopping place.

There were then, as now, moderate as well as fast men, and, though all classes of riders patronized this unexceptionable house, we will more particularly notice some of those who did not habitually *pull up* either at Hazard's or the Red House. Besides this class of our own citizens, quite a number of residents of New Rochelle, Pelham, Westchester, &c., were frequent visitors to the drive, that they might *air a green colt*, and take some of the conceit out of Gotham, by dusting a favorite roadster. Of New Yorkers proper who were *habitues*, we recall William Vyse, a gentleman who, for a long time, drove a bay horse which, for size, speed and action combined, we never saw surpassed. He was as large and heavy as a dray horse, of high stepping, nimble action and great powers of endurance, and there were few animals then on the road that could beat him to the pavement, though he was habitually rigged to a low wheeled tilbury, and his driver, a heavy man, seldom rode alone. His coat was as silky as a thoroughbred, and at every point showed signs of blood.

Next on the list and always a welcome guest was Geo. L. Pride, also the admirer and owner of fine horses. He affected style rather than speed, and his turnout was always in perfect keeping with the outward appearance of the man—neat, trim, expensive, but never gaudy. Both driver and horse were always cool; no indication of fatigue ever manifested by either, and a perfect understanding seemed to exsist between them, as the stately grey ambled showily along the road. Pride was a singular compound, and formed the topic of conversation for many a tea party. In his day New York had few young or middle aged men who were not actively engaged in business pursuits, consequently Broadway, from Canal street to the Battery, the then favorite promenade, was during business hours given over to the belles and their mammas for shopping and recreation. But few men interested upon the fair damsels, but prominent among these was Pride, always dressed with the greatest precision and in the height of fashion. His manner was invariably respectful and undemonstrative, and even at times bashful, yet there was a something about the man which would attract the ladies and offered food for gossip. Old men did not know how he got his money, that he could lead an idle life; old ladies advised their juniors to give him a wide berth; while the girls could not help casting sly glances as Pride slowly but consciously lounged by. Thus for long years George lived and thrived, and by some was believed to be immortal, until he was lost in the rapid growth of the city, which has been a death blow to individuality. Were George Pride alive to-day he could pass along unknown and unnoticed, save by the few who claimed kindred or wished a favor—so great the difference a few short years have wrought in Gotham.

Up come a knot of young men who were called gay in those days; they lived at a fashionable boarding house, presided over by Margaret Mann, a famous woman then and would be so now. Her home was a small *hotel* and the stopping place of noted travelers, of both sexes, who visited New York. It was located at No. 61 Broadway, just below Wall street. From its windows could be daily seen the fashion, beauty and wealth of the city wending their way to and from the Battery, whose shaded walks were as eagerly sought as are now the more pretentious rambles of the Central Park. In those days to hail from Mrs. Mann's was a passport into fashionable life, and the young men who could afford the luxury were known to fame. Most of them kept their horses, and good ones too, and after the toil of the day was over would spin up to Bradshaw's. Of these Ned Andarisse, Frank Waldo, Wash. McLean, Dick Shepard and one or two more, were fair representatives of the respectable fashionable class. Precise in their dress and appointments, they were careful not to violate openly any of the conventionalities of life. They were gay, but dissipated, for dissipation was ranked with low vulgarity and was a sure bar to success. By the crowd on the road and by some who were their equals in everything but self control, they were pronounced proud and exclusive, notwithstanding all this prudence, the love of the horse was in them, and before the magic theme of horse talk they threw aside all reserve and attentively listened with eagerness to the orator of the day. Now, a frequent orator at Bradshaw's was a Westchester man who would have been a rare morsel for Dickens, for, in richness of surroundings, he far surpassed Sam Weller's obese parent. *Gilly Boune* we cannot fitly describe: were he alive now, the vice-presidency of the *Fat Man's Association* would be his without dispute. He was a ponderous man, and gifted in proportion to his weight. Rich, by inheritance, far above his necessities, he took naturally to horses, and became in a small way one of the most inveterate traders; to that he devoted the entire time he could spare from his prime duty to himself, viz.: *eating* and *drinking*. That Gilly was often *stuck* is not singular, but his uniform good nature, when he ascertained that fact, we have never seen equaled. Gilly was beset by sharps, but he took it easy, got rid of his *bargain* without losing a meal or omitting a single drink. When he had "*something very bad*" on hand, he steered for New Rochelle for a trade with a man who never failed him in his extremities, for *Bill Shute* would trade for anything in the shape of a horse, and in case Gilly sold out would lend him a *kicker* to get home. His visits to Shute were frequent, and were looked forward to as gala days by the loungers around Shute's bar-room. Both were sharp, treats were plenty, and old *Fullstaff*, whether ahead or dead broke, left for home in his jagger as happy as a lord. Now this Gilly Boune was often honored by a large audience as he hurriedly discoursed on the merits of some favorite he had on hand which was entirely too valuable "*to part HIM around.*" Bruce Hunter, Tom Reynolds, Den McCready, Sam Cowdrey, and other Westchester riders, always welcomed the *fat man* as a genuine companion on the roads. We regret quitting Bradshaw's and its many associations thus abruptly. The writer had the misfortune to lose many valuable memoranda, which cannot now be replaced. Could these have been printed, they would have formed a chapter of incidents and narration of marked interest to New Yorkers, whose ancestors and friends took prominent part in the scenes described by the missing link. Such being our plight we will jog back to the city by the Bloomingdale road, leave speed and horse talk, shake off trotting dust, and take a look at the more quiet and more aristocratic pleasure seekers, who did not consider the Third avenue and its surroundings quite *comme il faut*. What is now One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street was the beaten road which crossed the island. It intersected the Bloomingdale road at the foot of the hill, where the suburb of Manhattanville, now grown to respectable dimensions, is located. Above this point there were but few residences of note, and not a single hotel until Kingsbridge was reached. The mansion of Madame Jumel, famous as the widow of Aaron Burr, was the most extensive and prominent, and if we mistake not the home of Mr. Bradhurst at the top of Breakneck hill, we fail to recall any others of note. South of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street the Bloomingdale road was more thickly settled and the evidences of culture were multiplied. At the crown of the hill stood and still stands Claremont, built for a private residence, but for late years has been thrown open to the public, and made famous under the proprietorship of the late Edmund Jones. The river view from its plazas is grand in the extreme, and its equal rarely met with in extended travel.

This Bloomingdale Road has now virtually passed away. A few years since it was a country drive of surpassing beauty, "up hill and down dale," varied with many a curve, and at frequent intervals enlivened with an enchanting view of the noble Hudson. Besides its numerous places of resort, many unpretending country seats were scattered along, whose occupants were mostly of Knickerbocker origin, who, in their quiet seclusion, little dreamed how soon their favorite bowers and ancestral landmarks were to be swept away by the city's march. The Abbey and Woodman, situated south of Claremont, were noted places of resort, and the Woodlawn was for a time particularly prominent under the management of Capt. W. L. Wiley, who is still a resident of the district, and was their late candidate for Police Justice. He did not get the *proper* nomination, and his friends, though legion, could not have the satisfaction of placing him in an appropriate position. Next we jog down a lane and drop into Stryker's Bay, one of the most unpretending and at the same time best patronized houses on the road. At the time we write it was kept by Mr. Francis, who, during his proprietorship, perfected his "Life Boat," which invention has made him both famous and rich. The house was in a nook, sheltered from all points save from the west, where a fine view of the Hudson was a great attraction to the spot. On the south it met the country residence of the celebrated Dr. Valentine Mott, while in close proximity was the somewhat more pretentious home of Colonel Thorn, with an enclosure of many acres, covered with towering elms of great beauty. Many of the trees, with the dilapidated mansion, still stand, and the name of Elm Park is associated by the present generation with *lager bier, tarpot segars* and *cheap summer balls*. Stryker's bay went down, down, down, until it was mercifully destroyed by fire, when it had dwindled into a disgrace to its surroundings. We next pull up at Burnham's, so long known as the family house of the road. Thousands of young men and women now can recall the many gambols they had in childhood on Burnham lawn. They cannot fail to recollect the smile of welcome they received from the kind old gentleman and his motherly wife, who were always at the door "to welcome the coming, speed the parting guest." The girls will remember the large square parlor, where they eat their cake and drank their lemonade, after a hearty run to the summer house on the bank; the boys cannot forget George, Jim and William, three as devoted sons and amiable hosts as ever could be seen; modest, spirited, well trained Americans, who could gracefully acknowledge a kindness, and with dignity resent an insult. We have called this the family house; on a fine afternoon the garden and grounds were filled with the old and young, who wandered at their leisure, free from insult or fear of annoyance, the honest, high-toned, reputation of its hosts acting as its most efficient police, and a terror to the evil disposed. The family, save one daughter, we believe, have all paid the debt to nature. James C., *Jim*, as he was familiarly known, was the last survivor; after an honorable career as Commandant of the New York Volunteers in the Mexican war, he was taken off while yet a young man, from disease contracted during the service, closing honorably the record of the family. With the family vanished the reputation of the house they established, and, like Stryker's Bay, its glory departed. It struggled on for years, but sickened and died. A moment at Corporal Thompson's and we will soon be home. Where the Fifth Avenue Hotel now stands with its inspiring marble front and richly hung windows, stood a diminutive frame cottage, and where now Maine brown stone dwellings, telling of untold wealth, are erected, was an extensive field, which was used—when used at all—for the exhibition of cattle. This was the home and hostelrie of Corporal Thompson, a man then widely known throughout the city, and whose home was the last stopping place for codgers, old and young. Lamty, Winans, Niblo, Janeway, with a host of other *bon vivants*, would end their ride by smiling upon the worthy Corporal and washing down any former improprieties of the day with a sip of the superb cognac which he always had in reserve for his special friends, and they were legion. There was always a magnetism about the snug little bar, trim as a lady's boudoir, to produce a desire to stay a little longer, as if that visit was to be the last, and we often thought that, if the Corporal's was not the first on the road, it was the best to end off at. Good bye to the Bloomingdale road! adieu to the Third avenue! They are gone forever. The former has passed under the control of the modern and aristocratic Boulevard, which is fast filling its valleys, leveling its hills, swallowing its graceful curves in its insatiate longings for straight lines, while the latter has long since resigned itself to the grasping power of the railways, which have driven sport away to make room for traffic and gain.

THE PRIZE RING
OF THE OLDEN TIME.

JACK RANDALL,
THE PRIME IRISH LAD;
OR,
THE "NONPAREIL."
His Life, and Battles in the Prize Ring.

The scientific quality displayed by Holt in a battle of an hour and a half's duration with Parish, the waterman, and from his more recent conquest of O'Donell, at Arlington corner, the amateurs were much prepossessed in his favor, and notwithstanding the well known excellence of Randall, it was generally thought that Holt would turn out an equal competitor. In consequence of this opinion a match for twenty-five guineas a side was made between the above pugilists. Considerable interest was felt by the sporting world respecting its decision, which took place at Coombe-warren, on Tuesday, May 20th, 1817, in a twenty-four feet ring.

The wet state of the weather in the early part of the morning prevented great numbers of the fancy from quitting the metropolis, and although it was extremely fine contiguous to Coombe-wood there were not over six hundred persons present, among whom were Col. Berkeley, Capt. Barclay, Mr. Jackson, Gully, Gully, Dribb, Carter, Oliver, Scroggins, Crockey, Ballard, Gibbons, &c. The combatants were nearly alike in weight, both under eleven stone. Randall was backed by Col. Barton and Holt by some gentlemen of Bermondsey.

It was, upon the whole, one of the most orderly conducted matches ever witnessed, except a slight fracas which occurred between Caleb Baldwin and the keepers of the gate. The latter, not immediately recognising the veteran of the ring, refused his vehicle admittance without the usual tip; but Caleb, finding the arguing topic would not do—instead of paying them in the new coinage, dealt out another sort of currency, and although destitute of the W. W. P., it had such an instantaneous effect upon the Johnny Raws that the gate flew open and Caleb rode through in triumph.

At a little after one Holt appeared in the ring and threw up his hat, and Randall immediately followed. Paddington Jones and Whale seconded the latter and Painter and Clark for Holt.

The usual ceremony of shaking hands being performed, every eye was on the stretch, looking for the first advantage; 7 to 4 generally on Randall, but 2 to 1 in many instances.

Round 1. The combatants had scarcely placed themselves in attitudes to set-to when Randall's left hand, with much severity, hit Holt on the mouth. He repeated it as quick as lightning, and was endeavoring to plant a third, but Holt stopped it. Randall again put in a desperate facer; a few blows were exchanged, when young Paddy went in with his usual hook to fib, but Holt caught hold of his arm and a sharp struggle ensued for the throw. Randall showed the most strength and Holt was undermost. 3 to 1 on Randall.

2. On coming to the scratch at this very early stage of the fight Holt's mug showed the painter had been very busy. Randall's left hand again successfully nobbed his adversary, and he was as active as a dramatic boxing master, while Holt was content to stand and be played on both sides; Holt stopped some blows in good style, and also planted a sparp blow on Randall's cheek. Several hits were exchanged, but materially to the advantage of Randall, who, in finishing the round in the corner, hit his man down in rather a n gular manner and threw him; 3 and 4 to 1 loudly offered on Randall.

3. Randall, with the utmost *sang froid*, again beat the tattoo upon Holt's mug to a very considerable extent, but the accession inhibited by Holt was that of stopping instead of giving, and the spectators were astonished at the little execution he appeared capable of performing. Randall put in six facers, damaging the peepers of his opponent, and after the round of play, sent him down from a tremendous hit on the side of his head. 5 to 1.

4. Holt came up to the scratch undismayed, but he had no sooner set-to, when the left hand of Randall dealt out tremendous punishment. It was never once stopped by his opponent. Holt was now evident, had been deceived respecting the quality of his adversary, yet he extended to the most manly style and planted a desperate hit under the left ear of Randall, that the latter bled profusely. The science of Randall was pre-eminent; he put in six facers almost successively, and was full of life, from which advantage he suit he used his right hand with nearly equal success till Holt went down.

5. Randall was compelled to fight extremely different from the mode he had adopted with West Country Dick. Holt was not to be fibbed, and Randall also convinced the admirers of scientific pugilism that he is a most effective out-fighter. The Irishman's hits were tremendous, and the appearance of Holt's face was completely varnished, and his left eye, from which above sources, was already colored that he might have been termed a fresh man. In this round, notwithstanding the damaged eyesight of Holt, he put in so sharp a blow on the bridge of Randall's nose that pinked the index of Paddy in no trifling manner. The quickest eye could scarcely keep pace with the execution performed by Randall. It ended in this round, and he repeatedly hit Holt from him till he went down. All bettors and no offers accepted.

6. Randall appeared to suffer much inconvenience from the violent bleeding of his

porting to have been received here by him through the Atlantic telegraph cable. Since then additional testimony has been presented, Zoraide Dumont, a laundress, swearing that she washed Mrs. Durand's clothing, which were stained with blood after the horsewhipping; that at deponent's request plaintiff exhibited to deponent the lacerated wounds on her person, from which the blood had flowed, and that deponent knows that defendant was in the habit, for twelve years previously, of beating and maltreating the plaintiff.

Sula Y. Condit, proprietress of the house, No. 37 Clinton place, where plaintiff and defendant boarded since May, 1868, testified that in May last Mrs. Durand rushed in terror into the laundry and begged deponent to protect her, saying:—"Hide me, oh, hide me, Mrs. Condit; Durand is after me with a pistol and is going to shoot me!" Durand subsequently rushed excitedly into the laundry and asked for Mrs. Durand, and deponent believes if Mrs. Durand had not been already hidden in the pantry defendant would have taken her life; his conduct towards her generally was brutal in the extreme, and after the false report of plaintiff's death Durand had the "cheek" to wear a "weed" around his hat and pretended to feel much sorrow, though within a week he began to pay his addresses to a young lady in the house. The husband of the last witness also corroborates the main features of the last witness' affidavit. H. D. Cadwell, clerk at the Continental Bank, testified that Durand kept an account in the bank amounting in the aggregate, from August, 1862, to July, 1867, to $500,000; the account was in the name of Mary Durand. Dr. Finnell testified that he was called to attend the plaintiff on the 29th of October last, and that he found her body covered with marks and discolorations, the effects of blows with a lash or whip. Affidavits of other witnesses were read in corroboration of the medical testimony. This concluded the testimony for the plaintiff. The defendant, Joseph Durand, submitted in his own behalf an affidavit denying all the charges and allegations made against him by his wife. The motion was elaborately argued *pro* and *con*, and Judge Spencer took the papers, reserving his decision, but directing that the ball be increased.

A BELLE OF THE SOUTH is penographed as follows by the Louisville *Courier*:—"A pretty figure of moderate height and plumpness; soft brown hair, fine and glossy, with an amburnish sheen in it; delicate, well cut features a straight and beautifully chiseled nose, with large, thin nostrils; a mouth made up of dimples, Cupid's bows, pearls, rose leaves and warmth; dark brown eyes, tinged with hazel and shaded by long lashes and a pleasing sadness of expression, honest eyes withal, full of sensibility, tenderness and refinement; small ears, tinted like tiny sea shells; a neck of snow and a bust and shoulders Canova would have loved to have made immortal in marble; dainty feet, and hands as soft as if made only to caress; a graceful, dignified bearing; a low voice, sweet and musical; a mind well balanced and appreciative; in disposition warm hearted, generous, affectionate and sensitive."

RESULTS OF A DOG FIGHT.—A heard-hearted father in New Albany, Ind., was not long ago outwitted by the ardent lover of his daughter. Knowing there was a savage dog on the premises, the lover took an equally ferocious cur with him and set the two to fighting. While the old folks were trying to separate the combative beasts, the girl slipped out the back door and was married to her devoted John.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

WM. A. SHINKMAN.—Your valuable contributions shall have due attention. The "1-move" will not be available.

ADOLPH REHER.—Our correspondent, in commenting upon and complimenting Enig. 708, observes that if Black 1..P to K 5; White has two lines of procedure. We will look at the end-game. "W. A. S." was first in with Enig. 701. 1..B to K 3, P × K B P best; 2..Q × B P, B × Q best; 3..P to K 6 +, and 4..mate. Other vars., easier. Your "interest" in chess is a sufficient reason for us.

GEO. E. CLARKSON.—Received, and shall have all due attention.

The enriching of the "Dessert" was too late for the first table, but shall delight the second. We await a final response from Theo., about that "big gun" of his. Its magazine was furnished with over 100 rounds. Some left, you see.

ALL OTHERS, who believe, fully answered by mail.

Enigma No. 710.

BY PONZIANI.

White to play and give mate in eight moves.

Problem No. 710.

1st Prize in Michigan State Tourney.

MOTTO—"My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone."—Scott.

BY JOHN P. SWAN.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 710.

Partie between Mr. McConnell, of New Orleans, and our contributor, G. Reichheim, Esq., during the menage of Mr. R.'s play.

MAY LOPEZ IN R.'S GAME.

Attack. McConnell.	Defence. Reichheim.	Attack. McConnell.	Defence. Reichheim.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	10..Q to K 2	K R to K sq
2. Kt-B 3	Kt-K B 3	11..P to K 4	Q-B-3 (c)
3. B-K Kt 5	Kt-B 3	12..P-Q 5	B × K Kt
4..Q Kt-B 3	B-B 4	13..Kt P × B	K Kt-Q 5
5. Castles	Castles	14..Q-her Kt 4	K R-K 5
6..P × Kt	P × B	15. K-his R sq	K-K Kt sq (a)
7. K Kt × P	K B-Q 5	16..Q-B-3 +	P-Q B 4 *good*
8. Kt-Kt 5	Kt B × Kt	17..Q × B P	Q × Q
9..Kt P × B	K Kt × P	18. K × Kt sq, but gave up.	

The defence announces mate in thirteen moves.
(a) This coup determines the victory.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

H. O. JEWELL, Cazenovia, N. Y.—The position should stand thus:—Black man on 7; Black Kings on 9, 14 and 27; White man on 21, 17 and 26; White King on 10. White to move and draw.

W. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—Solutions O. K. Yes, problems are acceptable.

CLIFTON READER, Caldwell, N. J.—Begin at the upper left hand in double corner, calling that square No. 1; proceed across the row calling the upper right hand square No. 4. Beginning again at the left, which is 5, you proceed to the right, precisely as you would follow the lines in reading, beginning back at the left, and directly under, which will give the lower right hand square as No. 32.

T. J. HENSHAW, Jr., East Woburn, Mass.—Cash received ($2.50). We should be happy to oblige you, but have not the *time* to do so, so far as Anderson's book is concerned. When the new edition of the "Elements" is out we will send you a copy, if you like. The money is subject to your order.

D. O. PRICE, St. Louis, Mo.—Thanks.

A. R. W.—Too obvious; try again.

R. B. KNYE.—O. K.

R. F. WILSON.—De.

Game No. 43.—Vol. XVII.

PLAYED BETWEEN MESSRS. RADCLIFFE AND DUFORT.

"CROSS."

Black. Radcliffe.	White. Dufort.	Black. Radcliffe.	White. Dufort.
1..11 to 16	23 to 18	15..23 to 25	21 to 17
2..8 11	28 16	16..26 29	31 15
3..18 22	25 18	17..29 25	24 (b)
4..9 13	17 14 (a)	18..7 10	27 23
5..10 17	22 14	17..7 16 (c)	32 27
6..6 10	30 25	18..10 15	19 14 (d)
7..10 17	25 21	19..15 19	23 7
8..5 10	31 14	20..3 7	26 23
9..5 9	29 25	21..26 22	18 24
10..13 17	21 17	22..4 8	24 19
11..17 22	24 17	23..6 10 (e)	19 16
12..13 22	26 30	Black wins.	

(a) This loses the game. (b) Thus only delays death, which is certain. (c) Evidently trying to keep White out of the king row. (d) The very move that Mr. R. wished for. (e) He cannot keep him from a King.

Solution of Position No. 83.—Vol. XVII.

BY W. A. SHINKMAN.

White.	Black.	White.
1..15 to 7	23 to 32	5.. 9 to 6, and wins.
2..28 24	19 23	

Solution of Position No. 84.—Vol. XVII.

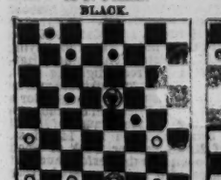
BY D. O'BRIEN.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..16 to 19	14 to 21	3..15 to 18	24 to 15
2..13 9	5 14	4..23 27, and wins.	

Position No. 85, Vol. 17.

BY D. O'BRIEN.

BLACK.



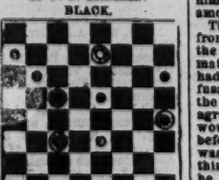
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Position No. 86, Vol. 17.

BY W. A. SHINKMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and draw.

ANECDOTE OF A FRENCH CRITIC.—The following story about M. Francisque Sarcey, a well known theatrical critic, is given by a Paris paper. M. Sarcey was engaged to give a sort of critique of a new piece which was about to appear at the Gaite. He had been warned that a number of young students had agreed to give him a *charivari* for a very sharp article which he had written in the *Revista* against the irreconcilables in the various colleges of Paris. He determined, however, to brave the storm, and, accordingly, when, on his appearance, he was assailed with hisses and groans, he held firm and waited for the storm to blow over a little. At last he said:—"Gentlemen, this meeting has nothing to do with politics. (Loud interruption.) The noise which rends our ears here is caused by some observations, entitled 'Bisetpiins,' which I lately published. In that article I took the liberty of saying, when speaking of the collegians, *'Ils ont bien de l'esprit, ces malins singes !'* (Renewed uproar, which lasted some time.) I now add that, if silence is made, I will withdraw the second part of that phrase; whereas, if the noise continues, I request the first part." Loud applause, laughter and hisses followed; but in the end order was restored and the lecturer was able to proceed.

THE RING.

A GALLANT RING ENCOUNTER

BETWEEN

BILLY EDWARDS, THE WONDER,

AND

SAM COLLYER, THE PHENOMENON,

For $1,000 A Side, at 124 Pounds.

Fought at Mystic Island, N. Y., March 2d.

A SQUARE, UP-AND-UP FIGHT.

EDWARDS WINS—KNOCKING SAM OUT OF TIME.

FORTY ROUNDS IN FORTY-SEVEN MINUTES.

The great prize ring engagement between Billy Edwards and Sam Collyer, constituting their second meeting, for $2,000, at 124lbs., was brought to a culmination at Mystic Island, N. Y., not far from New London, Ct., on Wednesday, March 2d, resulting in another signal victory for the former over the little, dark skinned boxer from "Maryland, my Maryland." We herewith present full details from our special reporter.

THE MEN.

WILLIAM EDWARDS commenced his probationary existence on this mundane sphere at West Birmingham, England, on St. Thomas' Day, 1844, and as a natural consequence he is now in his twenty-sixth year. In height, he reaches 5 feet 4½ inches, without his Oxford ties, is a well-built, muscular young fellow, powerfully developed about the arms and upper portion of the body, of very light complexion, light brown hair and blue eyes, and in appearance looks like anything else but a fighter. He learned the trade of an iron moulder in the old country, where he was thrown among the boxing element, and, evincing a decided fancy for the noble art, he took lessons from some good men, and by frequent practice became quite a proficient with the gloves. Having heard so much about the giant Republic of the West, he became possessed with a desire to visit the land of promise himself, and, acting upon the idea, arrived in New York on the 10th of May, 1866. Appearing shortly afterward at a sparring entertainment given in the metropolis, his ability as a slashing boxer was at once recognized, and since then he has taken a prominent part in nearly every exhibition of this character which has taken place in this city or vicinity, as well as many outside, always proving a big card. He has ever been ready to "have a go" with anybody at all near his size, and it's been very seldom, indeed, that he has been bested, even by men much easier than himself. His numerous sets-to with poor dead and gone Jim Fox will long be remembered by the fraternity as amongst the most exciting they ever witnessed. The rivalry produced thus came very near bringing about a match between them, a meeting being held for that purpose, but they failed to come to terms, owing, it was universally believed, to the preponderance of the Fox element. The failing through of these negotiations occasioned much disappointment, as a meeting in the ring was earnestly desired by the fraternity, that the question of who was the better man should be settled beyond further controversy. Edwards continued to work pretty steadily at his business until February, 1868, when, having been promised the necessary funds, and being desirous of trying himself with the naked fists, he accepted the challenge issued by Sam Collyer, and entered into his first match. After taking benefits in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston and other places, none of which proved very remunerative, about six weeks before the day fixed upon he located himself at Morrisville, Pa., opposite Trenton, N. J., where he commenced a regular course of preparation under the mentorship of Dooney Harris. They fought at Cherry Point, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac river, August 24th, 1868, for $2,000 and the Light Weight Championship of America, Edwards winning after fighting 47 rounds in 1 hour and 14 minutes, Collyer being knocked out of time. This was his maiden essay within the circle of hemp, and his only appearance therein until Wednesday, March 2d. Billy has a very genteel personnel and pleasing address, is rather modest and retiring in disposition, and by his gentlemanly demeanor and unassuming manner commands the respect and esteem of those with whom he is thrown in contact.

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On the arrival of our reporter at New London he was privately informed of the change made in the programme and of the new spot selected. Dick Freeman's billiard saloon, formerly kept by the cueist, Melvin Foster, was the *rendezvous* for the New Yorkers, and was crowded by the residents of the town, who were eager to hear all the particulars of the forthcoming gladiatorial contest. The parties who professed to have the direction of affairs assumed an air of mystery about the place where the mill was to come off, and great was the curiosity of the boys to learn its precise whereabouts. Harry Hill, who was known to be in the secret, was followed by a crowd wherever he went, and as the evening advanced, and the time for starting approached, he had to resort to a ruse to throw his followers off his track. After giving our reporter and a couple of friends the "office," each separately and quietly detached himself from the crowd and silently made his way down to the river side, where a boat was in waiting to row the party across to Groton. The clocks in New London were striking midnight as the party were silently crossing the dark river to Groton, the stars in the heaven above affording sufficient light to direct the course of the oarsmen. At Groton we found a couple of sleighs awaiting us, and leaving Kit Burns and his assistants sleeping in the barn, they having to follow later on with the ropes and stakes, we started for Noank. Our route lay along the shore of the Sound, and as we silently glided over the frozen surface of the deep snow we could see at intervals the lights of New London on the opposite side of the river, and the signal lights of the vessels at anchor. A long, weary ride of seven or eight miles brought us to a solitary depot on the railroad, and our driver proceeded across a field to an isolated dwelling house, to awake the ferryman who was to row us across Mystic river to the island which was our destination. He was soon ready, and, following him, we came to a rickety pier, where we found a boat lying, in which we embarked. A long row over the dark waters, with no light visible but that afforded by the stars above us; a cold, bitter wind sweeping across the sound, and chilling the travelers to the marrow, and no sound audible except the splashing of the oars in the water, and at 3 o'clock in the morning, Mystic Island was reached, the party landed, and the ferryman retraced his course home. Before us stood a long, large building, from whose windows no light gleamed; but beyond, in a smaller house, we saw the welcome rays of a lamp through the curtain. Approaching the door, we knocked, and in reply to the inquiry "Who's there?" the name "Harry Hill" acted as the "Open Sesame," showing that he was an expected visitor. Most welcome was the cheering warmth of the bright glowing stove after our long, cold ride by land and water, and, [illegible] refreshments, liquid or solid, were obtainable, one of our party had taken the precaution of laying in a stock of provisions and bottled ale while in New London, which he now produced, and ample justice was done to them by the hungry party. We found that Edwards and Collyer were both asleep up stairs, and the landlord, Mr. Brewer, was loud in his expressions of indignation at Mystic Landing being made the scene of the contemplated prize fight, a circumstance which he declared would ruin the place as a fashionable summer resort. He had no objection to their fighting at Fisher's Island, some five miles distant, but they ought not to make his little island the scene of battle. Finding himself powerless to prevent the irruption of barbarians, he resigned himself to circumstances, and, acting on Dooney Harris' advice earlier on, he refused to supply any liquor at all, and declared he had none in the place. Slowly the hours passed on, the party endeavoring to snatch a little sleep as they lay on the tables and chairs of the warm room. At last day broke, and further arrivals soon increased the number of visitors to a large crowd.

THE WEIGHING.

The articles specified that the men were to weigh between the hours of 4 and 10 o'clock on the morning of the fight, between which hours they were to be in the ring. Accordingly, about nine o'clock, Harry Hill produced the scales he had brought with him, and Edwards sat down first. He weighed exactly 120¼ lbs., and, being thus well under the stipulated weight, felt all right, and tumbled into bed again to rest until summoned for the ring. Collyer followed and pulled down the beam at 123½ lbs., and he also retired to his couch.

THE PITCHING OF THE RING.

Some delay ensued about this matter, the commissioner refusing to begin until he was paid his fee of $25 by the Collyer party, Edwards' backer, Harry Hill, having deposited his quota before leaving New York. At, however, at length his money, and he soon had the posts driven into the hard ground. The ring was pitched on a piece of ground about fifty yards from the house, and was an exposed locality, the bitter blasts from the sound close by sweeping over it unchecked, and causing numbers to regret that they ever came to see the mill. It was

[The person which inwented this atroshus joak (?) ort to die at wonst, by the jug-or-not.—OUR JIM.].....We recently read in a French paper—(This will quietly convey the impression that we are conversant with the French language)—about a surreptitious young chap in Paris who has for some time past been engaged in the infamous practice of getting free tickets for theatres by forging the names of prominent newspaper and other men who have the run of the box office. He tried it once too often, however, for the man whose name he forged happened to be getting some tickets for himself at the very moment when the other impostor made his demand. Here was a dilemma from which the forger could not extricate himself; he was arrested, tried and convicted, and thereupon received a *free pass* to the prison, where he will *pass* a few weeks unmolested. Let like evil doers in this city be warned by the fate of the Frenchman.....Did you ever attempt to walk on a tight rope? If you haven't made the attempt, *don't*; just because we used to walk on our hands in imitation of the circus chaps who did all sorts of dorseys in the ring when the show spread its canvas in our village some years ago, we have always had a hankering after clowns and somersetters, and standers, and the like, and we have walked fences just as easy as "falling off a log," as the saying goes; but it was not until a few days ago that we had the opportunity afforded us of walking a tight rope. Tell you how it was: one of our tight-ropists, who is practising for the coming tenting season, invited us to see him perform a number of new evolutions; he went along the slender pathway so easy and fearlessly that we requested permission to try a go at it ourself. Willing to oblige us, the circus man got off and we got on. Gentlemen, it is worse than standing on the slippery deck of a ship in a dreadful storm at sea. You know how unsteady and lop-sided you feel when you are entirely under the pernicious influence of the flowing bowl, don't you? Well, that isn't a circumstance. We say that we got up on the rope; *how* we got down, *how* we got home, and *why* we have been absent from our post so long, is a mystery that will never, probably, be solved. When we "came to," it was on a bed of sickness, with sticking plasters, raw oysters, beef and fly blisters all over us. We took a look in the mirror, and at once came to the conclusion that we had been in a prize fight with Collyer and Edwards, had got knocked out of time, and that the roughs who had lost money on us had broken in the ring, cut and slashed and kicked us in the most unfeeling manner, and left us weltering in our gore, with "no one to love, and none to caress." Boys, never attempt to walk the tight rope without you train for it; walking on your hands or standing on your head won't help you to walk a rope; one of us is enough to get injured; don't *you* try it. *We* have given up walking the rope—it is not half as safe or reliable as the sidewalk, although the profession assure us it is and that they feel just as safe on a rope as on dry land. Before we went on the rope, our eyes were grey—now one is black and the other blue, and both google; our heart was in the right place—now it is jumping and moving about like it had the St. Vitus' dance; our limbs were symmetrical and steady—now they have the stringhalt, and can no longer be depended upon; we are but a wreck of our former self, and all from an insane desire to walk a tight rope. Therefore, let us append

A CAUTION TO TIGHT-ROPE PERFORMERS.

An acrobat, some time ago
The tight-rope tried to walk;
But too much gin inside his skin
Caused him to make a baulk;
His head being awfully confused,
His foot slipped (so 'tis said),
And then he fell from off the rope,
And, falling, broke his head.

Now ye who would the tight-rope walk
To our advice give heed—
When you at empt a dangerous feat
Unclouded brains you need;
Postpone your bitters till your task
Is finished for the night—
For no man can a *tight* rope walk
If he also is tight!

City Summary.

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE return to this city next week, opening at the Academy of Music on the 14th, in "The Marriage of Figaro." This work has not been given in this city for over ten years, its last representation being at the Academy of Music on Nov. 24, 1858, under the management of B. Ullman. It was produced in Italian, with Piccolomini, Carl Formes, Mad. Ghioni, E. Perring and others in the cast, with Carl Anschutz as conductor. It was popular many years ago, as far back as 1824, when Mrs. Holman and Placide did it at the Old Park, and still later at Mitchell's Olympic, in 1847, when Mary Taylor, Mrs. Timm, old Charles Walcott and George Holland were in the company. The veteran Wallack also produced it at the National Theatre in 1839, with the Seguins and Miss Sheriff in the cast. Since their last engagement in this city the Parepa Rosa troupe have traveled extensively and made reputation and money. Their engagement in this city is for fourteen performances only.

THE TAMMANY remains closed, and will continue so until on or about March 19th, when it will be re-opened with an entire change of attraction, introducing, for the first time to an American audience, many new faces, consisting of a Spanish *ballet*, of ladies and gentlemen organized in England by Prof. Risley, the well known American, and who was lately interested in the Japanese performers. Associated with Mr. Risley in this enterprise is Mr. Johnson, connected with *Reynolds' Miscellany*, a London publication. In addition to the Spanish *ballet*, numbering nearly the

[illegible]
E. B. Kent, 173 Bowery, N. Y.
Theatrical Shoemakers.—Somers & Nesirock, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
J. O'Donnell, 260 Bowery, N. Y.
Jig and Clog Dancing.—Mr. Bogan, 100 E. Houston st., N. Y.
Mrs. J. K. Buckley, 578 Hudson street
Grigg & Bacon, 240 Grand street, N.
Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 160 Bowery, N. Y
John Bogan, as above.
Theatrical Agents.—Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
R. Fitzgerald, 612 Broadway, N. Y.
J. M. Mortimer, 817 Walnut st., Philad'a, Pa.
John Hoyt, 586 Broadway, N. Y.
Bill Posters.—P. S. Bacaus, Erie, Pa.
Wm. Sayre, Newark, O.
Steel & Co., Reading, Pa.
A. Snyder, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
E. W. Weal, Scranton, Pa.
Prismatic Lights.—McLewee & Putnam, 561 Broadway, N. Y.
Circus Tents, etc.—Jas. Martin & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass
Scenic Artists.—L. W. Seavey, 584 Broadway, N. Y.
J. Brose, 584 Broadway, N. Y.
Magical Apparatus.—M. Harris, 748 Broadway, N. Y.
Costumes.—Mrs. Taylor, 376 Bowery, N. Y.
Plays.—O. A. Brownson, Dubuque, Iowa.
Theatrical Wigs.—Schmidt & Footner, 21 East Houston st., N. Y.

Hotels and Saloons.

Worden Hotel—142 to 148 E. 14th st., N. Y.—G. F. Worden.
St. Charles Hotel—Broadway and Bleecker, N. Y.—G. L. Leland.
Mel. Bryan's—Cor. Mulberry and Broadway, New York.
Central Hotel—Providence, R. I.—Hopkins & Sears.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, March 7, '70.

THE SEASON of festivities is supposed to have come to a close on Tuesday of last week, Ash Wednesday being the first of the forty days and forty nights which complete the Lenten term, during which time it is not considered *en regle* to indulge in the foolish frivolities of fast life, to attend balls, parties, dramatic entertainments or such like exhibitions; when it is also the bounden duty of the piously inclined to abstain from making gluttons of themselves for the period mentioned, and to devote themselves to spiritual works, thus showing a bright example to the rising generation of fast people who are increasing with wonderful numerousness in this enlightened age of reason and reign of terror. Yet, notwithstanding the advent of Lent, with all its pains and penalties for those who transgress its laws, we find but little change in the condition, desires and indulgences of the people of the Great Metropolis. The majority of our theatres are doing remarkably well, some of them exhibiting an unusually healthy state of the exchequer, and only those depending upon the Irish element exhibiting any signs of weakness. Neither do we see that the presence of Lent has had the effect to lessen the weekly catalogue of crimes with which the "respectable dailies" manage to season their otherwise tame and insipid bill of fare, the average of cold-blooded murders being about one per day, with side dishes of rape, rapine, fire, sword, and pistol so manifold as to compel newspapers to omit moral essays and touching incidents of domestic happiness in order to crowd in the sort of fare the highly respectable reader of the daily is so fond of perusing while he takes his matutinal meal. [Matutinal meal, the uninformed reader will please observe, is breakfast, but that word is too vulgar for the educated classes of the present day to understand.—ED. CLIP.].....And speaking about meals, a horrible rumor has obtained currency of late, a rumor calculated to freeze the young blood and make each particularly blonde or other hair stand erect like quills upon the frightened porcupine, as "Our Jim" will persist in misquoting it. And this rumor takes the form of a *threat* to abolish the lunch route! We have already heard the low rumbling of the thunder that will make itself heard should such a diabolical threat be consummated. This is too popular a feature of metropolitan life to be trifled with, for there are hundreds, yea thousands of our floating population whose very existence depends upon the continuance of their old time institution, men who have grown grey in their daily pursuit of the good things which make the lunch route and its managers so attractive with the masses; men whose tastes and sound judgment in matters of the *cuisine* have assisted in building up a reputation for our lunch providers second to none in the Union. We cannot believe that there is any foundation for such a mischievous rumor; we look upon it as the invention of a clique of superannuated boarding house women, whose poisonous provender and deleterious beverages have driven their boarders to the only refuge left them—the friendly lunch counter. Would the conductors of that route be so lost to all sense of shame, of gratitude, of benevolence as to abolish free trade in "witles" at a time when gold is going down by the run and provisions are becoming, like Epsom salts, a drug in the market? The mischief this confounded rumor is calculated to create is beyond belief! Already we hear, that, acting upon the report, some of the professional rounders—who know every nook and corner in the great city where the lunch has an abiding place—have sold numbers of routes "short," as they say down in Wall street, in the hope that, when the "ring" has manipulated the wires as far as they will go, the "shorts" may come with a rush on the market, and bear down everything before them. Let our warning voice be heard in the matter—holders of good lunch routes be advised by us—do not sell at a sacrifice; *prices must advance* in view of the fact that cheap boarding houses are now cutting down their bill of fare to a very low ebb, consequent upon their desire to see their boarders fast and pray more, and eat less during the season of Lent, which must drive the victims to the lunch route, enhance the value of that trade, and bring the institution into still greater popularity. Therefore, we repeat, "hold fast to that which is good—let it not go, for it is thy life."..... Polished reader, do *you* ever beat time with your feet at places of amusement when '*Shoo Fly*,' or some similar fashionable piece of music is being performed? No? We *thought* not; but there *are* people who take the greatest delight in this *recherche* pastime, yet we cannot understand the taste which induces it; neither can a correspondent who has interviewed us on the subject. "Our Jim," however, who does a good deal of it himself when he visits the theatres or music halls, seems to understand it better, as will be seen by the annexed scrap:

"WHY IS THIS THUS?"

An enquiring correspondent
Madly asks, at fever heat,
"Why at concerts boorish people
Always beat time with their feet."

Not knowing, we enquire
of Jim, who fiercely rolls
His eyes, and proudly answers
"'Cos they have music in their soles."

.....Answer to prize conundrum in our last:—"Because he handled the Mace."..... Can a man be said to be fond of the "little brown jug" because he practices jug-ery?

rope on Feb. 28th, by the new steamship France, Capt. Grogan.

WILLIAM E. BLAND, the eldest son of the late Humphrey Bland, was drowned in this city near Blackwell's Island on Feb. 27th. The remains were interred in Greenwood on March 3d.

CHARLES R. THORNE, JR., started for California by the overland route on the 1st inst. He goes under engagement to Maguire's Opera House, and will open in Daly's version of "Frou Frou" on the 14th inst.

KATE FISHER opened at the Bowery Theatre on Feb. 28th, and appeared during the week to very enthusiastic, if not large, audiences. She gave "The Three Fast Men" for her benefit on March 4th, and had a good house. She was called before the curtain, and in response to calls for "speech" Mr. Whalley stepped forward, and in a few words thanked the audience on behalf of Miss Fisher. Kate continues the current attraction. On Friday evening, 11th inst., a complimentary benefit will be tendered to James W. Lingard, well known on the east side as once manager of the New Bowery Theatre.

THE WILLIAMSES continue their engagement at Niblo's Garden, but so far their business has not been very encouraging to the managers or performers, as the house has not been two-thirds filled any night the past week. They came in a very unfortunate time of the year, as Lent is upon them and the very class of people that the Williamses look to for support remain away from places of amusement during the Lenten season. Charles Thorne, Jr., withdrew from the cast of "Innisfallen" after Tuesday evening, the 1st inst., and his *role* has since been played by Alex. Fitzgerald in a satisfactory manner. Jennie Hughes continues to receive considerable applause for her singing of the ballad of "Killarney." The Williamses close their engagement on April 2d.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE re-appear in this city at Niblo's Garden on April 4th. Prior to opening here they take a rest of two weeks, and, during this engagement, will produce a new burlesque, written expressly for them by H. J. Byron, of England.

"FROU-FROU" has proved a legitimate success at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, which is crowded nightly, and standing room is difficult to obtain after the performance has commenced. This has been Mr. Daly's first great success at this house, and he is deserving of it, for it is one of the best acted, most superbly mounted productions seen for some time.

MR. GEORGE L. FOX commences this evening the fourth week of his performance of Hamlet at the Olympic Theatre. This exceedingly clever travesty has proved as great a hit as "Humpty Dumpty," and is attracting not only crowded audiences every evening, but the matinees of Wednesday and Saturday are very large. That Mr. Fox's assumption of the melancholy Dane is entirely different from that of any other we have ever witnessed is most true, but it is also true that he satisfies his audiences equally as well as any of his predecessors. His extreme melancholy throughout the performance is most laughable to witness, and no one who is at all familiar with him as a pantomimist can lose sight of his Humpty Dumpty, or avoid getting the one *role* mixed up with the other. For a real good two and a half hours' enjoyment spend an evening at the Olympic and witness Mr. Fox and his assistants "fix" "Hamlet" in a manner to make you laugh.

THE FIRST REJUVENATION of the spectacle of "The Twelve Temptations" takes place at the Grand Opera House this evening. Several additions have been made to the piece and there will also be a *ballet* called "The Demon *Can-can*," arranged by Sig. Costa, introducing, in addition to Rose, Ajax and Brunetti, Cora Adriana and Oberti, *premiere danseuses*, also a much larger *corps de ballet*, something that was needed the first night this spectacle was presented.

LOTTA arrived in this city on the 3d inst. and left on the 5th for Philadelphia.

LISA WEBER, Edward Righton and Clara Fisher, having terminated their engagement at Wood's Museum, a new burlesque company appear this week, consisting of Jennie Wildmore, Felix Rogers, Ada Harland, Emily Pitt, Lizzie Willmore, Moses Fiske and others, who will appear in the burlesque of "Pygmalion."

EDWIN BOOTH is in the tenth week of his performance of "Hamlet," at his Theatre on Twenty-third street, and the audiences continue quite large. While the upper gallery is not largely attended, it is impossible to obtain a seat in the orchestra or parquet circle for a week in advance, excepting from the speculators. It may surprise many of our readers to know that, in looking over an old account book lately belonging to the Treasurer of the old Park Theatre, we saw that the elder Booth played "Hamlet" many a night to less than $150, while his son considers $1,200 a poor house. The elder Booth was in his day considered one of the greatest geniuses that ever broke for h on the dramatic horizon, but with all his genius he could not succeed in doing what his son has done with the aid of the stage carpenter and the scenic artist. Mrs. Waller continues her performance of Bianca on Saturday evening.

C. H. CLARKE, one of the managers of Wilson and Clarke's dramatic company located in Halifax, arrived in this city on the 4th and intends to remain here a few days.

DOMINICK MURRAY and Josephine Fiddes opened their engagement of five weeks at Wood's Museum on Feb. 28th, in a sensational drama by C. Osborne called "The Golden Bubble." The play is an interesting one and was well represented by the stars and Louis Mestayer, the rest of the characters not amounting to much. Pierre La Croche is a peasant living on the estate of a Marquis, and has grown up as a playmate of Clarisse, daughter of the Marquis. In early life he climbed to the top of a tree to save a pet of hers, and accidentally fell to the ground, leaving him humpbacked. At the opening of the play he is in love with Clarisse, who treats him disdainfully. Near the estate of the Marquis is a small cottage where lies his mother very sick. The Marquis determines to destroy the cottage in order to have a fish pond made there. He accordingly orders Pierre La Croche's mother to be removed to other quarters, and the excitement kills her. This so exasperates Pierre that he avows vengeance on the Marquis. Jacques, a friend of Pierre's, opposes the interference of the workmen, and he is sent to the galleys for five years, and Pierre is consigned to the bastile by the Marquis. Seven years elapse between the first and second acts. At the commencement of the second act Pierre, who was a poor slave in the previous act, now appears as the wealthiest man in all France. He has become so wealthy that the Regent is constantly borrowing money from him and the Cardinal is his intimate friend. He is the master of the fine estate formerly owned by the Marquis and where he was a servant, while the Marquis is a ruined man. The latter has a son in the bastile who is to be hung that day, and he applies to Pierre for his influence to save him. He orders him from the house, when his daughter, Clarisse, appears and begs for her brother's life; and when she assures him that it was she who caused his discharge from the bastile, he relents and has the son and brother's life saved. Clarisse then agrees to become his wife, she thinking that her first love (Victor de Montenesaux) had been drowned. Just as Pierre is to marry Clarisse, Victor appears, and, after much inward suffering and seeing that Clarisse loves Victor, he gives her to Victor and the curtain drops. As we stated above, it is an interesting play, one that appeals to the sympathies of an audience. As Pierre, Mr. Murray held and carried his listeners with him throughout the piece. He appeared to decided advantage, and acted in a manner that evinced the possession of more dramatic ability than he can expect to give proof of in Irish characters. He was very well supported by his wife, Josephine Fiddes, who dressed and acted the *role* Clarisse in a most satisfactory manner. Louis Mestayer, who made his re-appearance at this establishment as the peasant Jacques, is deserving of praise for his capital performance. He fairly divided the honors with the stars. The piece was well placed upon the stage, one of the sets being the best thing yet exhibited at this establishment in that line. The attendance during the week was good.

THE REALISTIC drama of "Lost at Sea"—Boucicault and Byron's offspring—was produced at Wallack's Theatre, for the first time in this city, on Feb. 28th. It had been previously played in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and various other cities. Writing of plays in collaboration is seldom witnessed in this country, and from the association of two writers of talent and experience like Boucicault and Byron, something better than "Lost at Sea" ought to be expected. That it has interest, and fulfils certain conditions of success, we admit; but there is so little new business or original situations in it that we are surprised to find two such experienced dramatists working up such old realisms as the fire scene and foot of Hungerford Bridge, together with a very old plot, which serves to bring in the principal scenes of interest. Briefly summed up, the plot, which will be easily seen has done service to many a play, is as follows:—Walter Coram, a wealthy man residing at Calcutta, has sent on to a London banker (Franklin) a deposit of £30,000, and this money has been used by the banker to save him from ruin. At the opening of the piece Walter Coram is reported to have been lost at sea, but prior to his intended departure he sends to Franklin, the banker, a number of chests containing his papers and money. These chests are taken late at night to the banking house of Franklin, but are received by Rawlings, a confidential clerk of Franklin's, and by him secretly removed from thence to the house of Jessop, a quack doctor, a friend of his. Walter Coram changes his mind, does not take the steamer but arrives in London by the overland route unknown to any one. He takes up his abode at the residence of Jessop, where he has been living some little time sick, at the opening of the piece, and falls in love with Katey, Jessop's daughter. Supposing Coram to be lost at sea, Rawlings induces Franklin to take him into copartnership. He then sets about to effect the ruin of Franklin and compel Laura Franklin to wed him. He accordingly induces Jessop to visit Franklin in disguise and represent himself as Walter Coram, who has not been lost at sea. It so happens that Rawlings has the chests of Coram's brought from the banking house secretly to the house of Jessop while Coram is in the room; the latter sees and examines them, and satisfies himself that they are his property, and at once mistrusts that something wrong is going on. He therefore is known only as Mr. Walter, and thus through five acts he tracks the plotters. Accidentally discovering a photograph of Coram's in his valise, the plotters learn that he is the real Walter Coram and at once resolve to put him out of the way. He proceeds to his room in the garret of Jessop's house, and while there he is barred in and the house set on fire, but he escapes through the roof, assisted by Katey and Smyly, an errand boy, who had reached the roof by the house adjoining. The drama ends with the marriage of Walter Coram to Katey, and the banishment of Rawlings and Jessop to Australia. There is not much originality in the separate incidents. The situations are good, but the method by which they are arrived at is inartistic, and the emotions to which they are traced are false. The drama has been well placed upon the stage, fairly acted, and the scenic effects are deserving of considerable praise. The fire scene, good as it is, is scarcely equal to that presented at Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in the same piece. It approaches almost as near a real conflagration as it is possible to make it, however. The bridge scene and the steamboat pier are very effectively presented. The acting, as we have said, is fair. The heroine, Katey, was personated by Madeline Henriques. J. H. Stoddart, one of the best eccentric actors on the boards, played Jessop in a clever manner, frequently convulsing his audience by his facial acting. Effie Germon was sprightly and pleasing as Smyly, an errand boy. Mr. J. W. Wallack appeared as Walter Coram, Owen Marlowe as Colebrooke, Charles Fisher as Rawlings, Mrs. Phillips as Laura, and Mrs. John Sefton as Mrs. Jessop. The sensation of the drama is the fire scene and the rescue of Coram, but this scarcely repays the visitor for the long and, at times, prosy dialogue he is forced to listen to before the fire is reached. The attendance was large in the early part of the week, but there were evidences of a falling off in the upper portion of the house towards the close. Nearly an entire bench in the dress circle we had been told in the morning had sought to purchase tickets

[illegible]
The building will be of brick, thirty-
[illegible] Joms, No. 11 East
[illegible] is to be used entirely in connection with their business and for private concerts. The seating capacity will be for about four hundred persons. The floor is to be of maple, laid in narrow strips, and surrounded by a border of hard woods handsomely inlaid. The room will be twenty-two feet in height and finished off in white and gold. The light will be admitted from a large skylight dome, and from windows in each corner, the hall being partially octagonal in shape. The seats, which it is now proposed to have moveable, will be upholstered to correspond with the decoration of the interior of the auditorium.

THERE is no more enjoyable entertainment offered anywhere in this city than that given by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels at their beautiful little theatre, 720 Broadway. Not only is the opening entertaining, but the olio embraces a number of very amusing acts and introduces the "Only Leon" in various sketches, his performances evincing the possession of considerable humor, as well as denoting the careful study of an artist. The "Faust" burlesque continues to meet with favor, the sword combat between Kelly and Purdy nightly calling forth enthusiastic applause, while the comical by-play of Cool Burgess, Spridgen and others, in the school scene, convulses the audiences with laughter. A couple of hours can be very pleasantly passed with this troupe.

LEGGETT AND ALLEN, who were brought to this country under engagement to the San Francisco Minstrels, closed with this troupe on the 5th inst. They play two weeks in Boston, return to the "Frisco" Minstrels on the 21st inst., for two weeks, and then withdraw from the company. They are the originals in this country of the act known as pedestal dancing.

"TEMPEST IN THE ROSES" spectacle should be seen by all who admire beauty of costume, grand scenic effects, and good dancing. King Cole has hit the public taste, and Prince Jim Fisk, Jr. basks in the sunshine of his own creating; but we don't know about crowding 116,000 spectators in the Grand Opera House in four weeks—*vide* advertisement,—which would make it 29,000 each week. It's "important, if true," to say the least of it. But let the Revels proceed, as they said in Washington when the colored U. S. Senator was let in.

DAN BRYANT re-appeared with his minstrels the past week, after a brief retirement on account of illness, but Dandy Jack is not in proper form; neither did the entertainment go off as smoothly as usual, although certain portions of the programme were cleverly rendered. Mr. Russell sang a song in good style, and the capital chorus connected with it combined to elicit an *encore*. Unsworth kept his end up fairly, and "Shoo Fly" was greeted with loud applause; in this popular song and dance Dave Reed fairly divides the honor with Dan Bryant.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS possess all the elements of success, but their business has not been so good of late as it was at the opening of the present season, and this cannot be attributed to the absence of Mr. Wambold, for this decline was apparent before he retired. Messrs. Norman and Lavallee have been added to the troupe since Wambold abdicated. Bobby Newcomb was off duty several evenings of late on account of illness; his latest song and dance is called "The Beautiful Waltzer."

THE ARABS at Lent's Circus act just like a lot of wild men when going through their "terrific leaps." They are worth seeing. Melvide and his little boy do an exciting equestrian act, while Robert Stickney has been doing a four horse act, which helped to make his father no popular years ago. Pauline Hindley's fearless leaps through hoops, balloons, and something that looks like an uncovered "tunnel," are deserving of all praise; but the attendance is not at all large, and Mr. Lent will have to introduce something fresh and attractive if he desires to wind up the season successfully. The Levantine Brothers are worthy of commendation for the manner in which they go through their difficult feats on the horizontal bar and crystal pyramids.

TONY PASTOR announces as his fresh attractions for his Opera House this week, John Denier, Maggie Willett and Francois Siegrist's troupe of performing dogs. Frank Kerns and Nelse Seymour do a burlesque prize fight, and the evening's entertainment closes with a drama by John F. Poole, called "Tue Irishman in Cuba."

VERY FEW CHANGES take place in the programme of the present week presented by Manager Buller, of the Theatre Comique. The Clodoche Troupe appear in the pantomime of "Robert Macaire." Master Barney, Agnes Sutherland, Jennie Kimball and her pupil, La Petite Corune, Charles Howard and the *ballet* are features.

MR. ROLLIN Howard has recently returned home from his starring tour in very poor health and has had to relinquish all his spring engagements—that is, for the present. He has been confined to his bed with gastric fever for two weeks.

MR. F. MCMAHON was married in this city on Dec. 16th, 1869, to Alice Maude Braham.

RODEY MAGUIRE, well known in the variety business as a heavy balancer of some pretension to merit, died in this city on the 5th inst., after a lingering illness. He was twenty-nine years of age. His funeral takes place on the 8th inst., from 180 West twenty-eighth street.

MISS SYLVESTER, daughter of Prof. Sylvester, died in this city on March 3d. This lady, who died at the early age of about seventeen years, came to this country during the present season with her father, and together made their *debut* at the Tammany in startling and phenomenal combinations. The principal business of Miss Sylvester was called "Lights and Shadows of Character in the Human Face," while Mr. Sylvester did several other things They came to this country under engagement to Palmer & Jarrett, for the Tammany, from the Polytechnic Institute London. In consequence of some misunderstanding with the managers, Mr. and Miss Sylvester did not remain at the Tammany their full time, and a few weeks ago they started for a tour through the south, accompanied by James W. Taylor. They reached Charleston, S. C., the only place they performed, where the business was so bad that they were glad to return immediately to New York, arriving here on the 1st inst. Miss Sylvester was very ill when she arrived here and died the following day, leaving the family in such straitened circumstances that collections were made at the various theatres to defray the expenses of the funeral.

Dramatic.

THE LAURI FAMILY, pantomimists, opened an engagement at Fox's American, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, 7th inst., in "Tot." The Rizarelli Brothers remain another week and appear in their great aerial acts. Miss Ada Wray also appears this week. The programme is unusually attractive.

"NOT GUILTY," which proved so successful at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is announced for production at the Boston Theatre on the 14th inst.

JOHN BROUGHAM was the attraction at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., the past week. He began an engagement of five nights on Feb. 28th in "Red Light," which retained the boards the remaining four nights to rather light houses. The piece, says our correspondent, "Mose," "was well put upon the stage, and, with one or two exceptions, well enacted by the company. Fanny Prestige surprised all by the acceptable manner in which she played the part of Annie Steele. May Fiske acquitted herself with credit as Lady Arlington. Mrs. E. A. Eberle as Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. W. C. Miller as Mary Steele, and Miss Lizzie Goodwin as Mrs. Simmons, sustained their respective parts creditably. On March 4th, for Mr. Brougham's benefit, 'David Copperfield' and 'Pocahontas' were presented to a house about two-thirds full. Mr. B. left for New York on the 5th. Mrs. E. T. Stetson, leading lady, was discharged from the company on the 2d. Nelly Sandford has been engaged to take her place. James M. Ward, the Irish comedian, is the attraction for next (this) week."

HARRY HOTTO, low comedian, is in Pittsburgh, Pa., taking a resting spell.

"AFTER DARK" was produced by the stock company at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Feb. 28th. Miss Osborne as Eliza, also S. K. Chester, Meeker and Moreland are well spoken of by our correspondent, "J. E. H.," who adds:—"Wood Benson comedian of the establishment, was the recipient of a benefit on the 2d inst., when 'Waiting for the Verdict' and the 'Highwayman's Holiday' were given to a fair auditory. The same bill was repeated on the 3d for the benefit of the door tenders, officers and ushers of the house. A large audience was present. Henrietta Osborne was the *beneficiaire* on the 4th, and her friends and admirers filled the house. The 'Lady of Lyons' and 'Taming of the Shrew' constituted the bill. 'After Dark' will be given for the Saturday *matinee*, and on Saturday evening Arthur Palmer, scene painter, and Chas. Crosby, machinist, take a joint benefit, when Harry Hotto will appear as the comedian of the evening. Next (this) week Frank Mayo opens in the 'Streets of New York.' His engagement is for six nights only; then come the Lydia Thompson Troupe."

EDWIN FORREST continues his tour through the west, supported by the National Theatre company from Cincinnati. He closed in Springfield, O., on the 4th inst., going thence to Urbana, Bellefontaine, Lima, Logansport and Lafayette.

PLUNKETT'S COMPANY played in Rock Island, Ill., on the 4th and 5th inst., and were to go thence to Moline for six nights and so on towards Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Couldock are the star attractions.

BIDWELL'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed their season in Portland, Me., on the 2d inst. with "Oliver Twist" and the farce of "Peter White." They opened at Biddeford on the 3d, playing "Peggy the Actress," with Dollie Bidwell as Peggy, Lillie Wilkinson as Mabel and Dora O'Connor as Kitty Clive. On the 4th 'Long Strike" and "Irish Heiress;" 5th, 'Nick of the Woods" and "Two Gregories." They were to open in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 7th for three nights, and go thence to Manchester for one week.

MR. AND MRS. WM. J. FLORENCE began a six nights' engagement at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, on Feb. 28th. Our correspondent "Frank" says:—"The bill was 'Born to Good Luck' and 'Mischievous Annie.' 'The Irish Emigrant' and the 'Yankee Housekeeper' were presented on March 1st. The laughable comedietta, 'Irish Assurance and Yankee Modesty' and 'The Manager's Daughter' on the 2d, was witnessed by a much larger house than those of the preceding nights. The Irish play called 'Inshavogue' was produced on the 3d, and was well received. The 'Irish Lion,' 'Thrice Married' and 'A Returned Volunteer' were presented for the benefit of the stars on the 4th. The same bill was given at the *matinee* on the 5th. 'Shandy Maguire' and 'Mischievous Annie' were given at the closing performance. They go to Elmira next (this) week. The Worrell Burlesque Troupe open here on the 7th."

DAVIS AND CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., are in search of several artists. See advertisement.

CHICAGO has been pretty lively of late in the theatrical world. The Lydia Thompson Troupe created considerable excitement there for a week and then left. Of the doings in the amusement world since then we are advised by our correspondent, "Amusement," who, under date of March 3d, says:—"The Opera House was filled with a large audience on Feb. 28th, upon the occasion of the first appearance of Wm. Horace Lingard in this city. The performance commenced with 'A Day After the Wedding,' which introduced the members of his troupe, among them Alice Dunning, Miss A. Harris, and Messrs. Roberts, Pope and Bullings. The cast of the play was an effective one, and the performance was satisfactory. Miss Dunning has a sweet face, with a profusion of golden hair, and is graceful in her stage presence; her voice is strong and effective, and is heard to good advantage in this house. The remaining characters were all well taken, especially Miss Harris as Mrs. Davies, who is one of the best old women I have seen in this city. The event of the evening was the character business of Lingard. His entertainment was divided into three parts; the first incinded his original sketches, and embraced 'Capt. Jinks,' 'Young Widow,' 'Dutch Dulor'Boy' and 'Walking Down Broadway.' All of these sketches had been given us before by his many imitators, but there are none better" than Lingard. His imitators were too extravagard is neat and graceful in his personases them with taste. His changes are d his facial action is good. His second part of sketches, in which he personated 'The e Melancholy Man,' 'The Jolly Man,' 'The and the 'Indignant Mother-in-Law.' The ts entirely of character personations of Napoleon I., Corsican Brothers, Chas. ce Dudley Buckley put the house in hter. Mr. Lingard will no doubt play ent. At the close of his personations the curtain and made a little speech. udience for their kind reception of earance, he said that the late fiasco nt matters had made him very nervous, but he assured the public that himself and company would do everything to make their performance proper and creditable. The conclusion of the entertainment was 'All that Glitters is not Gold,' Alice Dunning personating Martha Gibbs, and Lingard enacting the *role* of Toby. .....At McVicker's Mr. Leffingwell commenced an engagement on Feb. 28th to only a moderate house, appearing as Sam Sample in the comedy of 'Billaria.' Mr. Leffingwell is humorous in the *role*, but is altogether too broad. The situations of the play are very good and give him a chance to show his humor in the scene with Mrs. Fester, in which he is very funny. The play passed off smoothly and everybody present enjoyed a hearty laugh. The performance concluded with 'Romeo Jaffier Jenkins,' with Mr. Leffingwell in the title *role*. T. B. McDonough's comedy of 'The Coming Man' is in preparation at this house.....At Aiken's Museum the beautiful play of 'Effie Deans' proved such a success last week that Manager Aiken has kept it on this (past) week. It is an excellent play, well rendered, and is worthy the patronage of our theatre goers. F. L. Keller, the stage manager, has a benefit on March 4th, presenting 'Naval Engagements' and 'Rob Roy.' John Sullon, the comedian, commences an engagement at this house on March 7th, appearing in the 'Lancashire Lass.'"

MRS. F. B. CONWAY appears as Simon Simple in Byron's comedy of "Not Such a Fool as he Looks" at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, this week.

MRS. EMMA WALLER made her re-appearance at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on Feb. 28th, as Meg Merrilies, in the drama of "Guy Mannering." The house was crowded. Mrs. Waller's appearance on the stage, says our correspondent, "Rover," was the signal for loud and continued applause, and it was some time before she could go on with the play. Mrs. Waller was well supported by a select company from Booth's Theatre."

JOHN R. ALLEN, with the Morlacchi *ballet* troupe and the spectacular drama of "Undine," was to have opened at the Opera House, Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 28th, but, owing to the preparations not having been completed, it was postponed until March 1st. The company was organized in New York city and this is the first place they have performed at. Our correspondent, "Agate," says:—"The engagement was made at a late day, and, consequently, the preparations were not as complete as could be wished; but, notwithstanding this, Mr. Allen put a large force to work, and, on the 1st, was witnessed the finest sets and transformation scene ever gotten up in this city. The *ballet* is composed of Morlacchi, Ricci, Antonini, Giovanna, Mazzeri, Setti, Louise Mazzeri and twenty-four *coryphees*. The first night one of the largest houses of the season was present and testified their appreciation of the great Morlacchi. On each night since the house has been crowded. They stay two weeks."

MR. ALBERT CASSEDY, business manager, inserts his address in our advertising columns. Mr. Cassedy is experienced in professional matters, has been confined to his home in Philadelphia during the present season by important business of a non-professional character, we are told, but will resume his place in the theatrical field next season.

LITTLE NELLIE is traveling as the star feature with P. E. Connolly's dramatic company through Ohio. On March 3d the troupe were in Wooster, and the "Lancashire Lass" was performed, with Little Nellie as Ruth, supported by Robert Johnston as the Parry by the Name of Johnson. J. P. Matthews, Mary Lane, Lizzie Hardy, Clara Angelo, J. K. Vernon, and G. C. Brydon are in the company. This week Little Nellie is at the Opera House, Massillon. By reference to our advertising columns the reader will see a card from Little Nellie containing extracts from the press and complimenting the abilities of this lady.

"LITTLE NELL," the child, lately from California, appeared in Rockford, Ill., on March 1st, 2d and 3d in the drama of "Maimi," supported by Harry Moreland and company.

A SMART SOUBRETTE and an utility man; also, sensational stars, are wanted for Wilson & Clarke's company. See card in another column.

LOTTA is at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, opening there on the 7th inst., in "The Little Detective." A new drama, written expressly for Lotta, by Edmund Falconer, entitled "Heart's Ease," is in rehearsal..... Charles Fechter is the reigning attraction at the Walnut, opening on the 7th in "Hamlet."..... Frank Mayo having concluded his engagement at the Chestnut, the current week will be devoted to benefits, and various dramas and comedies by a stock company.

FECHTER closes at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 19th inst. He re-appears in Boston on April 4th.

KATE DENIN opened at the Academy of Music, Omaha, on Feb. 25th, supported by John Wilson. Our correspondent "Waverly" says:—"They opened in 'Romeo and Juliet,' with Miss Denin as Romeo, Wilson as Mercutio and Cordelilla Cappell as Juliet. Mrs. DeBar, who has just returned from Salt Lake Theatre, did the Nurse. Miss Denin dressed and acted Romeo in a charming manner. Especial mention should be made of Cordelilla Cappell for her perfect rendition of Juliet. Mr. E. Mills as the Friar also gave excellent support. Miss Denin appeared in 'The Female Detective' and the burlesque of 'Black Eyed Susan' on Feb. 26th. Marietta Ravel opened on Feb 28th in 'The French Spy,' which was repeated on March 1st, and 'Wizard Skiff' given on the 2d. To-night (3d) she appears in 'The Angel of Midnight' and for her benefit on the 4th, 'The Wept of the Wish-Ton-Wish,' and tight rope business. She remains another week, and will be followed by Edwin Adams on the 14th.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE opened at the Opera House, Detroit, Mich., on Feb. 28th, in "The Forty

...been received here by him through the ... cable. Since then additional testimony ... Deroside Dument, a laundress, swearing that it was ... Durand's clothing, which were ... blood after the horsewhipping; that at dejendant's room plaintiff exhibited to deponent the lacerated wounds on his person, from which the blood had flowed, and that deponent knows that defendant was in the habit, for twelve years previously, of beating and ... the plaintiff.

Billy Y. Condit, proprietress of the house, No. 27 Clinton place, where plaintiff and defendant boarded since May, 1868, testified that in May last Mrs. Durand rushed in terror into the laundry and begged deponent to protect her, saying:—"Miss ——, oh, hide me, Mrs. Condit; Durand is after me with a pistol and is going to shoot me!" Durand subsequently rushed excitedly into the laundry and asked for Mrs. Durand, and deponent believes if Mrs. Durand had not been already hidden in the pantry defendant would have taken her life; his conduct towards her generally was brutal in the extreme, and after the false report of plaintiff's death Durand had the "cheek" to appear in "crape" around his hat and pretended to feel much sorrow, though within a week he began to pay his addresses to a young lady in the house. The husband of the last witness also corroborates the main features of the last witness' affidavit. H. D. Caswell, clerk at the Continental Bank, testified that Durand had an account in the bank amounting in the aggregate, from August, 1868, to July, 1869, to $600,000; the account is in the name of Mary Durand. Dr. Pinnell testified that he was called to attend the plaintiff on the 28th of October last, and that he found her body covered with marks and discolorations, the effects of blows with a lash or whip. Affidavits of other witnesses were read in corroboration of the medical testimony. This concludes the testimony for the plaintiff. The defendant, Joseph Durand, is estimated in his own behalf an affidavit denying all the charges and allegations made against him by his wife. The motion was elaborately argued *pro* and *con*, and Judge Spencer took the papers, reserving his decision, but stressing that the bail be increased.

A Belle of the South is penographed as follows by the Louisville Courier:—'A pretty figure of moderate height and plenitude; soft brown hair, fine and glossy, with an auburnish sheen in it; delicate, well cut features a straight and beautifully chiseled nose, with large, thin nostrils; a mouth made up of dimples, Cupid's bows, pearls, rose leaves and warmth; dark brown eyes, tinged with hazel and shaded by long lashes and a piercing sense of expression; dark eyes with lethal, full of sensibility, and a most complacent self-assurance; small ears, tinted like the ...; a neck of snow and a bust and shoulders Canova would have raved to have made immortal in marble; shiny face, and moving as soft as if made only to caress a graceful, dignified bearing; a low voice, sweet and musical; a mind ... and ... Domestic and sensitive.'

Mr. ... has ... inherited ... Father in New Albany, Ind., for ... long ago entwined by the great people of his ... Knowing there was a ... deer on the premises, the lover took an equally ... for with him and set the two to fighting. While we did ... were trying to separate the combative beasts, the girl ... out the back door and was married to her devoted ...

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

W. A. SHUTTLEWORTH.—Your valuable contributions shall have due attention. The "I move" will not be available.

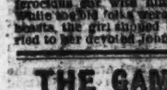
A CORRESPONDENT.—In commenting upon and ... this ... 703, observe that if Black 1...P to K Kt 5; ... best defence of procedure. We will look at the end-game "P ... 8 Pawns first in with Knig. 7th. 1...B to K 4, P ... K B P ... Other ... Your "Interval" in chess is a sufficient reason for us.

C. DEFFEBACH.—Received, and shall have all due attention. Mr. ... Chess Record" was too late for the first table, but shall ... the ... A ... a final response from Theo., about that "bit gone" or ... Its magazine was furnished with over ... pieces ... time left, you see.

All Puzzles, we believe, fully answered by mail.

Enigma No. 710.

BY PONZIANI.



White to play and give mate in eight moves.

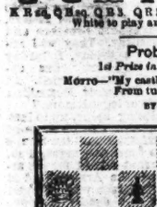
Problem No. 710.

1st Prize in Michigan State Tourney.

MOTTO—"My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone."—*Scott.*

BY JOHN P. SWAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 710.

Played between Mr. McConnell, of New Orleans and our contributor, G. Kaltbleib, Esq., during the absence of Mr. B.'s play.

RUY LOPEZ KT.'S GAMBIT.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
McConnell.	Reichsh.m.	McConnell.	Reichsheim.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	13. Q to K 2	K R to K sq
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-Q 3	14. Q-her B 4	Q-B-Kt 5
3. K B-Kt 5	K Kt-B 3	15. P-Q 3	B x K Kt
4. Q Kt-Q 5	K B-B 4	16. P x B	K Kt-Q sq
5. Castles	Castles	17. Kt-Q 4	K R-K sq
6. K B x Kt	Q P x B	18. K-her Kt sq	Q-K B 3 (a)
7. K Kt x P	K B-Q 5	19. Q-B 4	P-Q B 4 (and)
8. K Kt x K B	Q P x P	20. P x P	Q x Q
9. Kt x B	K Kt x P	21. B-R Kt sq,	but gave up.
10. K Kt x B	P x Kt		

The defence announces mate in thirteen moves.
(a) This *coup* determines the victory.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

H. O. JEWELL, Canaseria, N. Y.—The position *should* stand thus:—Black man on 3; Black Kings on 9, 14 and 27; White man on 11, if indeed such White is to move and draw ... B. Syracuse, N. Y.—solutions O. K. Yes, problems are acceptable.

MARTIN REAMER, Caldwell, N. J.—Begin at the upper left hand ... double corner, calling the square No. 1; proceed across the row, calling the upper right hand square No. 4. Beginning again at the left, which is 5, you proceed to the right, precisely as you would follow the lines in reading, blending back at the 8 and directly under, which will give the lower right hand square as No. 32.

T. A. HENSHAW, Jr., East Woburn, Mass.—Cash received ($2.00). We should be happy to oblige you, but have not the time to do so, so far as Andersonville Whig is concerned. When the new edition of the "Elements" is out we will send you a copy, if you like. The money is subject to your order.

D. O. PRICE, St. Louis, Mo.—Thanks.

A. R. W.—Too obvious; try again.

R. B. KEYS.—O. K.

E. F. WILSON.—Do.

Game No. 43.—Vol. XVII.

PLAYED BETWEEN MESSRS RADCLIFFE AND DEPEW.

"CROSS."

Black. Radcliffe.	White. Depew.	Black. Radcliffe.	White. Depew.
1...11 to 16	21 to 18	13...22 to 18	31 to 17
2...8 15	23 19	14...25 22	29 25
3...12 23	25 18	15...29 25	31 26 (a)
4...9 13	17 14 (a)	15...7 10	27 23
5...10 17	24 20	17...6 9	26 22
6...6 10	30 25	18...10 15	25 14 (d)
7...10 17	29 24	19...15 19	23 7
8...1 6	31 26	20...8 11	28 23
9...10 15	26 19	21...23 29	30 24
10...10 17	22 21	22...4 8	24 19
11...17 22	21 17	23...6 10 (c)	19 15
12...13 17	31 26		Black wins.

(a) Then home the men. (b) The only defence by which to prolong. (c) Evidently trying to keep White out of the king row. (d) The very move that Mr. S. wished for. (e) He cannot keep him from a King.

Solution of Position No. 83.—Vol. XVII.

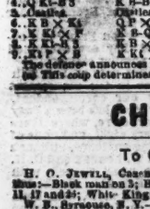
BY W. A. SHUTTLEWORTH.

White.	Black.	White.
1...15 to 10	1...11 to 15	2...9 to 6, and wins.

Position No. 85, Vol. 17. Position No. 86, Vol. 17.

BY D. O'BRIEN. BY W. A. SHUTTLEWORTH.

BLACK. BLACK.



WHITE. WHITE.

White to move and win. White to move and draw

ANECDOTE OF A FRENCH CRITIC.—The following story about M. Francesque Sarcey, a well known theatrical critic, is given by a Paris paper. M. Sarcey was engaged to give a sort of critique of a new piece which was about to appear at the Gaiété. He had been warned that a number of young students had agreed to give him a *charivari* for a very sharp article which he had written in the Gaulois against the Irreconcilables in the various colleges of Paris. He determined, however, to brave the storm, and, accordingly, when, on his appearance, he was assailed with hisses and groans, he held firm and waited for the storm to blow over a little. At last he said—"Gentlemen, this meeting has nothing to do with politics. (Loud interruption.) The noise which sends our ears here is caused by some observations, entitled 'Drame,' which I lately published. In that article I took the liberty of saying, when speaking of the collegians, 'Ils ont bien dit; il faudrait une maison neuve!' (Renewed uproar, which lasted some time.) I now add that, if silence is made, I withdraw the second part of that phrase; whereas, if the noise continues, I repeat the first part." Loud applause, laughter and hisses followed; but in the end order was restored and the lecturer was able to proceed.

THE RING.

A GALLANT RING ENCOUNTER

BETWEEN

BILLY EDWARDS, THE WONDER,

AND

SAM COLLYER, THE PHENOMENON,

For $1,000 A Side, at 124 Pounds.

Fought at Mystic Island, N. Y., March 2d.

A SQUARE, UP-AND-UP FIGHT.

EDWARDS WINS—KNOCKING SAM OUT OF TIME.

FORTY ROUNDS IN FORTY-SEVEN MINUTES.

The great prize ring engagement between Billy Edwards and Sam Collyer, constituting their second meeting, for $2,000, at 124lbs., was brought to a culmination at Mystic Island, N. Y., not far from New London, Ct., on Wednesday, March 2d, resulting in another signal victory for the former over the little, dark skinned boxer from "Maryland, my Maryland." We herewith present full details from our special reporter.

THE MEN.

WILLIAM EDWARDS commenced his probationary existence on this mundane sphere at West Birmingham, England, on St. Thomas' Day, 1844, and as a natural consequence he is now in his twenty-sixth year. In height, he reaches 5 feet 4¼ inches, without his Oxford ties, is a well-built, muscular young fellow, powerfully developed about the arms and upper portion of the body, of very light complexion, light brown hair and blue eyes, and in appearance looks like anything else but a fighter. He learned the trade of an iron moulder in the old country, where he was thrown among the boxing element, and evincing a decided fancy for the noble art, he took lessons from some good men, and by frequent practice became quite a proficient with the gloves. Having heard so much about the giant Republic of the West, he became possessed with a desire to visit the land of promise himself, and, acting upon the idea, arrived in New York on the 10th of May, 1865. Appearing shortly afterward at a sparring exhibition, he showed his metropolis his ability as an artist in the fighting line, and since then he has taken a prominent part in nearly every exhibition of this character which has taken place in this city or vicinity, as well as many outside, always proving a big card. He has ever been ready to "have a go" with anybody at all near his size, and it's been very seldom, indeed, that he has been bested, even by men much heavier than himself. His numerous sets-to with poor Dead and gone Jim Fox will long be remembered by the fraternity as amongst the most exciting they ever witnessed. The rivalry produced thus came very near bringing about a match between them, a meeting being held for that purpose, but they failed to come to terms, owing, it was universally believed, to the preponderance of the Fox element. The falling through of these negotiations occasioned much disappointment, as a meeting in the ring was earnestly desired by the fraternity, that the question of who was the better man should be settled beyond further controversy. Edwards continued to work pretty steadily at his business until February, 1868, when, having been promised the necessary funds, and being desirous of trying himself with the naked fists, he accepted the challenge issued by Sam Collyer, and entered into his first scratch. After taking benefits in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston and other places, none of which proved very remunerative, about six weeks before the day fixed upon he located himself at Morrisville, Pa., opposite Trenton, N. J., where he commenced a regular course of preparation under the mentorship of Dooney Harris. They fought at Cherry Point, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac river, August 24th, 1868, for $2,000 and the Light Weight championship of America, Edwards winning after fighting 47 rounds in 1 hour and 14 minutes, Collyer being knocked out of time. This was his maiden essay within the circle of hemp, and his only appearance therein until Wednesday, March 2d. Billy has a very genteel personnel and pleasing address, is rather modest and retiring in disposition, and by his gentlemanly demeanor and unassuming manner commands the respect and esteem of those with whom he is thrown in contact.

SAM COLLYER (right name, Walter Jamieson) is of Scotch descent although having been ushered into existence at Bologne, France, in 1842. In height he stands 5 feet 5½ inches in his stockings, and when in trim for battle lowers the beam to 123lbs. His parents removed from the sausage district while Sam was but an infant, and his childhood was passed in Britain until he had attained his fifteenth year, when the family emigrated to the Land of Washington, settling in Williamsburgh, L. I. Like all the hardy sons of Auld Scotia, Sam was exceedingly fond of athletic pastimes, especially boxing, and while yet in his teens took an active part in a number of sparring exhibitions in Williamsburgh, the qualities which he then gave evidence of possessing causing him to be looked upon as a very likely young fellow. At the breaking out of the rebellion he joined the 130th regiment N. Y. S. V., and served with credit until its termination, having risen to the rank of orderly. Collyer took up his residence in the Monumental City, from whence he was backed for his maiden encounter in the squared circle, with a young fellow named Mike Carr, *alias* John English, formerly of New York, where he had a turn-up with Johnny Grady in the "bloody sixth." They fought near Baltimore, March 16th, 1866. Sam polishing his rival off in just 14 rounds and 24 minutes. He scored his second victory over Race Bolster, called Horatio for short, near Alexandria, Va., for $300 a side, May 8th, 1866, 40 rounds being fought in 55 minutes. Between these matches Sam tried to get on with Jim Kerrigan, and articles were drawn up, signed, sealed and delivered, and a forfeit of $25 placed in our hands by either party. Through some misunderstanding, however, the match fell through, and Sam was matched to fight Jack Dempsey, of Troy, on the night of February 12th, and Collyer took one at Sanderson's Opera House, Baltimore, on the 16th ult., winding up with Barney Aaron, his former antagonist, who was with him after leaving the Monumental City, on February 26th, up to the day of battle. He likewise had an exhibition in Williamsburgh, L. I., on the 20th ult., which was largely attended. The impression was prevalent that Collyer's anxiety to secure a second meeting with Billy, and his extreme confidence in his ability to secure the victory, led him to overstep the bounds marked out by prudence in agreeing to fight at 124 lbs., when his proper weight is 123 lbs., and it was not believed that he could get below 126 lbs., and he'd be to fight a fresh man, who was milling above his weight, if anything; consequently the majority of the knowing ones fancied the New Yorker most, offering odds on him.

THE DEPARTURE.

On Tuesday, March 1st, Edwards, accompanied by his trainers, Dooney Harris and Bob Smith, Harry Hill, Kit Burns and his assistant, Commissioner Jack Jennings, with one or two others, left New York for New London by the 12.15 P. M. train on the New Haven railroad, arriving at their destination about 3 o'clock P. M. Collyer, accompanied by his trainer, Cuddy, his young son and a couple of three friends, reached New London a couple of hours later. Here it was found that, in order to avoid the interference of the authorities, if any were contemplated, the parties entrusted with the management of affairs in that place had changed the locality of the fighting ground from Fisher's Island, the spot originally selected, to Mystic Island, or, as it is also termed, Bradford Island; but this newly chosen spot was only communicated to a select few. No time was lost in dispatching both men across the Thames river to Groton, where conveyances were in readiness to carry them to a village named Noank, where a large boat was engaged to row the entire party to Mystic Island, a mile distant. In summer this island is a favorite and fashionable resort, having a large hotel and dwelling house, in which reside the two men who take care of the place through out the long, dreary winter. Here the principals and their attendants secured sleeping apartments, and after supper both of themselves retired to prepare for the momentous contest of the ensuing day. A large party, including our reporter, left this city by the 3 o'clock P. M. train, arriving in New London about 8 P. M., while the great bulk of the crowd patronized the water route, Dan Noble and two other parties having made arrangements for an excursion trip to the fighting ground via the Sound steamer to New London, and thence by the steam tug Thomas Swan, chartered for the purpose.

On the arrival of our reporter at New London he was privately informed of the change made in the programme and of the new spot selected. Dick Freeman's billiard saloon, formerly kept by the cuelist, Melvin Foster, was the *rendezvous* for the New Yorkers, and was crowded by the residents of the town, who were eager to hear all the particulars of the forthcoming gladiatorial contest. The parties who professed to have the direction of affairs in charge managed to keep a great deal of mystery about the place where the mill was to come off, and great was the curiosity of the boys to learn its precise whereabouts. Harry Hill, who was known to be in the secret, was followed by a crowd wherever he went, and as the evening advanced, and the time for starting approached, he had to resort to a ruse to throw his foll owers off his track. After giving our reporter and a couple of friends a "pointer" for each separately and quietly detached himself from the crowd and silently made his way down to the river side, where a boat was in waiting to row the party across to Groton. The clocks of New London were chiming midnight as the party were silently crossing the dark river to Groton, the stars in the heaven above affording sufficient light to direct the course of the oarsmen. At Groton we found a couple of sleighs awaiting us, and leaving Kit Burns and his assistant acting in the barn, they having to follow later on with the ropes and stakes, we started for Noank. Our route lay along the shore of the Sound, and as we silently glided over the frozen surface of the deep snow we could see at intervals the lights of New London on the opposite side of the river, and the signal lights of the vessels at anchor. A long, weary ride of seven or eight miles brought us to a solitary depot on the railroad, and our driver proceeded across a field to an isolated dwelling house, to awake the ferryman who was to row us across Mystic river to the island which was our destination. He was soon ready, and, following him, we came to a rickety pier, where we found a boat lying, in which we embarked. A long row over the dark waters, with no light visible but that afforded by the stars above us; a cold, bitter wind sweeping across the sound, and chilling the travelers to the marrow, and no sound audible except the plashing of the oars in the water, and at last, at 2 o'clock in the morning, Mystic Island was reached, the party landed, and the ferryman retraced his course home. Before us stood a long, large building, from whose windows no light gleamed; but beyond, in a smaller house, we saw the welcome rays of a lamp through the curtains. Approaching the door, we knocked, and in reply to the inquiry "Who's there?" the name "Harry Hill" acted as the "Open Sesame," showing that he was an expected visitor. Most welcome was the cheering warmth of the bright glowing stove after our long, cold ride by land and water, and, though no refreshments, liquid or solid, were obtainable, one of our party had taken the precaution of laying in a store of provisions and bottled ale while in New London, which he now produced, and ample justice was done to them by the hungry party. We found that Edwards and Collyer were both asleep up stairs, and the landlord, Mr. Brewer, was loud in his expressions of indignation at Mystic Landing being made the scene of the contemplated prize fight, a circumstance which he declared would ruin the place as a fashionable summer resort. He had no objection to their fighting at Fisher's Island, some five miles distant, but they ought not to make his little island the scene of battle. Finding himself powerless to prevent the irruption of barbarians, he resigned himself to circumstances, and, acting on Dooney Harris' advice, earlier on, he refused to supply us with any refreshments, and we passed the long hours of the night away as best we could. Some endeavored to snatch a little sleep as they lay on the tables and chairs of the warm room. At last day broke, and further arrivals soon increased the number of visitors to a large crowd.

THE WEIGHING.

The articles specified that the men were to weigh between the hours of 4 and 10 o'clock on the morning of the fight, between which hours they were to be in the ring, accordingly, about nine o'clock, Harry Hill produced the scales he had brought with him, and Edwards sat down first. He weighed exactly 120¾ lbs., and, being thus well under the stipulated weight, felt all right, and rambled into bed again to rest until summoned for the ring. Collyer followed and pulled down the beam at 123½ lbs., and he also retired to his couch.

THE PREPARATIONS OF THE RING.

Some delay ensued about this matter, the commissioner refusing to begin until he was paid his fee of $25 by the Collyer party, Edwards' backer, Harry Hill, having deposited his quota before leaving New York. Kit, however, at last got his money, and he soon had the posts driven into the hard ground. The ring was pitched on a piece of ground about fifty yards from the house, and was an elevated platform, built from the sound close by sweeping over it unchecked, and causing numbers to regret that they ever came to see the mill. It was only a single ring, and not a double one, as it ought to have been, but it was now too late to alter it.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER.

At 9 o'clock the excursion steamer arrived at the dock and landed a crowd of upwards of twelve hundred persons. A number of sporting men came from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, Providence, and indeed all parts of the States. They rushed around in search of liquor and food, but none was obtainable, for Mr. Brewer had prudently locked up everything. The fight was now the only subject of discussion, the new comers eagerly questioning those who had arrived earlier about the condition of the men and the state of the betting. We regret to say that many who are seldom absent from a ring side, and whom we have met on such occasions for over a dozen years past. Among them are such well known sports as Tommy Walsh, Bob Foster, Tommy Burns, John O'Donnell, John Mulholland, Johnny Murray, Dan Noble, Billy Tracy, Johnny Murphy, Barney Aaron, Owney Geoghegan, Billy Donnelly, Reddy the Blacksmith, Rickey Moore, Johnny Tierny, Andy Sheehan, and a host of others.

CHOOSING THE REFEREE.

Before leaving the hotel the backers of the principals met together to choose the referee. Several parties were proposed, but eventually the choice fell on William Tracy, who was agreeable to both parties. Rickey Moore was named as Edwards' umpire and Billy Donnelly for Collyer. Dooney Harris and Barney Aaron then tossed for choice of corners, and Harris won the point for his protegé, Edwards. A move was now made for the ring side, as everything was in readiness for the fight. From some cause, however, considerable delay took place before the men made their appearance, and the crowd, beginning to get impatient, a purse was collected for an impromptu scratch fight between the Hoboken Clipper and another fighter, whose name and person was unknown to us. Before the men got to work the master of the Edwards came flying into the ring, and, amid loud cheering, he stepped within the ropes and took his seat on a chair placed in his corner. The aspiring pugilists were summarily hustled out of the ring, and then Collyer's cap was thrown in, the owner following it himself. He also took a chair for Edwards, and both proceeded with the arranging of their ring toilet. Edwards' colors were a buff silk with purple spot; those of Collyer were blue with white and black figure, and broad white border.

THE BETTING

was now commenced by Dan Noble stepping in the ring and offering to bet $60, $100 or $500 that Edwards won the fight. The only response was by a friend of Collyer's taking the smaller bet of $50, while Johnny Tierny went him $20 on Collyer just from opposition to his old chum. These were all the outside wagers on the fight we saw made, and we never saw a mill on the results of which there was less speculation at the ring side. Edwards now crossed over to Collyer's corner and asked him if he wished to bet anything on the fight, to which Sam at first declined, with a minute afterwards he crossed the ring, and, amid gun at cheering, offered Edwards a bet of $100, which was promptly covered by the latter, and the money put in Johnny Murray's hands. Dooney Harris and Bob Smith were Edwards' seconds, while Owney Geoghegan and Barney Aaron were the squires of the Baltimore pugilist. Everything being in readiness, the men threw off the outer coverings which protected them from the cold and appeared in the orthodox ring costume.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. At precisely, 9.35 A. M. time was called; the men and seconds met in the centre of the ring, shook hands, and without any delay the fight commenced. At the men stood opposed to each other at the scratch their appearance and positions were critically and eagerly scrutinized. Edwards, having won the choice of corners, had taken the northwest corner, which gave him the advantage of slightly elevated ground, the sight and shining upon both men. Edwards' position was easy and artistic, and much neater than Sam's, whose guard was held rather low. There was a striking contrast in the two men, the comely, thick set, muscular built frame of Collyer, with its dark, tanned skin, showing markedly in comparison with the lithe, elegant but well knit form of Edwards, whose skin was almost as fair as a child's and as fine as a woman's. But all these differences were a recognized source of great hands of confidence on the arms and shoulders, which stood out like bunches of whipcord and moved like gliding serpents under the fair skin that covered them. The perfect health was visible in his bright, deep-set eye, clear skin and fine muscular tone, reflecting credit on his trainer, Dooney Harris, and his *aide de camp*, Bob Smith. Collyer's sturdy, thick-set frame appeared far more muscular than that of his opponent, and there was need for greater difference in weight between the two than there was in reality, but his legs and thighs were unusually good and strong, the muscles of his arms well developed and his head free a regular fighting one. As I eyed the loyal and brave-eyed little countenance expressed confidence and determination, and a resolution to do or die in the coming struggle, and time recalls the interest he had lost at Cherry Point in 1868. Edwards' face was also expressive of the greatest confidence and determination, and the movements of his opponent. They sparred for some time at arm's length, Edwards leading off with his left on Collyer's nose, the latter countering on the forehead. A sharp set-to ensued, Edwards getting heavily on the face, while Collyer got well home on Billy's left cheek. The men then clinched, and, after some little in fighting, both went down, Collyer on top.

2 Both men were prompt when time was called to toeing the mark, and Collyer led off and got in a left on Edwards' right cheek, the latter retaliating with a rib roaster, and then right and left on Sam's nasal organ, drawing the claret and gaining first blood. Sharp exchanges followed, and in the clinch Edwards threw Collyer, both going down. Blood was visible on Edwards forehead, and Collyer's opponents claimed the first event, but it had already been decided in favor of Edwards.)

3 Edwards, after some sparring, shot out his left fair on Sam's right eye, cutting the skin and rousing on the claret. Collyer retorted on the cheek, but received a hot one on the nose. Heavy exchanges followed, Edwards' hitting being much more effective than Sam's. In the struggle for the fall, which ensued the round, both went down, Edwards underneath.

4 Both prompt to time and there was no delay in getting to work. Collyer was bleeding from a cut on the brow, while Edwards had got the bare peeled from one cheek and over his right eye. Sam led out on the breast, and was countered with a heavy left-hander on the ribs and a right-hander on the forehead. Edwards rushing in, clinched, and after a short struggle both went down together on the frozen and slippery snow, Edwards uppermost.

5 Collyer led off but was out of distance, and Edwards planted his left dab full on the chest, again turning on the tap from the old cock. The latter returned with a rib roaster, clinched, and both went down together, Collyer above.

6 Collyer rushed in, but Edwards met him with a sledge hammer hit as he came right on the forehead, which sent him staggering backwards, and, unable to keep his feet on the frozen snow, he went to grass, Edwards waiting to his corner amid loud cheering. (*First knock down for Edwards.*)

7 Collyer came out bleeding and his face much disfigured. He rushed in, led off, and missed, as did Edwards. Again they came together in the centre of the ring and after some merry exchanges at half arm fighting they clinched and both went down together.

8 Both prompt to call of time. Collyer led off with a right hander on Edwards' eye, Billy remaining with a straight shot from the shoulder fair on Sam's forehead, which cut like a razor. This riled Sam, and he got in a hit on the mouth, then clinched and threw Billy, both going down.

9 As the men stood at the scratch it was seen that Sam had suffered the most punishment, his face being badly cut, disfigured and bleeding profusely, while Edwards had seemingly only a few scratches of no consequence. Sam led off, his blow coming on Billy's face, but was too short to do any damage. Edwards returned with a heavy blow on the temple. Both now missed in their delivery, when Sam headed on the forehead and received a rattling right hander on the eye, which staggered him, and, as he was falling, Edwards dashed in and hit him heavily right and left, clinched and threw him, amid the cheers of his partisans.

10 Collyer showed signs of severe punishment, and offers of $100 to $50 were made on Edwards winning. Both missed as they led off, but came together again, exchanged a few ineffectual hits, and both were down in the struggle for the fall.

11 Sam was first at the scratch and seemingly eager for the fray. Edwards commenced work first and planted his left on Sam's nose, drawing a profuse stream of blood. They then clinched and Billy threw his opponent cleverly and fell on him.

12 Edwards rushed in as soon as they toed the scratch, missed and was countered on the nose, but returned in their delivery, then clinched and went down together. Collyer appeared much distressed. This was a short round, for both missed in their deliveries, then clinched and went down together. Collyer uppermost.

13 Edwards came up fresh and smiling; Collyer bleeding from several cuts. This was a short round, for both missed in their deliveries, then clinched and went down together. Collyer uppermost.

14 Both men were slow to time and will in his delivery and Edwards planted right and left with stunning severity on the chest and neck, and repeating Collyer down. Loud cheering from the Edwards division.

15 Collyer led off, but was short, and, slipping forward, Edwards got him round the neck, and, having got his head in chancery, played away merrily with his right on the temple, neck and face, Sam being helpless. Getting loose, Billy planted his left on the mouth and threw him heavily, adding his own weight to the fall. Loud cheering from the New York division, and any odds were offered on Billy's winning.

16 Both men were slow and cautious and missed as they came together. Sparring, sharp exchanges ensued in Edwards' favor, whose blows had a power and vim in them that Collyer's sadly lacked. In the close to the round both went down in the struggle for the fall.

17 Edwards showed some signs of distress, and Sam's friends tried to encourage him by pointing this out to him. Billy led off, but was out of distance, and received Sam's right hand on the temple. Ambidd Edwards easy to get home, and this time he was successful on the left temple and ear, and Sam went down on his hands and knees. Sam's mouth and nose. Sam was no idle, for he delivered both hands on Edwards' head and finished the round by throwing Edwards and falling on him.

18 Collyer led off but was out of distance, and Edwards planted his left dab full on the chest, again turning on the tap from the old cock. The latter returned with a rib roaster, clinched, and both went down together, Collyer above.

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Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Akron, Ohio.—"Beckel Opera House"—J. S. Church.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
East Saginaw, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. L. Davis.
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Roome's Hall"—M. W. Roome.
Kansas City, Mo.—"Frank's Hall"—C. J. Frank.
Erie, Pa.—"Farrar Hall"—Wm. J. Sed & Co.
Wilkesbarre, Pa.—"Liberty Hall"—S. Franenthal.
Williamsburg, L. I.—"Opera House"—Hoe.
Beloit Wis.—"Union Hall"—A. B. Carpenter & Co.
Newark, O.—"Wallace's Opera House"—Geo. Wallace.
Aurora, Ill.—"Brady's Hall"—Thomas Tousley.
Phœnixville, Pa.—"Temperance Hall"—W. W. Waltnaight.
Louisville, Ky.—"Masonic Temple"—Wm. Cromey.
Charleston, S. C.—"Academy of Music"—J. L. Moses.
Taunton, Mass.—"White's New Music Hall"—L. E. & A. E. White
Johnstown, Pa.—"Main Street Opera House"—John Parke.
Biddeford, Me.—"Shaw's New Hall"—Ivory Goodwin.
Mattawan, N. Y.—"Mechanics' Hall."
Quincy, Ill.—"Opera House"—Samuel Langdon.
Agency, Wis.—"Union Hall"—John D. Wood.
Freeport, Ill.—"Wilcoxon Opera House"—T. Wilcoxon
Peoria, Ill.—"Rouse's Opera Hall"—S. Rouse.
Greenwood, Ind.—"Continental Hall"—Chas. Etheridge.
Richmond, Ind.—"Lyceum Hall"—Luther Crocker.
Phœnixville, Pa.—"Masonic Hall."
Council Bluffs, Iowa.—"Burhop's Opera House"—H. Burhop.
Syracuse, N. Y.—"Shakespeare Hall"—Stephen Bastable.
Coshocton, O.—"New Central Hall"—A. S. Stevenson.
Louisville, Ky.—"Weisiger Hall"—J. M. Boggs.
Canton, O.—"Schaefer's Opera House"—L. Schaefer.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—W. A. McClurg.
South Bend, Ind.—"Academy of Music"—D. A. Veasey.
Jackson, Mich.—"Union Hall"—Geo. W. Stevenson.
Columbus, O.—"Wagner's Hall"—C. A. Wagner.
Reading, Pa.—"Keystone Opera House"—D. P. Lash.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Union Hall"—R. W. Hunt.
Shelbyville, Ind.—"Blessing Opera House"—J. Blessing.
Knoxville, Tenn.—"Foxite's Hall"—B. Foxite.
Charleston, S. C.—"Music Halls"—Julius L. Moses.
Corry, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—Eugene Wright.
Kankakee, Ill.—"Knecht's Hall"—J. G. Knecht

Theatrical Goods Dealers, Show Bill Printers, etc.

For particulars see advertisements in this issue of the CLIPPER.

Show Bill Printers.—Sherman & Co., 14 and 16 Spruce st., N. Y.
W. H. Wade & Co., Eve. News Job Office, Richmond, Va.
Torry Brothers, 13 Spruce street, N. Y.
Ferd. Mayer & Sons, 96 and 98 Fulton st., N. Y.
Alex. Calhoun, 262 Main st., Hartford, Conn.
Wood Engravers.—Roylance & Purcell, 105 Nassau street, N. Y.
Theatrical Goods.—Shannon, Miller & Crane, 46 Malcen Lane, N. Y.
Vandenhoff & Co., 30 Bowery, N. Y.
Geo. S. Thurber, 129 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham, 19 Maiden Lane, N.Y.
E. B. Kent, 173 Bowery, N. Y.
Theatrical Shoemakers.—Somers & Neatock, 270 Bowery, N. Y.
J. O'Donnell, 260 Bowery, N. Y.
Jig and Clog Dancing.—Jno. Bogan, 100 E. Houston st. N. Y.
Mrs. J. K. Buckley, 578 Hudson street, N. Y.
Griggs & Bacon, 249 Grand street, N. Y.
Banjo.—Henry C. Dobson, 260 Bowery, N. Y
John Bogan, as above.
Theatrical Agents.—Davis & Co., Cincinnati, O.
E. Fitzgerald, 612 Broadway, N. Y.
J. M. Mortimer, 817 Walnut st., Philad'a, Pa.
John Hun'ley, 636 Broadway, N. Y.
Bill Posters.—P. G. Bacus, Erie, Pa.
Wm. Sayre, Newark, O.
Steel & Co., Reading, Pa.
C. Snyder, Tuckerton, N. J.
Geo. F. Weaver, Scranton, Pa.
Prismatic Lights.—McLewee & Putnam, 561 Broadway, N. Y.
Circus Tents, etc.—Jas. Martin & Son, 114 Commercial st., Boston, Mass
Scenic Artists.—L. W. Seavey, 684 Broadway, N. Y.
J. Brunn, 640 Broadway, N. Y.
Magical Apparatus.—H. Harts, 748 Broadway, N. Y.
Costumes.—Mrs. Taylor, 578 Bowery, N. Y.
Plays.—O. A. Brownson, Dunleith, Iowa.
Theatrical Wigs.—Schmidt & Footner, 21 East Houston st., N. Y.

Hotels and Saloons.

Worden Hotel—143 to 146 E. 14th st., N. Y.—G. F. Worden.
St. Charles Hotel—Broadway and Bleecker, N. Y.—G. L. Leand.
Nell Bryan's—Cor. 32d street and Broadway, New York.
Central Hotel—Providence, R. I.—Hopkins & Sears.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, March 7, '70.

THE SEASON of festivities is supposed to have come to a close on Tuesday of last week, Ash Wednesday being the first of the forty days and forty nights which complete the Lenten term, during which time it is not considered *en regle* to indulge in the foolish frivolities of fast life, to attend balls, parties, dramatic entertainments or such like exhibitions; when it is also the bounden duty of the piously inclined to abstain from making gluttons of themselves for the period mentioned, and to devote themselves to spiritual works, thus showing a bright example to the rising generation of fast people who are increasing with wonderful numerousness in this enlightened age of reason and reign of terror. Yet, notwithstanding the advent of Lent, with all its pains and penalties for those who transgress its laws, we find but little change in the condition, desires and indulgences of the people of the Great Metropolis. The majority of our theatres are doing remarkably well, some of them exhibiting an unusually healthy state of the exchequer, and only those depending upon the Irish element exhibiting any signs of weakness. Neither do we see that the presence of Lent has had the effect to lessen the weekly catalogue of crimes with which the "respectable dailies" manage to season their otherwise tame and insipid bill of fare; the average of cold-blooded murders being about one per day, with side dishes of rape, rapine, fire, sword, and pistol so manifold as to compel newspapers to omit moral essays and touching incidents of domestic happiness in order to crowd in the sort of fare the highly respectable reader of the daily is so fond of perusing while he takes his matutinal meal. [Matutinal meal, the uninformed reader will please observe, is breakfast, but that word is too vulgar for the educated classes of the present day to understand.—ED. CLIP.].....And speaking about meals, a horrible rumor has obtained currency of late, a rumor calculated to freeze the young blood and make each particularly blonde or other hair stand erect like quills upon the frightened porcupine, as "Our Jim" will persist in misquoting it. And this rumor takes the form of a *threat* to abolish the lunch route! We have already heard the low rumbling of the thunder that will make itself heard should such a diabolical threat be consummated. This is too popular a feature of metropolitan life to be trifled with, for there are hundreds, yea thousands of our floating population whose very existence depends upon the continuance of their old time institution, men who have grown grey in their daily pursuit of the good things which make the lunch route and its managers so attractive with the masses; men whose tastes and sound judgment in matters of the *cuisine* have assisted in building up a reputation for our lunch providers second to none in the Union. We cannot believe that there is any foundation for such a mischievous rumor; we look upon it as the invention of a clique of superannuated boarding house women, whose poisonous provender and deleterious beverages have driven their boarders to the only refuge left them—the friendly lunch counter. Would the conductors of that route be so lost to all sense of shame, of gratitude, of benevolence as to abolish free trade in "vittles" at a time when gold is going down by the run and provisions are becoming, like Epsom salts, a drug in the market? The mischief this confounded rumor is calculated to create is incalculable! Already we hear, that, acting upon the report, some of the professional rounders—who knew every nook and corner in the great city where the lunch has an abiding place—have sold numbers of routes "short," as they say down in Wall street, in the hope that, when the "ring" has manipulated the wires as far as they will go, the "shorts" may come with a rush on the market, and bear down everything before them. Let our warning voice be heard in the matter—holders of good lunch routes be advised by us—do not sell at a sacrifice; *prices must advance* in view of the fact that cheap boarding houses are now cutting down their bill of fare to a very low ebb, consequent upon their desire to see their boarders fast and pray more, and eat less during the season of Lent, which must drive the victims to the lunch route, enhance the value of that trade, and bring the institution into still greater popularity. Therefore, we repeat, "hold fast to that which is good—let it not go, for it is thy life."..... Polished reader, do you ever beat time with your feet at places of amusement when "shoo Fly," or some similar fashionable piece of music is being performed? No? We *thought* not; but there are people who take the greatest delight in this *recherche* pastime, yet we cannot understand the taste which induces it; neither can a correspondent who has interviewed us on the subject. "Our Jim," however, who does a good deal of it himself when he visits the theatres or music halls, seems to understand it better, as will be seen by the annexed scrap:

"WHY IS THIS THUS?"

An enquiring corr. pondent
Madly asks, at fever heat,
"Why at concerts bookish people
Always beat time with their feet."

Not knowing, we enquire
Of Jim, who fiercely rolls
His eyes, and proudly answers
"'Cos they have music in their soles."

.....Answer to prize conundrum in our last:—"Because he handled the Mace."..... ..Can a man be said to be fond of the "little brown jug" because he practices jug-ary?

(The person which inwented this atrosh us joak (?) ort to die at wonst, by the jug-or-not.—OUR JIM.).....We recently read in a French paper—(This will quietly convey the impression that we are conversant with the French language)—about a surreptitious young chap in Paris who has for some time past been engaged in the infamous practice of getting free tickets for the-atres by forging the names of prominent newspaper and other men who have the run of the box office. He tried it once too often, however, for the man whose name he forged happened to be getting some tickets for himself at the very moment when the other impostor made his demand. Here was a dilemma from which the forger could not extricate himself; he was arrested, tried and convicted, and thereupon received a *free pass* to the prison, where he will *pass* a few weeks unmolested. Let like evil doers in this city be warned by the fate of the Frenchman.....Did you ever attempt to walk on a tight rope? If you havn't made the attempt, *don't*; just because we used to walk on our hands in imitation of the circus chaps who did all sorts of dorseys in the ring when the show spread its canvas in our village some years ago, we have always had a hankering after clowns and somersetters, and standers, and the like, and we have walked fences just as easy as "falling off a log," as the saying goes; but it was not until a few days ago that we had the opportunity afforded us of walking a tight rope. Tell you how it was: one of our tight-ropists, who is practising for the coming tenting season, invited us to see him perform a number of new evolutions; he went along the slender pathway so easy and fearlessly that we requested permission to try a go at it ourself. Willing to oblige us, the circus man got off and we got on. Gentlemen, it is worse than standing on the slippery deck of a ship in a dreadful storm at sea. You know how unsteady and lop-sided you feel when you are entirely under the pernicious influence of the flowing bowl, don't you? Well, that isn't a circumstance. We say that we got up on the rope; *how* we got down, *how* we got home, and *why* we have been absent from our post so long, is a mystery that will never, probably, be solved. When we "came to," it was on a bed of sickness, with sticking plasters, raw oysters, beef and fly blisters all over us. We took a look in the mirror, and at once came to the conclusion that we had been in a prize fight with Collyer and Edwards, had got knocked out of time, and that the roughs who had lost money on us had broken in the ring, cut and slashed and kicked us in the most unfeeling manner, and left us weltering in our gore, with "no one to love, and none to caress." Boys, never attempt to walk the tight rope without you train for it; walking on your hands or standing on your head won't help you to walk a rope; one of us is enough to get injured; don't *you* try it. *We* have given up walking the rope—it is not half as safe or reliable as the sidewalk, although the profession assure us it is and that they feel just as safe on the rope as on dry land. Before we fell in love with Katey, Jessop's daughter. Supposing Coram to be lost at sea, Rawlings induces Franklin to take him into copartnership. He then sets about to effect the ruin of Franklin and compel Laura Franklin to wed him. He accordingly induces Jessop to visit Franklin in disguise and represent himself as Walter Coram, who has not been lost at sea. It so happens that Rawlings has the chests of Coram's brought from the banking house secretly to the house of Jessop while Coram is in the room; the latter sees and examines them, and satisfies himself that they are his property, and at once mistrusts that something wrong is going on. He therefore is known only as Mr. Walter, and thus through five acts he tracks the villainous conspiracy. Discovering a photograph of Coram's in his valise, the plotters learn that he is the real Walter Coram and at once resolve to put him out of the way. He proceeds to his room in the garret of Jessop's house, and while there he is barred in and the house set on fire, but he escapes through the roof, assisted by Katey and Smyly, an errand boy, who had reached the roof by the house adjoining. The drama ends with the marriage of Walter Coram to Katey, and the banishment of Rawlings and Jessop to Australia. There is not much originality in the separate incidents. The situations are good, but the method by which they are arrived at is inartistic, and the emotions to which they are traced are false. The drama has been well placed upon the stage, fairly acted, and the scenic effects are deserving of considerable praise. The fire scene, good as it is, is surpassed in equal degree by that at Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in the same piece. It approaches almost as near a real conflagration as it is possible to make it, however. The bridge scene and the steamboat pier are very effectively presented. The acting, as we have said, is fair. The heroine, Katey, was personated by Madeline Henriques. J. H. Stoddart, one of the best eccentric actors on the boards, played Jessop in a clever manner, frequently convulsing his audience by his facial acting. Effie Germon was sprightly and pleasing as Smyly, an errand boy. Mr. J. W. Wallack appeared as Walter Coram, Owen Marlowe as Colebrooke, Charles Fisher as Rawlings, Mrs. Phillips as Laura, and Mrs. John Sefton as Mrs. Jessop. The sensation of the drama is the fire scene and the rescue of Coram, but this scarcely repays the visitor for the long and, at times, prosy dialogue he is forced to listen to before the fire is reached. The attendance was large in the early part of the week, but there were evidences of a falling off in the upper portion of the house towards the close. Nearly an entire bench in the dress circle, which we had been told in the morning had been sold when we sought to purchase tickets, was unoccupied until the close of the first act, and then was taken possession of by those in the rear. How is this accounted for?

Sig. Barili, well known in the musical world of this city, gave a concert at Steinway Hall on the 3d inst. He leaves shortly for California.

ALEX. HENDERSON, manager of the Lydia Thompson troupe, reached this city on the 2d inst. from the west.

"NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES" is in preparation at Wallack's Theatre, and will follow the drama of "Lost at Sea."

MESSRS. CHICKERING & SONS intend erecting a music hall in the rear of their present sales-rooms, No. 11 East Fourteenth street. The building will be of brick, thirty-seven feet wide by forty-nine deep (the size of the hall). It is to be used entirely in connection with their business and for private concerts. The seating capacity will be for about four hundred persons. The floor is to be of maple, laid in narrow strips, and surrounded by a border of hard woods handsomely inlaid. The room will be twenty-two feet in height and finished off in white and gold. The light will be admitted from a large skylight dome, and from windows in each corner, the building partially octagonal in shape. The seats, which it is now proposed to have moveable, will be upholstered to correspond with the decoration of the interior of the auditorium.

THERE is no more enjoyable entertainment offered anywhere in this city than that given by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels at their beautiful little theatre, 720 Broadway. Not only is the opening entertaining, but the olio embraces a number of very amusing acts and introduces the "Only Leon" in various sketches, his performances evincing considerable originality and humor, as well as denoting the careful study of an artist. The "Faust" burlesque continues to meet with favor, the sword combat between Kelly and Purdy nightly calling forth enthusiastic applause, while the comical by-play of Cool Burgess, Surridge and others, in the school scene, convulses the audiences with laughter. A couple of hours can be very pleasantly passed with this troupe.

THE WILLIAMSES continue their engagements at Niblo's Garden, but so far their business has not been very encouraging to the managers or performers, as the house has not been two-thirds filled any night the past week. They came in a very unfortunate time of the year, as Lent is upon them and the very class of people that the Williamses look to for support remain away from places of amusement during the Lenten season. Charles Thorne, Jr., withdrew from the cast of "Unfinfallen" after Tuesday evening, the 1st inst., and his role has since been played by Alex. Fitzgerald in a satisfactory manner. Jennie Hughes continues to receive considerable applause for her singing of the ballad of "Killarney." The Williamses close their engagement on April 2d.

THE LYDIA THOMPSON TROUPE re-appear in this city at Niblo's Garden on April 4th. Prior to opening here they take a rest of two weeks, and, during this engagement, will produce a new burlesque, written expressly for them by H. J. Byron, of England.

"FROU-FROU" has proved a legitimate success at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, which is crowded nightly, and standing room is difficult to obtain after the performance has commenced. This has been Mr. Daly's first great success at this house, and he is deserving of it, for it is one of the best acted, most superbly mounted productions seen for some time.

MR. GEORGE L. FOX commences this evening the fourth week of his performance of Hamlet at the Olympic Theatre. This exceedingly clever travesty has proved as great a hit as "Humpty Dumpty," and is attracting not only crowded audiences every evening, but the *matinees* of Wednesday and Saturday are very large. That Mr. Fox's assumption of the melancholy Dane is entirely different from that of any other we have ever witnessed is most true, but it is also true that he satisfies his audiences equally as well as any of his predecessors. His extreme melancholy throughout the performance is most laughable to witness, and no one who is at all familiar with him as a pantomimist can lose sight of his Humpty Dumpty, or avoid getting the one *role* mixed up with the other. For a real good two and a half hours' enjoyment spend an evening at the Olympic and witness Mr. Fox and his assistants "fix" "Hamlet" in a manner to make you laugh.

THE FIRST REJUVENATION of the spectacle of "The Twelve Temptations" takes place at the Grand Opera House this evening. Several additions have been made to the piece and there will also be a *ballet* called "The Demon *Can-can*," arranged by Sig. Costa, introducing, in addition to Roze, Ajax and Brunetti, Cora Adriana and Oberti, *premiere danseuses*, also a much larger *corps de ballet*, something that was needed the first night this spectacle was presented.

LOTTA arrived in this city on the 3d inst. and left on the 5th for Philadelphia.

LISA WEBER, Edward Righton and Clara Fisher, having terminated their engagement at Wood's Museum, a new burlesque company appear this week, consisting of Jennie Willmore, Felix Rogers, Ada Harland, Emily Pitt, Lizzie Willmore, Moses Fiske and others, who will appear in the burlesque of "Pygmalion."

EDWIN BOOTH is in the tenth week of his performance of "Hamlet," at his Theatre on Twenty-third street, and the audiences continue quite large. While the upper gallery is not largely attended, it is impossible to obtain a seat in the orchestra or parquet circle for a week in advance, excepting from the speculators. It may surprise many of our readers to know that, in looking over an old account book lately belonging to the treasurer of the old Park Theatre, we saw that the elder Booth played "Hamlet" many a night to less than $150, while his son considers $1,200 a poor house. The elder Booth was in his day considered one of the greatest geniuses that ever broke forth on the dramatic horizon, but with all his genius he could not succeed in doing what his son has done with the aid of the stage carpenter and the scenic artist. Mrs. Waller continues her performance of Bianca on Saturday evening.

C. H. CLARKE, one of the managers of Wilson and Clarke's dramatic company located in Halifax, arrived in this city on the 4th and intends to remain here a few days.

DOMINICK MURRAY and Josephine Fiddes opened their engagement of five weeks at Wood's Museum on Feb. 28th, in a sensational drama by C. Osborne called "The Golden Bubble." The play is an interesting one and was well represented by the stars and Louis Mestayer, the rest of the characters not amounting to much. Pierre La Croche is a peasant living on the estate of a Marquis, and has grown up as a playmate of Clarisse, daughter of the Marquis. In early life he climbed to the top of a tree to save a pet of hers, and accidentally fell to the ground, leaving him hunchbacked. At the opening of the play he is in love with Clarisse, who treats him disdainfully. Near the estate of the Marquis is a small cottage where lies his mother very sick. The Marquis determines to destroy the cottage in order to have a fish pond made there. He accordingly orders Pierre La Croche's mother to be removed to other quarters, and the excitement kills her. This so exasperates Pierre that he avows vengeance on the Marquis. Jacques, a friend of Pierre's, opposes the interference of the workmen, and he is sent to the galleys for five years, and Pierre is consigned to the bastile by the Marquis. Seven years elapse between the first and second acts. At the commencement of the second act Pierre, who was a poor slave in the previous act, now appears as the wealthiest man in all France. He has become so wealthy that the Regent is constantly borrowing money from him, and the Cardinal is his intimate friend. He is the master of the fine estate formerly owned by the Marquis and where he was a servant, while the Marquis is a ruined man. The latter has a son in the bastile who is to be hung that day, and he applies to Pierre for his influence to save him. He orders him from the house, when his daughter, Clarisse, appears and begs for her brother's life; and when she assures him that it was she who caused his discharge from the bastile, he relents and has the son and brother's life saved. Clarisse then agrees to become his wife, she thinking that her first love (Victor de Monteneaux) had been drowned. Just as Pierre is to marry Clarisse, Victor appears, and, after much inward suffering and seeing that Clarisse loves Victor, he gives her to Victor and the curtain drops. As we stated above, it is an interesting play, one that appeals to the sympathies of an audience. As Pierre, Mr. Murray held and carried his listeners with him throughout the piece. He appeared to decided advantage, and acted in a manner that evinced the possession of more dramatic ability than he can expect to give proof of in Irish characters. He was very well supported by his wife, Josephine Fiddes, who dressed and acted the *role* Clarisse in a most satisfactory manner. Louis Mestayer, who made his re-appearance at this establishment as the peasant Jacques, is deserving of praise for his capital performance. He fairly divided the honors with the stars. The piece was well placed upon the stage, one of the sets being the best thing yet exhibited at this establishment in that line. The attendance during the week was good.

THE REALISTIC drama of "Lost at Sea"—Boucicault and Byron's offspring—was produced at Wallack's Theatre, for the first time in this city, on Feb. 25th. It had been previously played in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and various other cities. Writing of plays in collaboration is seldom witnessed in this country, and from the association of two writers of talent and experience like Boucicault and Byron, something better than "Lost at Sea" ought to be expected. That it has interest, and fulfils certain conditions of success, we admit; but there is so little new business or original situations in it that we are surprised to find two such experienced dramatists working up such old realisms as the fire scene and foot of Hungerford Bridge, together with a very old plot, which serves to bring in the principal scenes of interest. Briefly summed up, the plot, which will be easily seen has done service to many a play, is as follows:—Walter Coram, a wealthy man, residing at Calcutta, has sent on to a London banker (Franklin) a deposit of £50,000, and this money has been used by the banker to save him from ruin. At the opening of the piece Walter Coram is reported to have been lost at sea, but prior to his intended departure he sends to Franklin, the banker, a number of chests containing his papers and money. These chests are taken late at night to the banking house of Franklin, but are received by Rawlings, a confidential clerk of Franklin's, and by him secretly removed from thence to the house of Jessop, a quack doctor, a friend of his. Walter Coram changes his mind, does not take the steamer but arrives in London by the overland route unknown to any one. He takes up his abode at the residence of Jessop, where he has been living some little time and, of course, falls in love with Jessop's daughter, Katey. Supposing Coram to be lost at sea, Rawlings induces Franklin to take him into copartnership. He then sets about to effect the ruin of Franklin and compel Laura Franklin to wed him. He accordingly induces Jessop to visit Franklin in disguise and represent himself as Walter Coram, who has not been lost at sea. It so happens that Rawlings has the chests of Coram's brought from the banking house secretly to the house of Jessop while Coram is in the room; the latter sees and examines them, and satisfies himself that they are his property, and at once mistrusts that something wrong is going on. He therefore is known only as Mr. Walter, and thus through five acts he tracks the villainous conspiracy. Discovering a photograph of Coram's in his valise, the plotters learn that he is the real Walter Coram and at once resolve to put him out of the way. He proceeds to his room in the garret of Jessop's house, and while there he is barred in and the house set on fire, but he escapes through the roof, assisted by Katey and Smyly, an errand boy, who had reached the roof by the house adjoining. The drama ends with the marriage of Walter Coram to Katey, and the banishment of Rawlings and Jessop to Australia. There is not much originality in the separate incidents. The situations are good, but the method by which they are arrived at is inartistic, and the emotions to which they are traced are false. The drama has been well placed upon the stage, fairly acted, and the scenic effects are deserving of considerable praise. The fire scene, good as it is, is surpassed in equal degree by that at Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in the same piece. It approaches almost as near a real conflagration as it is possible to make it, however. The bridge scene and the steamboat pier are very effectively presented. The acting, as we have said, is fair. The heroine, Katey, was personated by Madeline Henriques. J. H. Stoddart, one of the best eccentric actors on the boards, played Jessop in a clever manner, frequently convulsing his audience by his facial acting. Effie Germon was sprightly and pleasing as Smyly, an errand boy. Mr. J. W. Wallack appeared as Walter Coram, Owen Marlowe as Colebrooke, Charles Fisher as Rawlings, Mrs. Phillips as Laura, and Mrs. John Sefton as Mrs. Jessop. The sensation of the drama is the fire scene and the rescue of Coram, but this scarcely repays the visitor for the long and, at times, prosy dialogue he is forced to listen to before the fire is reached. The attendance was large in the early part of the week, but there were evidences of a falling off in the upper portion of the house towards the close. Nearly an entire bench in the dress circle, which we had been told in the morning had been sold when we sought to purchase tickets, was unoccupied until the close of the first act, and then was taken possession of by those in the rear. How is this accounted for?

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS possess all the elements of success, but their business has not been so good of late as it was at the opening of the present season, and this cannot be attributed to the absence of Mr. Wambold, for he has been apparent before the re-tired. Messrs. Norman and Lavallee have been added to the troupe since Wambold abdicated. Bobby Newcomb was off duty several evenings of late on account of illness; his latest song and dance is called "The Beautiful Waltzer."

THE ARABS at Lent's Circus act just like a lot of wild men when going through their "terrific leaps." They are worth seeing. Melville and his little boy do an exciting equestrian act, while Robert Suckney has been doing a four horse act, which helped to make his father so popular years ago. Pauline Hindley's fearless leaps through hoops, balloons, and something that looks like an uncovered "tunnel," are deserving of all praise; but the attendance is not at all large, and Mr. Lent will have to introduce something fresh and attractive if he desires to wind up the season successfully. The Levantine Brothers are worthy of commendation for the manner in which they go through their difficult feats on the horizontal bar and crystal pyramids.

TONY PASTOR announces as his fresh attractions for his Opera House this week, John Denier, Maggie Willett and Francois Siegrist's troupe of performing dogs. Frank Kerns and Nelse Seymour do a burlesque prize fight, and the evening's entertainment closes with a drama by John F. Poole, called "The Irishman in Cuba."

VERY FEW CHANGES take place in the programme of the present week presented by Manager Butler, of the Theatre Comique. The Clodoche Troupe appear in the pantomime of "Robert Macaire." Master Barney, Agnes Sutherland, Jennie Kimball and her pupil, La Petite Corinne, Charles Howard and the *ballet* are features.

MR. ROLLIN HOWARD has recently returned home from his starring tour in very poor health and has had to relinquish all his spring engagements—that is, for the present. He has been confined to his bed with gastric fever for two weeks.

MR. F. MCMAHON was married in this city on Dec. 16th, 1869, to Alice Maude Braham.

RODEY MAGUIRE, well known in the variety business as a heavy ballancer of some pretension to merit, died in this city on the 5th inst., after a lingering illness. He was twenty-nine years of age. His funeral takes place on the 8th inst., from 160 West Twenty-eighth street.

MISS SYLVESTER, daughter of Prof. Sylvester, died in this city on March 2d. This lady, who died at the early age of about seventeen years, came to this country during the present season with her father, and together made their *debut* at the Tammany in startling and phenomenal combinations. The principal business of Miss Sylvester was called "Lights and Shadows of Character in the Human Face," while Mr. Sylvester did several other things. They came to this country under engagement to Palmer & Pratt, for the Tammany, from the Polytechnic Institute London. In consequence of some misunderstanding with the managers, Mr. and Miss Sylvester did not remain at the Tammany their full time, and a few weeks ago they started for a tour through the south, accompanied by James W. Taylor. They reached Charleston, S. C., the only place they performed, where the business was so bad that they were glad to return immediately to New York, arriving here on the 1st inst. Miss Sylvester was very ill when she arrived here and died the following day, leaving the family in such straitened circumstances that collections were made at the various theatres to defray the expenses of the funeral.

Dramatic.

THE LAURI FAMILY, pantomimists, opened an engagement at Fox's American, Philadelphia, on Monday evening, 7th inst., in "Tot." The Rizarelli brothers remain another week and appear in their great aerial acts. Miss Ada Wray also appears this week. The programme is unusually attractive.

"NOT GUILTY," which proved so successful at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is announced for production at the Boston Theatre on the 14th inst.

JOHN BROUGHAM was the attraction at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., the past week. He began an engagement of five nights on Feb. 28th in "Red Light," which retained the boards the remaining four nights to rather light houses. The piece, says our correspondent, "Mose," "was well put upon the stage, and, with one or two exceptions, well enacted by the company. Fanny Prestige surprised all by the acceptable manner in which she played the part of Annie Steele. May Fiske acquitted herself with credit as Lady Arlington. Mrs. E. A. Eberle as Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. W. C. Miller as Mary Steele, and Miss Lizzie Goodwin as Mrs. Simmons, sustained their respective parts creditably. On March 4th, for Mr. Brougham's benefit, 'David Copperfield' and 'Pocahontas' were presented to a house about two-thirds full. Mr. B. left for New York on the 5th. Mrs. E. T. Stetson, leading lady, was discharged from the company on the 2d. Nelly Sandford has been engaged to take her place. James H. Ward, the Irish comedian, is the attraction for next (this) week."

HARRY HOTTO, low comedian, is in Pittsburgh, Pa., taking a resting spell.

"AFTER DARK" was produced by the stock company at the Opera House, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Feb. 28th. Miss Osborne as Eliza, also S. K. Chester, Meeker and Moreland are well spoken of by our correspondent, "J. E. B.," who adds:—"Wood Benson comedian of the establishment, was the recipient of a benefit on the 2d inst., when 'Waiting for the Verdict' and the 'Highwayman's Holiday' were given to a fair auditory. The same bill was repeated on the 3d for the benefit of the door tenders, officers and ushers of the house. A large audience was present. Henrietta Osborne was the *beneficiaire* on the 4th, and her friends and admirers filled the house. The 'Lady of Lyons' and 'Taming of the Shrew' constituted the bill. 'After Dark' will be given for the Saturday *matinee*, and on Saturday evening Arthur Palmer, scene painter, and Chas. Crosby, machinist, take a joint benefit, when Harry Hotto will appear as the comedian of the evening. Next (this) week Frank Mayo opens in the 'Streets of New York.' His engagement is for six nights only; then come the Lydia Thompson Troupe."

EDWIN FORREST continues his tour through the west, supported by the National Theatre company from Cincinnati. He closed in Springfield, O., on the 4th inst., going thence to Urbana, Bellefontaine, Lima, Logansport and Lafayette.

PLUNKETT'S COMPANY played in Rock Island, Ill., on the 4th and 5th inst., and were to go thence to Moline for six nights and so on towards Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Couldock are the star attractions.

BIDWELL'S DRAMATIC COMPANY closed their season in Portland, Me., on the 2d inst. with "Oliver Twist" and the farce of "Peter White." They opened at Biddeford on the 3d, playing "Peggy the Actress," with Dollie Bidwell as Peggy, Lillie Wilkinson as Mabel and Mora Decosta as Kitty Clive. On the 4th "Long Strike" and "Irish Heiress;" 5th, "Nick of the Woods" and "Two Gregories." They were to open in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 7th for three nights, and go thence to Manchester for one week.

MR. AND MRS. WM. J. FLORENCE began a six nights' engagement at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, on Feb. 28th. Our correspondent says:—"The bill was made up 'Born to Good Luck' and 'Mischievous Annie.' 'The Irish Emigrant' and the 'Yankee Housekeeper' were presented on March 1st. The laughable comedietta, 'Irish Assurance and Yankee Modesty' and 'The Manager's Daughter' on the 2d, was witnessed by a much larger house than those of the preceding nights. The Irish play called 'Inshavogue' was produced on the 3d, and was well received. The 'Irish Lion,' 'Thrice Married' and 'A Returned Volunteer' were presented for the benefit of the stars on the 4th. The same bill was given at the *matinee* on the 5th. '

lowing night to a fine house, the sympathy of the public being with them.

TWO LADIES advertise that they can be engaged, one as first old women and the other as first and second chambermaid.

MR. MATLACH, of the Wheatley Dramatic Association, Philadelphia, made his appearance on the regular stage in that city, at the Arch Street Theatre, on Feb. 23th, as Hamlet. He will probably do better when he has had more experience on the legitimate boards.

BOSTON was well attended to the past week in the way of novelties presented by the managers of the several places of amusement, under date of March 5th. Our correspondent, "Coriolanus," writes us as follows:—"'Frou-Frou,' as translated by Fred. Williams, was produced at the Boston Museum to a large audience on Feb. 28th, and, judging from the crowds it has drawn during the week, it is destined for a lenthy run. It is a pleasing drama, possessing all the requisites for success—well drawn characters, swiftness of action, and sparkling dialogue—and Mr. Williams deserves credit for the admirable manner in which he has translated it. It has been produced with an excellent cast, fine scenery and all the little attentions to detail for which the Museum is famous. The scenery throughout is admirable, but especial mention ought to be made of the first act, representing a salon in the *chateau* de Bitgard. It is an open room looking out upon a most beautiful park. The fourth act, however, is the finest scene in the play. It is an elegant apartment in a Venetian house, looking out upon the watery streets of Venice, with the picturesque gondolas passing and repassing. Ever and anon an Italian *barcarole* floats in upon the ear, which adds a show of reality to the picture. Of the acting, praise is due to all who were in the cast. First, there was Annie Clark as the lighthearted, gay Frou-Frou, who acted charmingly in the light passages, but showed to the best advantage in the more serious parts, especially in the last act, where she returns home broken hearted to die. Warren as Baron de Cambri deserves the next mention for making it one of the most prominent characters in the drama. Barron was very good as Henri de Sartorys, and McClannin was an admirable Brigard. Hardenbergh failed as De Valgreas, as the part is rather out of his line. Fanny Marsh was not so satisfactory as Louise. Mrs. Vincent was amusing as Baroness de Cambri, and Ada Gilmore made the most of the small part of Pauline. On the whole, we have every reason to be pleased with 'Frou-Frou,' and await with interest Mr. Daly's version of it at Selwyn's next (this) week. 'Angel of Midnight,' 'Central Park,' Tom Taylor's comedy, 'New Men and Old Acres,' and Byron's comedy, 'Not Such a Fool as he Looks,' are all underlined for speedy production, and 'She Stoops to Conquer' is to be revised in good style.....The Lyceum, after struggling through a brief existence, has closed as a regular theatre. Willard left on Feb. 26th, and on March 3d Mr. Thorne (Sen., shut up shop. Leo Hudson took a benefit on Feb. 28th, in the 'French Spy' and 'Ben Bolt' to nearly empty benches. John D. Murray intends opening it to-night in 'Rip Van Winkle.'.....At Selwyn's, 'Little Em'ly' reached its forty-ninth and last performance this afternoon (5th). On March 7th, Daly's 'Frou-Frou' receives its initial performance, and that gentleman is now in this city superintending the final rehearsals, so that all may go well the first night. Stuart Robson's benefit occurred on Feb. 26th, and drew together a crowded house. At the close of the second piece he was called out and made a neat speech, in which he announced his departure from our city at the close of this season. On March 3d, Kittie Blanchard took a benefit, and another large house was in attendance. 'Masks and Faces' and the 'People's Lawyer' were played. This was the first time the former play had been produced at this house, and it met with quite a success. The *beneficiaire* was called before the curtain and was presented with a multitude of beautiful flowers. To-night (5th) a capital bill is offered, consisting of 'A Cheerful Reception,' 'Hamlet' and the 'People's Lawyer.' Arthur M. Rankin has been engaged to take Vandenhoff's late place for the remainder of the season. Stuart Robson leaves at the end of the season. Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, former leading lady here, is engaged to occupy that position again next season, and Mr. Selwyn is endeavoring, I believe, to secure Fanny Morant and Josie Orton for next season, also B. Wolf (Josie Orton's husband) as musical director.....At the Boston Theatre Mr. Fechter has played during the week to a succession of large audiences. On Feb. 28th and March 1st he presented 'Ruy Blas.' On March 2d he presented 'Lady of Lyons,' playing Claude Melnotte quite acceptably. In this character he has shown us the most complete impersonation of any he has attempted, and a great deal of what we heard about him in the part he has fulfilled. Miss Le Clercq did quite well as Pauline, playing in a careful, pleasing style. Bangs as Beauseant was good. Allen as Col. Damas and Miss Jones as Widow Melnotte were also good. Last night (4th) for his benefit he repeated 'Ruy Blas,' to a large audience, and this afternoon he gives 'Lady of Lyons.' The largest house of the week was in attendance on March 3d, when he gave 'Hamlet' for the last time. To-night (5th) D. J. Maginness takes a benefit, presenting the 'Colleen Bawn' and 'Happy Man.' Next (this) week Lester Wallack opens a brief season of light comedies, for which he is so famous. This is Mr. Wallack's first professional appearance in our city, and curiosity alone would ensure for him large audiences. His opening bill is to be 'Captain of the Watch' and 'Woodcock's Little Game.'"

Musical.

THE MENDELLSOHN QUARTETTE CLUB, of Boston, appear in Toledo, O., March 10th.

THE PEAK FAMILY—William, Sr.—were in Lancaster, Pa., on the 2d inst.

CARLOTTA PATTI, under the management of MAX STRAKOSCH, was to open at the Savannah Theatre on March 7th.

PRESENTATIONS.—L. L. Morris, the Dutch comedian, is reported to have been presented on Feb. 26th, in Boston, with a gold watch and chain valued at $200. Gus Williams is also said to have been the recipient the same evening of diamond shirt studs valued at $200.

GEO. SPENCE, snare drummer, song and dance and general performer, desires an engagement. His address is in another column.

THE SECOND GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE AGE lately came off successfully at San Francisco, Cal., in the Mechanic Pavilion. It was duly inaugurated on Feb. 22d, Washington's birthday. There were fully ten thousand persons in the building, not including the chorus and musicians. Just before the commencement of the concert Madame Urso came upon the stage and was received with several rounds of applause. The concert commenced at half-past two with "Jubilee Overture," by two hundred instruments, which was greeted with a round of applause, and was followed by one of Zoelner's choruses, for male voices, rendered by delegations from the several German singing societies of California, numbering about a hundred and fifty. There were in all, including orchestra, about fifteen hundred musicians. The military band then played a *pot pouri*, introducing national melodies. At a signal from Mr. Herold the assemblage rose and joined in rendering the majestic anthem, "America." "My Country 'tis of Thee." Every voice aided in swelling the splendid harmony—twelve hundred voices and two hundred instruments—the full drum *corps* assisting, and, at the proper periods, the thunder of several pieces of artillery, discharged just outside. The next piece was the Grand Chorus (from "Moses in Egypt"), "Night Shades no Longer," also rendered by the entire choral and instrumental force. The "Euryanthe" chorus was given by the German Societies, with the *obligato* by twenty instruments. The feature of the day was the Anvil Chorus, rendered by full chorus, orchestra, military band, drum *corps*, 100 firemen beating on fifty anvils, and bells and cannon accompaniment. The "Star Spangled Banner" and "Tannhauser March" closed the performance. At the northeast corner of the Pavilion was stationed a detachment of thirty men of Company A, Thomas's Battery, First California Guard, under Lieut. R. G. Brush commanding, with six ten pound rifled field pieces. These pieces were connected by wire with a switch board behind the great organ in the Pavilion, and were fired at the proper time in the choruses by means of frictional or enduced electricity. There was another rush on the second day. The concert commenced with an overture to "Ali Baba," by Cherubini, by the entire orchestra. Lee grand chorus, "Gloria in Excelsis," from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," was the next piece on the programme, given by a chorus of 1,200 voices. Glade's symphony in C followed, after which "Sleepers, Awake," by Mendelssohn, was given by the choir, accompanied by the band. The "Prayer from Moses in Egypt," by Rossini, followed, and was heartily applauded. The solos were each rendered by four voices singing in unison. Madame Camilla Urso played on a violin solo. It is stated that Madame Urso's violin—or, at least, her favorite one, for she has several—was made in 1737, and she has a standing offer for it in London of $2,000 in gold. An Amati violin is in her collection, and also the prize violin of the Exposition of 1867, which was sent to her by the maker at the close of the Exposition. Her bow was made in 1815. The chorus "The Heavens are Telling," from the "Creation," also the overture to "Der Freischutz," by the military band. The chorus followed with the "Hallelujah." "America" was given in response, the cannon coming in, as in the other chorus, with splendid effect. In answer to yet another *encore* a verse was repeated. During the performance of this one of the field pieces outside was accidentally discharged while the operator was engaged in testing the wires in preparation for the Anvil Chorus, which was enthusiastically received. A feature of the third day was the children, full 1,800 of whom had one thousand small flags distributed among them. They sang the "National Anthem." "Come, Boys, be Merry," was rendered by the boys alone. The ladies next sang, "Where the Warbling Waters Flow," the men followed with "Hail to the Brave Harmonious." "Home, Sweet Home," was beautifully given—the first verse by the girls alone, the second verse by the boys alone, and the third verse by the full chorus. Then came Camilla Urso with a violin solo, introducing "Yankee Doodle." The overture from "Fra Diavolo," the "Mocking Bird," "Tell me where the Fairies Dwell," "Let the Smiles of Youth Appearing," "Come Cheerful Companions" (by boys alone), and "The Star-Spangled Banner," by full chorus, orchestra and military band, closed the concert that day. Friday was to have been the closing day of the festival, with the overture to "Der Freischutz" by the military band, the chorus "Night Shades no Longer," "Hallelujah," and variations on the violin by Camilla Urso. At the conclusion of her solo Madame Urso was literally pelted with bouquets, each one of the 1,200 choristers hurling one from his or her place in the orchestra or from the gallery. The overture to "William Tell" commenced the second part, followed by the choral "Sleepers Awake," the "Anvil Chorus" and the "National Anthem." That evening a grand ball took place in the Pavilion, tendered to Madame Camilla Urso, under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association, as a token of recognition of her valuable services toward the association. The Musical Festival was brought to a close on Saturday, and the prices of admission were reduced.

THE BAKER FAMILY are to sing at Topeka, March 8th, and Lawrence, 9th.

THE ALLEGHANIANS are to be in Lawrence, Kansas, on March 11th.

BLIND TOM was in Adrian, Mich., on March 2d.

G. MCDONALD advertises that he can furnish a brass or string band of any number of pieces at the shortest notice.

THE RUSSIAN VOCALISTS have had quite a disturbance among themselves in Boston, the principals and chorus having separated. Mr. Slaviansky, the tenor and leader, says our correspondent, "Coriolanus," "engaged them in Russia at a salary of $25 to $35 a month, with board, and this was all-sufficient there. Here, however, it was a poor allowance, and especially so since the board provided was not the best. The chorus seeing that there number to ask for an increase in salary and better accommodations, and Mr. Slaviansky, who is of a very hasty temper, angrily kicked the man out of his room. The chorus then determined to have nothing more to do with him, and sent him word of their determination. Mr. Slaviansky's defence is that he had gone to a great expense in bringing them over and in their training, and had sunk altogether fifteen thousand dollars in the venture; that he had promised them an increase in salary the moment he could afford it, and the reason that he had not provided better lodgings was that the landlord of his hotel wouldn't admit them as guests. Whatever may be the truth in the case sympathy is strongly on the side of the chorus, and their concerts are uniformly well attended wherever they sing. Mr. Kreismann, one of our best of local tenors, has on several occasions given his assistance to concerts gratis—an act of charity deserving of praise."

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE gave a season of English opera during the past week at the National Theatre, Washington. Our correspondent says that "considerable dissatisfaction prevailed, chiefly owing to the fact that exorbitant prices of admission were charged. The Richings' troupe never charge more than $1.25 for reserved orchestra chairs, whereas the same seats during the Parepa season were sold for $2.50. Admission to other parts of the house were in like proportion. At the Academy of Music in Philadelphia but $1.50 was charged for reserved chairs; and in Baltimore, at the Concordia, but $2 was asked. Why the management allowed the public to be imposed on in this manner I cannot understand. 'Martiana' was the opera selected for the opening performance. Mad. Parepa Rosa appeared as the pretty *little* Gitana, and Castle, Campbell and Mrs. Seguin in their accustomed characters. All were very cordially welcomed upon appearing, but Mr. Campbell seemed to be indisposed, and the next evening, instead of impersonating his usual character, that of Count Arnheim in the 'Bohemian Girl,' it was very indifferently sustained by G. F. Hall. The 'Marriage of Figaro' was given on the 2d and 4th; 'Martha' on the 3d; 'Fra Diavolo' at the matinee on the 5th, and the 'Puritan's Daughter' in the evening."

THE BERGEN FAMILY BELL RINGERS opened the New Music Hall in the Academy building at Charleston, S. C., on Feb. 21st, and played there three nights. They were at Columbia, S. C., on Feb. 24th, 25th and 26th, and opened at the Savannah Theatre on Feb. 28th, for one week. Their business is said to have been good. They go from Savannah to Macon, Ga., for the 7th, 8th and 9th.

A VERY INTERESTING amateur performance occurred at Odd Fellows' Hall (Navy Yard) Washington, D. C., on the 28th ult., the occasion being the annual exhibition by the pupils of Professor John Esputa's Musical Academy. Our correspondent states that "The professor is looked upon in Washington as an accomplished musician, and if I am not in error was at one time leader of the celebrated marine band of this city. The great proficiency shown by the scholars in both vocal and instrumental efforts was highly complimentary to pupil and teacher. Addie Prosperi was particularly noticeable for the business-like manner in which she dressed and acted a number of character songs, 'Rollicking Rams' and 'Capt. Jinks' being among the collection. Josie Esputa was really excellent in comic songs and duetts and received a liberal share of applause."

THE HARMONIC SOCIETY of Cincinnati, the leading English musical club of that city, is to give a concert at Pike's Musical Hall, Wednesday evening, March 9th.

OLE BULL has been sued in California by a Norwegian to recover $1,144, alleged to be due for work which the plaintiff avers he performed for defendant during the years 1853-5. In the complaint the plaintiff states that he was employed by the defendant to work in his Norwegian colony in Pennsylvania at a salary of $30 per month; that for eighteen months he performed his work faithfully, receiving no remuneration whatever; that the amount due at the end of the eighteen months was $540; that the interest since that time amounts to $604, which makes the amount that he brings suit to recover. It will be remembered that Ole Bull came to the United States in 1852 and purchased 120,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania for the benevolent purpose of establishing a home for those of his countrymen who might be able to better their condition by emigrating to a more genial clime. For some reason the enterprise proved a failure, resulting in the financial ruin of the originator.

OLE BULL appears in Omaha on the 12th and 14th inst.

Variety Halls.

JENNIE BENSON is the latest addition to the company at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, says our correspondent, "Novice." "Her champion clog dance elicits considerable applause, and she is highly rewarded to repeated calls before the curtain. Besides doing a clog, Miss Benson appears as a vocalist. She accompanies her songs with jigs and reels, and rattles through a dance in a manner quite astonishing. The first part of the entertainment continues to be a feature of the performance. Stage Manager Porter acts as interrogator, and McIntyre and Wood remain on the ends. Nelly Edwards and Minnie Grey do the sentimental singing, and the end performers make it lively with their budgets of comicalities. In the olio McIntyre and Wood do a funny act called the 'Hungarian Warblers,' and also appear to advantage in conjunction with Mr. Porter in the 'Black Doctor,' 'Laughing Gas' and 'Scenes in the Prize Ring.' The *ballet divertissement* entitled 'La Sicilisee' is nicely executed and serves to introduce in incidental dances, Sallie Apt, Lizzie Lefevre, Dody Zanfreita and Maggie Wesner. Minnie Grey's 'Active Girl' continues on the bill. It is well received each evening."

A GOOD BUSINESS is said to be done at the Opera House, Fort Scott, Kansas. Jeannette Ross, vocalist, and P. H. Seaman commenced on Feb. 21st, and the "Peter Honts Family," of Mr. Seaman, was to be performed the past week. Among the company are Misses. Azaline and Sallie, Blanche Chapman, Miss Annie, Jim Hays, Chas. Armstrong, the Hawley brothers, Prof. Harman, J. Cook, Paul Fischer and Frank Steele, stage manager.

THE PALACE GARDEN, Grand Rapids, Mich., closed on Feb. 28th.

ANNIE GIBBONS was the recipient of a benefit in Atlanta, Ga., on Feb. 25th, at the Academy of Music.

TALENT is wanted for the Academy of Music, Cincinnati, O. Address as per advertisement.

THE PALACE VARIETIES, Toledo, O., has added May Gifford, Fannie Swiftney, Annie West and Johnny Weaver to its attractions. First class talent is always wanted.

HERR HOLTUM, while performing his cannon ball act at the New American Theatre, Baltimore, the past week, met with quite an accident, one of the cannon balls striking him on the breast and injuring him so severely that he is confined to his room. Celia Berry, also of the New American, is seriously ill. Maggie Nichols, M'lle Bonquette, Louise Evans, May Henning, Matt Wheeler and Joe Warren are at the New American.

LEGGETT AND ALLEN are at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, this week. Managers wishing to secure them for their pedestal act are referred to their card in another column.

THE FRESH ATTRACTIONS this week at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, are Adah Richmond, vocalist; Andy McKee and Harry Stanwood, Ethiopian comedians; J. Nelson and Nelly Hall, *danseuse*. A new *ballet*, entitled "Calypso and Telemaque," will be given, also a new military drama. "The Female Sharpshooters" will be introduced this week.

OF CINCINNATI AFFAIRS our correspondent writes, on the 4th inst., as follows:—"At the Alhambra this week there have been some new faces and some new things. Lew Cavanna entered the company on Monday, instead of Dick Gorman, retired, taking the bone end. He also gave his song and dance. Annie Braddon, balladist, from Nashville, appeared on Monday night and has made a good impression. Miss Lou Rainford, late of Memphis, appeared last night (Thursday) for the first time and was favorably received. She both sings and dances. A pantomime entitled 'Humpty Dumpty' has been the windup this week, J. P. Hill being Clown; Lew Avanna, Pantaloon; Marsh Adams, Harlequin, and Annie Braddon, Columbine. The Can-can exhibition and 'Shoo Fly' have been introduced into it. Biz has been quite brisk at this hall through the week.....At the Race Street Varieties the local burlesque, which has been running from a dim period in antiquity, came to an end on Tuesday evening, in consequence of the sickness of Oscar Willis. A comic pantomime, entitled 'Puff, Puff,' has been substituted. The farce of 'Cousin Joe,' with John Fielding as Cousin Joe, Maggie Fielding as Margery, and Joe Woods as Evergreen, has also been put on the programme. Frank Carleton and Jim Maas have been doing end biz this week, Fielding and Oscar Willis taking a rest. Augusta Lamereaux re-appeared on Monday night, after a tedious sick spell, singing in the first and second parts, and appearing in a triple dance with Ettie Barker and Belle Helene. The public are still warned by the hand-bills to 'look out' for Jim Maas' musical burlesque, 'Blue Nose.' The pub. will become decidedly long sighted if they are kept 'looking out' much longer.....Ohmer's Museum building is offered for rent. Ohmer has secured the Buckeye base ball grounds for a summer garden and museum, and intends to locate there shortly.....Several new faces have put in at the Academy of Music this week. Johnny Murphy, comedian, clog dancer, and song and dance man, is one. He comes from Pittsburgh. Prof. Henri, juggler and balancer, is a second. His acts are in pleasant relief to the general biz. Miss Minnie Clark, an old time favorite, who has been for nearly a year in Saginaw and Toledo, made her appearance on Monday night. She has been quite ill recently. Bonnie Emerson, who has been edifying the Germans at an up town hall for some weeks, was the last addition. Tim Woodruff and Johnny Murphy are doing end business, with M. A. Griffin in the centre. Ella Wilson and Lulu Wharton are giving double dances."

HARRY GUER, Mons. Senyeah, Miles. Geraldine and Bastian are at the Olympic, Brooklyn, this week.

HENRI Sr. ODY, *ballet* master, died in Buffalo, N. Y., on the 5th inst., of typhoid fever.

JAMES S. MAFFITT and W. H. Bartholomew, having returned to Boston from their traveling tour, were announced to open at the Howard Athenæum, in the "Hub," on the 7th inst. Yankee Locke, Josh Hart and Kate Penoyer are in the company.

JAMES S. EDWARDS was announced to open at the Adelphi Theatre Comique, Boston, on the 7th inst., in a burlesque of "Hamlet," arranged by himself. Among the other first appearances there this week are Dick Parker, Ainsley Scott and Susie Summerfield.

ALINE LA FAVRE, Johnny Manning and Miss St. Audley have left Carroll's Varieties, St. Louis.

MAD. LOPEZ continues dangerously ill at Pittsburgh, Pa., where she has been for some time with her infant acrobats. Fears are entertained for her recovery.

THE VICTORELLI BROTHERS are in Pittsburgh taking a brief rest.

H. W. WILLIAMS, formerly manager of the old Pittsburgh and the Varieties Theatre, Pittsburgh, has removed with his family to Baltimore.

DAN SHELBY opened the Metropolitan Hall, Indianapolis, as a minstrel and variety theatre, on Feb. 28th, for a season of several weeks. He has got, says our correspondent, "a first-class company, composed of M'lle. Zulelia and Mons. Ventini, gymnasts; Shelby, Morris and Schoolcraft, comedians; Marie Zoel, song and dance; Melinda Nagle, vocalist and jig dancer; Nellie Seymour, vocalist; Eddie Fox, leader of orchestra, and a brass band. The business has been good."

MAD. LEOPOLD and George Leopold, gymnasts, have concluded their engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, and can be addressed as per advertisement.

A FIRST-CLASS COMPANY is wanted for the Theatre Comique, Buffalo, N. Y., to open April 1st. Address Frank Wild, as per advertisement.

LADY DANCERS and vocalists are wanted by L. D. B. N., who advertises.

GUS WILLIAMS opened in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Feb. 28th, at the Varieties Theatre. Nelly Taylor also re-appeared on that evening. Our correspondent "J. E. H." says:—"The dancing of Emily and Fred. Siegel is mighty *encored*. Sig. Constantine took a benefit on the 4th inst. which was a success. The Victorelli Brothers appeared on this occasion. He and M'lle Eveline go to Indianapolis next (this) week. Alice Somers' engagement terminates on the 5th inst., when she returns to New York. Walter Brown and Fanny Archer will form part of the new attractions next (this) week.

AT WARD'S OPERA HOUSE, Rochester, New York, business is said to be fair. Abb. Haynes, a new addition to the company, made his first appearance on Feb. 28th. He is pronounced by our correspondent as a good song and dance man, and a fair banjoist. Johnny Ward made his re-appearance on Feb. 28th in comic songs. He has been absent for the past two weeks in Pittsburgh.

DICK CARROLL, with his son, Little Dick, can be secured by variety hall managers for their specialties. For particulars see advertisement.

THE ADDITIONS to the company at the Academy of Music, Nashville, Tenn., the present week are Sallie Swift, the Indian club swinger; Fanny Evans, *danseuse*; Frank Dillon and John C. Murphy, bone soloist, making the company large and effective. Lizzie La Grange, from Philadelphia, is pronounced a good song and dance lady. "Undene; or, the Nymphs of the Cumberland," a burlesque on "Undine," by Fred T. Shaw, and abounding in local hits on the times, is in active preparation.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., business is said to have been good for the week ending March 5th. The "Lid-ear-Thom-son's Blondes" and "The Meddlesome Quartet" met with a hearty reception. Julia Robinson, *danseuse*, opened there on Feb. 28th. Brown and Sanford, gymnasts, open on the 7th inst. The "White Fawn," under the direction of Stage Manager W. J. Thompson will be given on the 7th inst.

LAZELLE AND FRANKLIN, gymnasts, and Fanny Archer, are at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, Ohio. Frank Lum closed there on the 4th inst.

AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Virginia City, the company consists of M. B. Leavitt, Billy Cartright, Master Bennie Cotton, Tommy Farren, Arthur Gregory, Mike Quinn, Harry Sprigrs, Carrie Armstrong, Hattie Forest, Lizzie Hudson, Fanny Palmer and Ida Sinclair.

LIZZIE LAGRANGE publishes a card among our advertisements, challenging Ida White for a contest at straight jig dancing.

THE COMPANY of the Academy of Music, Richmond, Va., after a sojourn of several weeks in Lynchburg, returned to Richmond and re-opened the above place of amusement on Feb. 28th. Annie Hindie appeared in her vocalizations to tolerable business.

Negro Minstrelsy.

THE BENNETT AND KINNEY MINSTRELS closed at Gambier, Ohio, on Feb. 26th. Bennett and Kinney are on the ends. Hulbert gives a stump speech on "Girls." This troupe do not play in Cincinnati on the 21st inst., but the 12th. The party left Gambier, O., Feb. 27th, and play at Dayton, O., one week.

THE SHOO FLY MINSTRELS—a home organization—gave their second concert in Ingersoll Hall, St. Paul, Minn., on Feb. 26th, to a large audience. For a young troupe, the Shoo Flys are said to give a good entertainment.

SKIFF AND WHEELER'S MINSTRELS will be in Paterson, N. J., on the 9th and 10th; Orange, 11th, and Bridgeport, Conn., 12th.

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS are playing in towns along the Alton and St. Louis railroad, intending to reach Chicago, re-organize and start for a tour through New York State. Charles Campbell, Billy Mann, Harry Thompson, Billy Davis, Frank Buckley, Billy Boyd, Harry Davis, George Taylor, Tommy Higgins and William Welch are in the party.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS were announced to appear on the 5th at New Haven, Conn.

AINSLEY SCOTT left the Morris Brothers' Minstrels on the 5th inst., and is at the Theatre Comique, Boston, this week.

W. DWYER makes his first appearance at Hooley's Minstrel Hall, Brooklyn, this week. Among the acts announced by this minstrel party, this week, are "O'Donahue's Arrival," "The One Hundredth Night of Hamlet," the second week of "Humpsey Dumpsey" and the continuation of the presents. On Thursday afternoon, March 10th, there will be presented probably the greatest minstrel performance, in point of numbers of performers, ever before witnessed in this country. The benefit has been gotten up under the special superintendence of an organization of professional brethren known as the "Benevolent Protective Order of Elks," who have done everything to ensure a successful result for the widow of the late James W. Glenn—a once popular minstrel performer. In addition to every one of Hooley's minstrels having volunteered, there will also assist on the occasion Tony Pastor, Frank Kerns, Nelse Seymour, of Tony Pastor's Opera House; John Mulligan, Billy West, Johnny Queen, Charles Sturgis, from the San Francisco Minstrels; Little Mack, Dave Reed, Brandisi, Rockefeller, Russell and Greer, of Bryant's Minstrels; Cool Burgess and James Clark, of Kelly and Leon's Minstrels; Add Ryman, Johnny Hart, Master Barney, George H. Coes, Charley Howard, of the Theatre Comique; Jas. Gaynor, A. B. Kennedy, John Murray and many others. Everything gives promise of it proving a success, and as the entire proceeds are to be given to the widow, it is to be hoped that for so worthy an object a large sum may be realized.

THE "JOLLY CORKS," an organization of professionals in Philadelphia, had their second annual benefit on the afternoon of the 2d inst. at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which was a great success, the receipts amounting to $968.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., has a home talent minstrel company, organized in the fall of 1868 and re-organized in Jan. of the present year, under the name of "Harmonian Minstrels." The following compose the present company:—C. Hutchinson, leader of orchestra; Phil. Hatch, flutina soloist; Roll Hatch, Frank Purrington, W. G. Pierce, E. Richards and John Richards. Cy. Taber has the tambo end; Chas. Randall, bones; S. Ashley is middle man and comedian; Tut Perry, jig dancer, and H. B. Grinnell, gymnast. They have played in New Bedford and on the Vineyard, and give another performance on the 14th in New Bedford.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS show in Louisville, Ky., March 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th; Franklin, 11th; Lexington, 12th, and Covington the 14th.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS, of Philadelphia, have engaged Hughey Dougherty, and will appear with the troupe until further notice. The manager now gives specie in change for notes received in payment for tickets.....Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels are also giving specie in change.

SAM SANFORD'S TESTIMONIAL BENEFIT takes place at the Eleventh Street Opera House, Philadelphia, on Wednesday afternoon, March 9th. Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels appear, and Samuel also takes part in the entertainment.

BILLY EMERSON'S MINSTRELS appear in Louisville, Ky., on the 7th, for four nights. The troupe is composed of Johnny Pierce, Lew Brimmer, Rudolph, Butler, King, Yates, C. A. Boyd, F. King, A. Johnson, J. Ricardo, Henry Schultz, H. Meismer, Reynold Bros., E. Mohler, A. Ryder, Narcisse Gurgui and Myron Lewis, with C. B. Griste as agent.

ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS occupied the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 3d and 4th inst., opening, says our correspondent, "Rover," "on the first night to a $500 audience." He also adds:—"Arlington is as funny as ever, and seldom fails to keep the house in a continual roar. His telegraph song is good, as also are his banjo solos and burlesque fling. Charley Sutton is a very clever end man, and gets off some funny gags. Sutton and Morton did a double song and dance, which took well. Fostelle did the 'Girl of the Period' in an excellent manner, and Frank Lumbard and quartet gave some vocal music, and were heartily *encored*. The performance concluded with the farce of the 'Black Statue,' introducing Mr. Arlington as Jake."

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS, with Chang, the Chinese giant, were at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, on Feb. 28th and March 1st. They drew large houses and gave a good entertainment. They were followed on March 2d by Emerson's Minstrels, who showed at the Academy of Music to the largest houses ever assembled there (so says our correspondent) to witness a minstrel performance, the receipts being over $500.

JOHN CROSHER joins Emerson's Minstrels in Louisville, Ky., this week.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS show in Rochester, N. Y., on the 11th and 12th inst.

MORRIS BROTHERS' MINSTRELS are to give one entertainment at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., on the 9th inst.

ALLEN AND PETTENGILL'S MINSTRELS perform in Albany, N. Y., on the 11th and 12th inst.

Circuses.

GRADY'S CIRCUS played in Savannah, Ga., Feb. 24th, 25th and 26th to excellent business. This concern, says our correspondent "looks as though it had seen rough times in the Georgia up country, and needs a little rubbing up; the horses need more oats. Blanche Macarte arrived here on the steamer Leo and joined Grady's show."

D. S. GIBBONOISE, contortionist, advertises that he can be engaged.

MENAGERIE PROPERTY, consisting of lions, bears, monkeys, birds, &c., can be had of Birch & Slocum, who advertise in another column.

CORA BALLARD, Liliputian Queen, who weighs 23lbs., and is only 21 inches in height, can be engaged for the coming season. Her address will be found among the advertisements.

WM. H. YOUNG and Samuel Hindes, gymnasts and general performers, advertise that they are desirous of being engaged for the tenting season.

THE MARRETTA FAMILY, gymnasts, with several specialties, desire engagements, and can be addressed care of this office.

THE SIDE SHOW PRIVILEGES of Hemmings, Cooper and Whitby's circus and menagerie are advertised for sale.

THE BEN ABDALLAH TROUPE of Bedouin Arabs, acrobats, &c., can be engaged for the coming season. See advertisement.

LUKE RIVERS, general performer, desires an engagement for the coming season. See his address elsewhere.

JOHN ROBINSON'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS exhibits in Cross Keys, Ala., on the 15th inst., Mt. Meigs 16th, Montgomery 17th and 18th, and Wetumpka 19th.

AT MRS. WARNER'S CHAMPION CIRCUS, Philadelphia, a "What Is It? or Marvelous Man Monkey," was announced to make its first appearance on the 7th inst.

STOWE AND ORTON'S CIRCUS, after an extended tour through the south, are about to return north. Henry Gorton joined the company lately, and the Miller Brothers are daily looked for.

Miscellaneous.

ARNOLD JONES, advance agent, states in a card elsewhere that he can be engaged after the 1st of May.

THE MUSIC HALL attached to the Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C., will seat about eight hundred persons and can be rented for concerts and other entertainments. See advertisement.

M. CONNOLLY, "The Modest Quencher," advertises that he writes songs and dances and teaches the piano and violin.

HOXSIE'S HALL, Knoxville, Tenn., has all the necessary accessories for giving dramatic performances, and will seat about four hundred persons. Those who desire to rent the hall are referred to the proprietors' card elsewhere.

PROF. EVERETT was in Wilmington, Del., the past week. The party consists of Prof. Everett, magician, and J. H. Armstrong, clogist.

THE HERNANDEZ TROUPE of juvenile comedians closed in Rochester, Ind., on Feb. 26th, their last performance being for their especial benefit, to release them of the indebtedness caused by the illness of their deceased precepteress. Mr. and Mrs. Selden Irwin and Harry Rainforth appeared.

JOHN LA MOUNTAIN, the æronaut, died at South Bend, Ind., on Feb. 14th. La Mountain was among the most fearless æronauts in this or any country. He was compelled to make balloon ascensions for the public amusement as a means of support, but he hoped to make his experiments useful in the advance of science and the development of meteorological theories. He finally died loved by all at the age of 41. The last serious adventure La Mountain occurred in Michigan and probably hastened his death. An impatient crowd cast him off before he was ready, without any overcoat or instrument, and the valve rope tied several feet above the basket. He shot like a rocket up into the heavy cloud of mist and sleet, which froze the valve board fast. He climbed, with frost-bitten fingers, up the net-work, and tore the balloon with his teeth. The opening extended so far that the balloon collapsed, discharged its gas and fell with great velocity from a height of nearly two miles. The æronaut was picked up benumbed and insensible, though not dangerously injured.

CHAS. W. BROOKES, of Philadelphia, delivers his lecture, "Irish Diamonds," at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 9th inst.

DON SANTIAGO GIBBONOISE and Prof. Haas are to exhibit in Zionsville, Pa., 8th; Richlandtown, 9th; Applebackville, 10th; Rechelersville, 11th; Bedminster, 12th; Ottsville, 14th; Headquarters, 15th; Monroe, 16th, and Glendon, 17th.

E. W. WEST, bill poster, Scranton, Pa., inserts his card elsewhere.

JULIAN BRENAN, having quit the management of "Brenan's Bell Ringers," is at liberty to engage with a troupe as agent, business manager, treasurer, etc. For particulars see his card elsewhere.

BILLY PASTOR'S COMBINATION appeared in Newark, N. J., on the 5th, and was to remain on the 7th.

MONS. SANYEAN AND MLLE. GERALDINE, gymnasts, appeared at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., on March 1st, at the tenth annual calico ball of Mutual Hook and Ladder Company No. 1.

THE TABLEAUX, entitled "Irish Wit vs. English Assurance," has been copyrighted in the Southern District Court of New York.

RUBINI, the magician, is announced to commence a series of gift exhibitions at Odd Fellow's Hall, Washington, on the 7th inst. The professor had a lively time in Georgetown, where he undertook to give entertainments without a license. An arrest was made and a fine of $24.50 imposed, which the Professor paid in small currency and nickel pieces.

THE LEWIS BROTHERS, magicians, were in Kalamazoo, Mich., on the 1st, 2d and 3d inst., and were to go thence to Jackson, Detroit and Toledo.

DONALDSON, the wizard, closed a stay of four nights at Warren, Pa., on March 2d and went thence to the oil regions.

PROF. ANDERSON, Jr., opened in Danmore, Pa., on the 5th.

THE BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS were in Scranton, Pa., the past week.

SIDE-SHOWMEN in need of an attraction are referred to Mary J. Kesler's advertisement.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN gave his second lecture at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., on March 8th.

"ERICK POMEROY" lectures on "Men's Wives" at the Opera House, Elmira, N. Y., on March 8th.

OLIVE LOGAN lectures in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y., on March 10th; subject, "Girls."

CROMWELL'S STEREOPTICON is on exhibition in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

THE TWO HEADED GIRL was visited by a large number of people at St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on the 3d. "It" was exhibited in Erie, Pa., on the 4th, and was to be in Cleveland, O., on the 5th and 7th.

THE BANJO, jig and clog dancing are taught by Griggs and Bacon, whose address is in another column.

KNECHT'S HALL, Kankakee, Ill., can be rented through the proprietor, whose address find elsewhere. It has a stage, with dressing rooms, and will seat about six hundred persons.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Corry, Pa., which is intended to be a duplicate of Farrar Hall, is advertised to rent.

SAUL SEETREW, song writer, can be addressed as per advertisement.

J. LEW KING advertises that he can be engaged as treasurer.

HUGHES AND NORRIS, double clog, song and dance performers, advertise that they can be engaged.

THE ZANFRETTA, CARON AND WESMARI TROUPE open in Johnstown, Pa., for three nights on March 10th, at the Main Street Opera House.

THE MAIN STREET OPERA HOUSE, Johnstown, Pa., is advertised for rent by the day or week.

MARTINO, the wizard, is in Omaha this week.

EVANS' GIFT SHOW is advertised ahead as follows:—Lynn, Mass., March 7th and 8th; Ipswich, 9th; Salem, 10th, and Natick, 11th and 12th.

JOHN BOGAN, whose advertisements find in another column, attends to the wants of the musically

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.

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FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our NEWS Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for a free and independent expression of our own opinions.

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ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned.

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Nos. 83 and 90 Centre street,
Cor. Leonard, New York.

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TO SHOWMEN—MONEY TO BE MADE.—FOR SALE.—Two splendid, extra large BLACK BEARS with three Cubs born in the cage in the establishment. This is the third time she has cubbed. They are the greatest novelty ever shown. They bring crowds; see the Cubs run out through the bars and play with the visitors and back to the mother, to suck and play with the old pair just like kittens.

J. E. GUILBAULT.
Guilbault's Zoological Garden.

N. B.—The collection of Animals, Museum, freaks of nature and all the stock belonging to the Garden, will be sold publicly on the 21st of March, if not disposed of previously at private sale, the proprietor retiring from this business. Due notice in the Clipper.

J. E. G.

Montreal, February 17, 1870. 47-3t

LIBERTY HALL,
WILKESBARRE, PENN. This is the largest, best located and has a better reputation than any other hall in central Pennsylvania. It has all the latest improvements, gas, stage, scenery, foot lights, dressing rooms, balcony for brass bands, &c., &c. Will seat 1,200 to 1,500 persons. Terms reasonable per night or month. Address S. FRANENTHAL, Proprietor. Orders for bill posting promptly attended to by A. F. Snyder, Bill Poster. 47-41*

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Upwards of thirty years in first class theatres—South, West, North and East. DRAMATIC TALENT ALWAYS IN QUEST.
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HARRY CUNNINGHAM, Proprietor. 48-51*

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Mr. J. J. WALLACE AND Mr. M. WOOLFE
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Address J. J. WALLACE, Olympic Theatre N. Y., or
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SHOWMEN ATTENTION.
Those who want paintings for spring will study their own interest by giving their orders at once as they will then have them thoroughly dry and avoid disappointment. J. BRUCE, 600 Broadway, N. Y. N. B. Terms half cash in advance. 46-1t*

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OPERA HOUSE, CANTON, OHIO.
In point of size, beauty and convenience, it surpasses many in our larger cities. Canton is the most important manufacturing city between Pittsburgh and Chicago, on P. Ft. W. and Chicago R. R., 140 miles west of Pittsburgh.
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WITHOUT A MASTER. New Edition, containing 20 steps, fully explained. Anyone, with or without a previous knowledge, can learn. Mailed, 50 cents. MRS. J. E. BUCKLEY
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MISS KATE RANOE
will have completed her highly successful
STARRING ENGAGEMENTS IN CANADA
early in May. Managers please address her agents, Messrs. LOWELL & SIMMONDS, N. Y., or Miss Kate Ranoe, Toronto, Canada. 48-2t*2

DAN SUTTON.
If you have changed your mind, the least you can do is to let me know. Have written you, care of CLIPPER, also Charlestown, Mass. GEO. S. COLE,
48-1f 301 Walnut st., Chicago.

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Capt. J. Haven.....Proprietor | Nicolo Norton.....Stage Manager
WANTED, at all times, Lady Vocalists, Dancseuses and Versatile Ethiopian Artists.
P. S.—Wine room talent need not apply. 48-2t*

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through the Eastern States, can be engaged to play with a Star or for Specialties.
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D. H. ELLIOTT,
AGENT AND BUSINESS MANAGER
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MENDELSSOHN QUINTET CLUB,
OF BOSTON,
CAN BE ENGAGED AFTER APRIL 1st, 1870.
Address care ROOT & CADY,
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FRANK J. HOWE can be engaged for the coming tenting season as Equestrian Director and Ring Master, together with Mlle. Marie, principal Double and Single Act Equestrienne; also three Pad Horses and the splendid Performing horse of beauty, Gen. Grant, and three small Ponies, Yankee Notions, Brum and Diamond. Will furnish all pads, pad cloths and trappings for the above named horses and ponies. Will furnish his own buggy. "GEN. GRANT" and "YANKEE NOTIONS" are acknowledged the best performing horse and pony in America. Has music adapted for three different acts and performances. Address
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C. A. WAGNER, Proprietor,
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DAVIS' COMIQUE,
EAST SAGINAW, MICH., will open Saturday, March 12th, 1870. Artists in all branches wishing to engage, apply to
47-3t* J. L. DAVIS, Prop'r and Manager.

UNION HALL,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
ROBERT W. HUNT, Secretary.
Address JAMES D. HAMILTON,
47-52t* City Bill Poster, Janitor.

CARD.
Letters intended for the undersigned should, for the present, be addressed JOHN E. OWENS,
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To Let for Minstrels, Lectures, Concerts and all First Class Performances. Except Theatricals. Will seat 1,000 persons. It has Beautiful Dressing Rooms and Stage.
Central Location—over the Post Office.
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6. "Fein Liebchen" (Polka.)
7. "Over Sticks and Stones." (Galop.)
8. "Ida." (Galop.)
9. "Whoo, Fly." (Quickstep.)

The above music is arranged for two E flat cornets, two B flat cornets, 3 E flat altos, 2 B flat tenors, baritone, B flat basso, E flat tuba and drums; can also be played with eight instruments.
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Address 95 Seventh street, New York.
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Address to A. S. BURT,
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PUPILS! HITCHCOCK'S 10 CENT
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MANAGERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE CANADAS.
The undersigned respectfully gives notice that he is the owner of the Revised Edition, Copyright secured, (his claim also includes the Printed Book), of the most successful Military Drama entitled
"NOT GUILTY,"
By Watts Phillips, Esq.,
Author of the Dead Heart, Lost in London, &c.
Managers wishing to produce the above drama, as played at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, will make application to
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This scenery was painted by the celebrated scenic painter, T. P. Ostrander.
Size of Stage, forty feet deep, thirty feet wide.
Acoustic properties and ventilation unsurpassed.
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BROOKLYN. OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
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A TRAVELING "IMPOSTOR."
IMPOSTORS AND IMPOSITION SHOULD BE
DISCOUNTENANCED.
It is necessary that THE PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW, especially those who have any intention of visiting
ARLINGTON'S MINSTRELS,
Throughout the country,
What they are about to witness, which the following will explain:—
FIRSTLY.—That Arlington has no Chinese Giant, as he advertises to attract and deceive the public
SECONDLY.—In order to explain more fully as to what and who the SO-CALLED "GREAT ARLINGTON MINSTRELS" are, we refer the public to the following notice, taken from the Cincinnati Enquirer of January 18th:—
MOZART HALL.—One of the largest audiences we have seen, assembled last night to witness the performance of Arlington's Minstrels, "from Chicago." If this company hail from Chicago we cannot but regret that it did not remain there. Its inability to stay in Chicago with profit to itself may possibly account for the visit we received. Never did a minstrel organization fall more completely in rendering an equivalent for the money expended upon them, never did we see such an anxious and willing audience so ruthlessly disappointed. It was cruel. Sam Sidney, the rival of Lingard, may be very fine—if so, we hope we may be spared from ever having to witness any of Mr. Lingard's performances. Arlington, who once had a good reputation as an expounder of negro witticisms and comicalities, has faded very badly and could now scarcely hold his own with the venerable and lamented Timothy Woodruff. The vocal and instrumental music in the first part was badly rendered, and the quartette of Messrs. Lombard, Corwin, Sutton and Estrange was fully as poor as any we ever heard. Many expected to see the Chinese giant, Chang. Mr. Chang must have been left behind upon account of sickness or scarcity of rice in this community, for when Mr. Arlington came out, mounted upon the shoulders of a flute player, and wrapped in a sheet, upon which was inscribed some characters copied from a tea box, it flashed over the audience that they had been sold.
The entire programme was ancient, and was as badly rendered as it was aged. The acts were imitations of what we have all seen good actors perform, and it was an insult to a Cincinnati audience to palm such a wretched company upon them. The most judicious thing which the Arlingtons could do would be to wash the cork from their faces and quietly return to Chicago.
CHANG,
the Chinese giant, desires to inform the public throughout the country that he does not appear with the above named party. AS THEY HAVE ADVERTISED, and is grieved to think that they cannot command SUFFICIENT TALENT in their line of business to insure success, without adding his NAME and PICTURES to their bills, &c.
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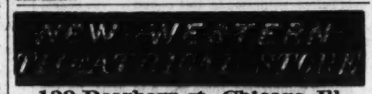

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